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THE WORKS OF JOHN HOME, ESQ.;
now first collected: to which is prefixed an
Account of his Life and Writings. By Hen-
ry Mackenzie, Esq. F. R. S. E. 3 vols. 8vo.
Edinburgh. 1824.

THE memory of Mr. Home, as an author, depends, in England, almost entirely upon his celebrated tragedy of Douglas, which not only retains the most indisputable possession of the stage, but produces a stronger effect on the feelings of the audience, when the parts of Douglas and Lady Randolph are well filled, than almost any tragedy since the days of Otway. There may be something of chance in having hit upon a plot of such general interest; and no author has been more fortunate in seeing the creatures of his imagination personified by the first performers which England could produce. But it is certain, that to be a favourite with those whose business it is to please the public, a tragedy must possess, in a peculiar degree, the means of displaying their powers to advantage; and it is equally clear, that the subject of Douglas, however felicitous in itself, was well suited to the talents of the writer, who treated it so as to enable them to accomplish a powerful effect on the feelings of successive generations of men.

It must be interesting, therefore, to the public, to know the history and character of that rarest of all writers in the present age—a successful tragic author; by which we understand, one whose piece has not only received ephemeral success, but has established itself on the stage as one of the best acting plays in the language. There is also much of interest about Home himself, as his character is drawn, and his habits described, in the essay prefixed to these volumes, by the venerable author of the *Man of Feeling*, who, himself very far advanced in life, still cherishes the love of letters, and condescends to please at once and instruct those of the present day, who are attached to such pursuits, by placing before them a lively picture of those predecessors at whose feet he was brought up.

Neither is it only to Scotland that these annals are interesting. There were men of literature in Edinburgh before she was renowned for romances, reviews, and magazines—

“Vixerunt fortes ante Agamemnona;”

VOL. XI.—No. 64.

and a single glance at the authors and men of science who dignified the last generation, will serve to show that, in those days, there were giants in the North. The names of Hume, Robertson, Fergusson, stand high in the list of British historians. Adam Smith was the father of the economical system in Britain, and his standard work will long continue the textbook of that science. Dr. Black, as a chemist, opened that path of discovery which has since been prosecuted with such splendid success. Of metaphysicians, Scotland boasted, perhaps, but too many: to Hume and Fergusson we must add Reid, and, though younger, yet of the same school, Mr. Dugald Stewart. In natural philosophy, Scotland could present Professor Robison, James Watt, whose inventions have led the way to the triumphs of human skill over the elements, and Clerk, of Eldin, who taught the British seaman the road to assured conquest. Others we could mention; but these form a phalanx, whose reputation was neither confined to their narrow, poor, and rugged native country, nor to England and the British dominions, but known and respected wherever learning, philosophy, and science were honoured.

It is to this distinguished circle, or, at least, to the greater part of its members, that Mr. Mackenzie introduces his readers; and they must indeed be void of curiosity who do not desire to know something more of such men than can be found in their works, and especially when the communication is made by a contemporary so well entitled to ask, and so well qualified to command attention. We will endeavour, in the first place, to give some account of Mr. Home's life and times, as we find them detailed by this excellent biographer, and afterwards more briefly advert to his character as an author.

Mr. John Home was the son of Mr. Alexander Home, town-clerk of Leith. His grandfather was a son of Mr. Home, of Floss, a lineal descendant of Sir James Home, of Coldknowes, ancestor of the present Earl of Home. The poet, as is natural to a man of imagination, was tenacious of being descended from a family of rank, whose representatives were formerly possessed of power scarcely inferior to that of the great Douglasses, and well nigh as fatal both to the crown and to themselves. We have seen a copy of verses addressed by Home to Lady Kinloch, of Gilmerton, in which

he contrasts his actual situation with his ancient descent. They begin nearly thus,—for it must be noticed we quote from memory:—

"Sprung from the ancient nobles of the land,
Upon the ladder's lowest round I stand."

and the general tone and spirit are those of one who feels himself by birth and spirit placed above a situation of dependance to which for the time he was condemned. The same family pride glances out in our author's History of the Rebellion of 1745, in the following passage:—

"At Dunbar the Earl of Home joined Sir John Cope. He was then an officer in the Guards, and thought it a duty to offer his service, when the king's troops were in the field. He came to Dunbar, attended by one or two servants. There were not wanting persons upon this occasion to make their remarks, and observe the mighty change which little more than a century had produced in Scotland.

"It was known to every body, who knew any thing of the history of their country, that the ancestors of this noble lord (once the most powerful peers in the south of Scotland) could, at a short warning, have raised in their own territories a body of men, whose approach that Highland army, which had got possession of the capital of Scotland (and was preparing to fight the whole military force in that kingdom) would not have dared to wait."—vol. iii. pp. 76, 77.

This love or pride of family was the source of another peculiarity in Mr. Home. Aristotle mentions the mispronouncing of a man's name as one of the most disagreeable of insults; and nobody, we believe, is very fond of having his name misspelled; but Home was peculiarly sensible on this point. The word is uniformly, in Scotland, pronounced *Hume*, and in ancient documents we have seen it written *Heume*, *Heume*, and *Hoome*; but the principal branch of the family have long used the present orthography of *Home*. To *Home* the poet rigidly stuck fast and firm; and *Home* he on all occasions defended as the only legitimate shape, to the great entertainment of his friend David (the historian), whose branch of the family (that of Ninewells) had for some, or for no reason, preferred the orthography of *Hume*, to which the philosopher, though caring, as may be supposed, very little about the matter, naturally adhered. On one occasion, when the poet was high in assertion on this important subject, the historian proposed to settle the question by casting dice which should adopt the other's mode of spelling their name:—

"Nay," says John, "this is a most extraordinary proposal indeed, Mr. Philosopher—for if you lose, you take your own name, and if I lose, I take another man's name."—vol. i. p. 164.

Before we leave this subject, we may mention to our readers, that the family pride which is often among the Scotch found descending to those who are in such humble situations as to render it ridiculous, has, perhaps, more of worldly prudence in it than might at first be suspected. A Clifford, or a Percy, reduced in circumstances, feels a claim of long descent

unsuitable to his condition, unavailing in assisting his views in life, and ridiculous as contrasted with them. He therefore sinks, and endeavours to forget, pretensions which his son or grandson altogether loses sight of. On the contrary, the system of entails in Scotland, their extent, and their perpetual endurance, naturally recommend to a Home or a Douglas, to preserve an account of his genealogy, in case of some event occurring which may make him *heir of tailzie* to a good estate. And while this attention to pedigree may conduce to serve contingent advantage, it influences naturally the feelings of the young *Hlad'gos* upon whom it is inculcated, and who soon learn to prize the *genus et proavos*, as being flattering to their vanity, as well as what may, by possibility, tend to advance their fortune. A certain number of calculable chances would have made the author of Douglas the Earl of Home; and, indeed, an epidemic among the Scottish peerage (which Heaven forefend!) would make wild changes when the great roll is next called in Holyrood. Like every thing, in short, in this motley world, the family pride of the north country has its effects of good and of evil. It often leads to a degree of care being bestowed on the education of these juvenile *gentilittes*, which might otherwise have been neglected; and forms, at the same time, an excitement to honourable struggles for independence, and to manly resolutions of adopting the behaviour and sentiments of men of honour, though fortune has denied the means of supporting the figure of gentlemen otherwise. On the other hand, and with less happy dispositions, it sometimes occasions an incongruous alliance of pride and poverty, and exhibits the national character in a point of view equally arrogant and ridiculous.

To return to our subject:—John Home, educated for the Scots Presbyterian church, soon distinguished himself among his contemporaries at college, and ranked with Robertson, Hugh Blair, Adam Ferguson, who attended the same seminary, and others mentioned by Mr. Mackenzie, distinguished by their sense, learning, and talents, although they did not attain, or contend for, literary celebrity. Our author obtained his license to preach the gospel, as a probationer for the ministry, (which is equivalent to taking deacon's orders in England,) in the eventful year, still emphatically distinguished in Scotland as THE FORTY-FIVE. The character of the times, however, furnished our young poet with employment more congenial to his temper than the peaceful and retired duties of the profession he had chosen. "The land was burning;" the young Chevalier had landed in the highlands, with only seven followers, and came to try a desperate cast for the crown, which his ancestors had lost. The character of Home at this period, is thus described by his elegant biographer:—

"His temper was of that warm susceptible kind which is caught with the heroic and the tender, and which is more fitted to delight in the world of sentiment than to succeed in the bustle of ordinary life. This is a disposition of mind well suited to the poetical character, and, accordingly, all his earliest companions agree that Mr. Home was from his childhood

delighted with the lofty and heroic ideas which embody themselves in the description or narrative of poetry. One of them, nearly a coeval of Mr. Home's, Dr. A. Ferguson, says, in a letter to me, that Mr. Home's favourite model of a character, on which, indeed, his own was formed, was that of Young Norval, in his tragedy of Douglas, one endowed with chivalrous valour and romantic generosity, eager for glory beyond every other object, and, in the contemplation of future fame, entirely regardless of the present objects of interest or ambition."—vol. i. pp. 6, 7.

For such a character as this to sit inactive when arms were clashing around him, was impossible. John Home's profession, as a Presbyterian clergyman, his political opinions, and those of his family, decided the cause which he was to espouse, and he became one of the most active and eager members of a corps of volunteers, formed for the purpose of defending Edinburgh against the expected assault of the Highlanders. Under less strong influence of education and profession, which was indeed irresistible, it is possible he might have made a less happy option; for the feeling, the adventure, the romance, the poetry, all that was likely to interest the imagination of a youthful poet,—all, in short, save the common sense, prudence, and sound reason of the national dispute,—must be allowed to have lain on the side of the Jacobites. Indeed, although mortally engaged against them, Mr. Home could not, in the latter part of his life, refrain from tears when mentioning the gallantry and misfortunes of some of the unfortunate leaders in the highland army; and we have ourselves seen his feelings and principles divide him strangely when he came to speak upon such topics.

The body of the corps of volunteers, with which Mr. Home was associated, consisted of about from four to five hundred; many, doubtless, were gallant young men, students from the university, and so forth—but by far the greater part were citizens, at an age unfit to take up arms, without previous habit and experience. They had religious zeal and political enthusiasm to animate them; but these, though they make a prodigious addition to the effect of discipline, cannot supply its place. Cromwell's enthusiasts beat all the nobility and gentry of England; but the same class of men, not having the advantage of similar training, fled at Bothwell bridge, without even waiting to see their enemy. Many of the Edinburgh corps were moreover *Oneysers* and *Moneyers*, as Falstaff says, men whose words upon 'Change would go much farther than their blows in battle. Most had shops to be plundered, houses to be burned, children to be brained with Lochaber axes, and wives, daughters, and favourite handmaidens to be treated according to the rules of war. When, therefore, it was proposed to the volunteers to march out of the city together with what was called the *Edinburgh Regiment*,—a very indifferant body of men, who had been levied and embodied for the nonce,—and supported by two regular regiments of dragoons, called Gardener's and Hamilton's, which were expected to bear the brunt of the battle,—we are informed by a contemporary

author,* that "the provost had no power to order the volunteers out of town: he only consented that as many as pleased should be allowed to march out. But it seems they had as little inclination to go as he had power to order them. A few of them made a faint effort, but 'tis said, met with opposition from some of the zealously affected, who represented to them the infinite value of their lives in comparison of those ruffians, the Highlanders:—this opposition they were never able to overcome."

The arrangement, however, was made; the dragoons were paraded on the *High-street*, and the fire-bell rang for the volunteers to assemble, a signal for which the provost was afterwards highly censured, perhaps because, instead of rousing the hearts of the volunteers like the sound of a trumpet, it rather reminded them of a passing-knell. They did assemble, however; but their relations (according to our poet's account) assembled also, mixed in their ranks, and while the men reasoned and endeavoured to dissuade their friends from so rash an adventure, the women expostulated, complained, and wept, embracing their husbands, sons, and brothers, and by the force of their tears and entreaties, melting down the fervour of their resolutions. At last the battalion was ordered to move towards the *Westport*, when, behold the officers complained that their men would not follow, while the men declared that their officers would not lead the way. The bravest hearts were cast down by the general consternation. We remember an instance of a stout whig, and a very worthy man, a writing-master by occupation, who had ensconced his bosom beneath a professional cuirass, consisting of two quires of long foolscap writing paper: and doubtful that even this defence might be unable to protect his valiant heart from the claymores, amongst which its impulses might carry him, had written on the outside, in his best flourish, "This is the body of J—M—; pray give it Christian burial." Even this hero, prepared as one practised how to die, could not find it in his heart to accompany the devoted battalion farther than the door of his own house, which stood conveniently open about the head of the *Lawn Market*. The descent of *The Bore* presented localities and facilities equally convenient for desertion; and the pamphleteer, whom we have already quoted, assures us that a friend of his, who had made a poetical description of the march of the volunteers from the *Lawn Market* to the *Westport*, when they went out, or, more properly, seemed to be about to go out, to meet the ruthless rebels, had invented a very magnificent simile to illustrate his subject. "He compared it to the course of the Rhine, which, rolling pompously its waves through fertile fields, instead of augmenting in its course, is continually drawn off by a thousand canals, and at last be-

* We quote from a pamphlet entitled "A True Account of the Behaviour and Conduct of Archibald Stewart, Esq. late Lord Provost of Edinburgh, in a Letter to a Friend; London, 1748:" a production which there is strong evidence, both external and internal, for attributing to the pen of David Hume.

comes a small rivulet, which loses itself in the sands before it reaches the ocean."

The behaviour of the doughty dragoons themselves, "whose business it was to die," was even less edifying than that of the citizen volunteers, whose business it was, as Fluellen says to Pistol, "to live and eat their victuals;" and though it leads us something off our course, yet, as Mr. Home's history of the *forty-five* forms a part of the work now before us, the following lively description (from the pen, it is believed, of his distinguished friend David) will not be altogether impertinent to the subject, and may probably amuse the reader. After remarking that cavalry ought to have the same advantage over irregular infantry, which veteran infantry possess over cavalry, and that particularly in the case of Highlanders, whom they encounter with their own weapon, the broad-sword, and who neither formed platoons, nor had bayonets, or any other long weapon to withstand a charge—after noticing, moreover, that if it were too sanguine to expect a victory, Brigadier Fowke, who commanded two regiments of cavalry, might, at least, have made a leisurely and regular retreat, though he had advanced within a musket-shot of his enemy, before a column that could not turn out five mounted horsemen, he proceeds thus:—

"Before the rebels came within sight of the King's forces, before they came within three miles distance of them, orders were issued to the dragoons to wheel, which they immediately did with the greatest order and regularity imaginable. As it is known that nothing is more beautiful than the evolutions and movements of cavalry, the spectators stood in expectation what fine warlike manœuvre they might terminate in; when new orders were immediately issued to retreat, they immediately obeyed and began to march in the usual pace of cavalry. Orders were repeated every furlong to quicken their pace, and both precept and example concurring, they quickened it so well that, before they reached Edinburgh, they had quickened it to a pretty smart gallop. They passed in inexpressible hurry and confusion through the narrow lanes at Barefoot's parks, in the sight of all the north part of the town, to the infinite joy of the disaffected, and equal grief and consternation of all the other inhabitants. They rushed like a torrent down to Leith, where they endeavoured to draw breath; but some unlucky boy (I suppose a Jacobite in his heart) calling to them that the Highlanders were approaching, they immediately took to their heels again and galloped to Prestonpans, about six miles farther. There, in a literal sense, *timor addidit alas*, there fear added wings, I mean to the rebels. For, otherwise, they could not possibly have imagined that these formidable enemies could be within several miles of them. But at Prestonpans the same alarm was repeated. The Philistines be upon thee, Sampson! They galloped to North Berwick, and being now about twenty miles on the other side of Edinburgh, they thought they might safely dismount from their horses and look out for victuals. Accordingly, like the ancient Grecian heroes, each began to kill and dress his provisions: *egit amor dapis atque pugnae*; they were actuated by the desire of supper and

of battle. The sheep and turkeys of North Berwick paid for this warlike disposition. But behold the uncertainty of human happiness! When the mutton was just ready to be put upon the table, they heard, or thought they heard, the same cry of the Highlanders. Their fear proved stronger than their hunger, they again got on horseback, but were informed time enough of the falseness of the alarm to prevent the spoiling of their meal. By such rudiments as these the dragoons were trained, till at last they became so perfect at their lesson, that at the battle of Preston they could practise it of themselves, though even there the same good example was not wanting. I have seen an Italian opera, called *Cesare in Egitto*, or *Cæsar in Egypt*, where, in the first scene, Cæsar is introduced in a great hurry, giving orders to his soldiers, *fugge, fugge, a' lo scampo*—fly, fly, to your heels. This is a proof that the commander at the Coltbridge is not the first hero that gave such orders to his troops."

While the regular troops were thus in hasty retreat, John Home and some few others, of his more zealous brethren among the volunteers, were trying to overcome apprehensions in the corps at large, similar to those which drove the dragoons eastward, but which had the contrary effect of detaining the citizens within the circuit of their walls. Poets being "of imagination all compact," are supposed to be more accessible than other men to the passion of fear; but there are numerous exceptions, and one scarcely wonders that the author of Douglas should have resembled, in that part of his character, the father of Grecian tragedy, thus described by Home's friend, Collins, in the Ode to Fear:—

"Yet he the bard, who first invoked thy name,
Disdained at Marathon thy power to feel,
For not alone he nursed the poet's flame,
But reached from virtue's hand the patriot steel."

In spite, however, of exhortation and example, the volunteers gave up their arms, and it only remained for Home, and the few who retained spirit enough for such an enterprise, to sally out and unite themselves with Sir John Cope, who had, as the song says, just—

"landed at Dunbar
Right early in the morning."

John Home determined, however, to carry some intelligence, at least, which might be useful, and for this purpose, he ventured to visit the bivouac of Prince Charles's army, which was in what is called the King's park, in a hollow, lying betwixt the two hills—Arthur's seat and Salisbury Craigs. Food had been just served out, and, as they were sitting in ranks on the ground, he had an opportunity of counting this handful of half-armed mountaineers, who came to overturn an established government, and to change the destinies of a mighty empire. They did not exceed two thousand men; and Home's description of their appearance, as he gave it to Sir John Cope, is no un-

* Account of the Behaviour, &c. of Archibald Stewart, Esq.

favourable example of his prose style of composition.

"The General asked what sort of appearance they made, and how they were armed. The volunteer (i. e. Home himself) answered, that most of them seemed to be strong, active, and hardy men; that many of them wore of a very ordinary size, and, if clothed like Low-country men, would (in his opinion) appear inferior to the King's troops; but the Highland garb favoured them much, as it showed their naked limbs, which were strong and muscular: that their stern countenances, and bushy uncombed hair, gave them a fierce, barbarous, and imposing aspect. As to their arms, he said that they had no cannon nor artillery of any sort, but one small iron gun which he had seen without a carriage, lying upon a cart, drawn by a little Highland horse; that about 1400 or 1500 of them were armed with firelocks and broadswords; that their firelocks were not similar nor uniform, but of all sorts and sizes, muskets, fuseses, and fowling pieces; that some of the rest had firelocks without swords, and some of them swords without firelocks; that many of their swords were not Highland broadswords, but French; that a company or two (about 100 men) had each of them in his hand the shaft of a pitchfork, with the blade of a scythe fastened to it, somewhat like the weapon called the Lochaber axe, which the town-guard soldiers carry: but all of them, he added, would be soon provided with firelocks, as the arms belonging to the Trained Bands of Edinburgh had fallen into their hands. Sir John Cope dismissed the volunteer, with many compliments for bringing him such certain and accurate intelligence."—vol. iii. pp. 75, 76.

Of the zealous services of the few but faithful volunteers who did leave Edinburgh, Mr. Home gives us a slight account; but we cannot help rendering it a little more particular, having heard it more than once from the lips of a man of equal worth and humour, and a particular intimate of the author of Douglas. We firmly believe, though we cannot say it with absolute certainty, that Mr. Home was of the party, now reduced to five or six, whose proceedings we are about to describe.

We will not be quite so particular as our venerable informer, in describing the marchings, and countermarchings, which the determined squad made through East Lothian, calling at every alehouse of reputation, to drink success to the Protestant cause, and endeavouring to collect news of Sir John Cope and his army. Indeed it would be rather tedious, as our authority, though very entertaining, was something minute in the narrative, and spared us not a single *rizard* haddock, which went to recruit their bodily strength, or a single chopin of twopenny, or mutchkin of brandy, which served to support their manly spirit for the approaching conflict. At length, they joined Sir John Cope and offered their service. Poor Johnnie, the object of so much satire and ridicule, was, in fact, by no means either a coward or bad soldier, or even a contemptible general upon ordinary occasions. He was a pudding-headed, thick-brained sort of person, who could act well enough in circumstances with which he was conversant, especially as he was per-

fected acquainted with the routine of his profession, and had been often engaged in action, without ever, until the fatal field of Preston, having shown sense enough to run away. On the present occasion, he was, as sportsmen say, at fault. He well knew that the high road from Edinburgh to the south lies along the coast, and it seems never to have occurred to him that it was possible the Highlanders might choose, even by preference, to cross the country and occupy the heights, at the bottom of which the public road takes its course, and thus have him and his army in so far at their mercy, that they might avoid, or bring on battle, at their sole pleasure. On the contrary, Sir John trusted that their highland courtesy would induce them, if they moved from Edinburgh, to come by the very road on which he was advancing towards that city, and thus meet him on equal terms. Under this impression, the General sent two of the volunteers, who chanced to be mounted, and knew the country, to observe the coast road, especially towards Mussellburgh. They rode on their exploratory expedition, and coming to that village, which is about six miles from Edinburgh, avoided the bridge, to escape detection, and crossed the Eske, it being then low water, at a place nigh its junction with the sea. Unluckily there was, at the opposite side, a snug, thatched tavern, kept by a cleanly old woman, called Luckie F—, who was eminent for the excellence of her oysters and sherry. The patrols were both *bon vivants*—one of them, whom we remember in the situation of a senator, as it is called, of the college of justice, was unusually so, and a gay, witty, agreeable companion besides. Luckie's sign, and the heap of oyster-shells deposited near her door, proved as great a temptation to this vigilant forlorn-hope as the wine-house to the Abbess of Andouillet's muleteer. They had scarcely got settled at some right *pandores*, with a bottle of sherry as an accompaniment, when, as some Jacobite devil would have it, an unlucky North Country lad, a writer's (i. e. attorney's) apprentice, who had given his indentures the slip, and taken the white cockade, chanced to pass by on his errand to join Prince Charlie. He saw the two volunteers through the window, knew them, and guessed their business; he saw the tide would make it impossible for them to return along the sands as they had come. He, therefore, placed himself in ambush upon the steep, narrow, impracticable bridge, which was then, and for many years afterwards, the only place of crossing the Eske: "and how he contrived it," our narrator used to proceed, "I never could learn; but the courage and assurance of the province from which he came, are proverbial. In short, the Norland whipper-snapper surrounded and made prisoners of my two poor friends before they could draw a trigger." Here our excellent friend was apt to make a pause, and hurry to the scene of slaughter which the field exhibited in the afternoon. A little cross-examination, however, easily brought out the termination of the campaign, so far as concerned our faithful remnant of volunteers, now reduced to five or six.

When the party which marched with Cope's army had arrived at the spot where the battle

took place on the next morning, it was natural that they should quarter themselves in the house of the father of our narrator (a clergyman), which was in the immediate vicinity of the destined field. Our friend, as was no less natural, recollected a small scantling of Madeira, and it was judged prudent to anticipate the order of the next day by drinking it up themselves. They then went to bed, desiring the maid-servant to call them at sunrise, or how much sooner the battle should begin. But, alas! the first edge of the sun's disk that rose above the ocean saw both the beginning and the end of the fray, and the volunteers had just dreamed that they heard a cannon shot or two, when the mother of our friend burst into his room, imploring him to hide his arms, for the King's army was totally routed. "We bustled up in a hurry," said our friend, "scarcely thinking the tidings possible; when, from the window, I could see the dragoons, whose nerves had never recovered the Canter of Coltrigg, as that retreat was called, in full rout, pursued by the whole cavalry of the highland army, consisting of Lord Elcho, Sir Peter Threipland, and two or three gentlemen, with their grooms."—"In short," as our friend expressed himself, "the dragoons and Highlanders divided the honours of the day, and on that occasion, at least, the race *was* to the swift, and the battle to the strong." The sleepers, thus unpleasantly alarmed, were now obliged to conceal or surrender their arms, and employ what remained of their zeal in attending to the wounded, who were brought into the clergyman's house in great numbers, dreadfully mangled by the broadswords. One of the volunteers (for two of the corps actually were in the battle, after all the impediments which oysters, sherry, and old madeira had thrown in their way) received thirty wounds, yet recovered. His name was Myrie, a Creolian by birth, and a student of medicine at the college of Edinburgh. His comrade, Campbell, escaped by speed of horse. Hence the verses on the volunteers, in the satiric ballad which old Skirving (father of Skirving the artist) wrote upon this memorable conflict:—

"Of a' the gang nane stood the bane,
But twa, and ane was ta'en man.
For Campbell rade, but Myrie staid,
And sure he paid the kain* man.
Fell skelps he got, was worse than shot,
From the sharp-edged claymore man."

If the author of Douglas was, as we believe, one of the party of sleepers thus unpleasantly awakened, the unexpected issue of the combat, and the ghastly spectacle of the wounded, did not prevent him from again engaging—and that scarcely under more fortunate auspices—in the same service.

The town of Glasgow raised a body of volunteers, in which Home obtained the situation of lieutenant. This regiment joined General Hawley on the 13th of January, 1746, and our author was present in the action near Falkirk, which seems to have been as confused an affair as can well be imagined. Hawley had not a

better head, and certainly a much worse heart than Sir John Cope, who was a humane, good-tempered man. The new general ridiculed severely the conduct of his predecessor, and remembering that he had seen, in 1715, the left wing of the Highlanders broken by a charge of the Duke of Argyle's horse, which came upon them across a morass, he resolved to manœuvre in the same manner. He forgot, however, a material circumstance—that the morass at Sheriffmuir was hard frozen, which made some difference in favour of the cavalry. Hawley's manœuvre, as commanded and executed, plunged a great part of his dragoons up to the saddle-laps in a bog, where the Highlanders cut them to pieces with so little trouble, that, as one of the performers assured us, the feat was as easy as slicing *bacon*. The gallantry of some of the English regiments beat off the highland charge on another point, and, amid a tempest of wind and rain which has been seldom equalled, the field presented the singular prospect of two armies flying different ways at the same moment. The king's troops, however, ran fastest and farthest, and were the last to recover their courage; indeed, they retreated that night to Falkirk, leaving their guns, burning their tents, and striking a new panic into the British nation, which was but just recovering from the flutter excited by what, in older times, would have been called the Raid of Derby. In the drawing-room which took place at Saint James's on the day the news arrived, all countenances were marked with doubt and apprehension, excepting those of George the Second, the Earl of Stair, and Sir John Cope, who was radiant with joy at Hawley's discomfiture. Indeed, the idea of the two generals was so closely connected, that a noble peer of Scotland, upon the same day, addressed Sir John Cope by the title of General Hawley, to the no small amusement of those who heard the *qui pro quo*.

Mr. Home had some share in this action. The Glasgow regiment, being newly levied, was not honoured with a place in the line, though it certainly could not have behaved worse than some who held that station: they were drawn up beside some cottages on the left of the dragoons, and seem to have stood fast when the others went off. Presently afterwards General Hawley rode past them, in the midst of a disorderly crowd of horse and foot, and he himself apparently considerably discomposed; for he could give no answer to Mr. Home, who asked him for orders, and was solicitous to know whether any regiments were standing, and where they were; but, pointing to a fold for cattle, he desired the volunteers to get in there, and so rode down the hill, the confusion becoming general. After remaining where they had been imprisoned, rather than posted, and behaving with considerable spirit,* lieutenant Home, his captain, and a few of his men, were taken upon their retreat: they were

* Literally, "paid the rent;" equivalent to the English phrase of "paid the reckoning."

* Home, in his own History is silent on the behaviour of the Glasgow regiment, but not so a metrical chronicler, who wrote a history of the insurrection in doggerel verse indeed, but sufficiently accurate. This author, who is, indeed, no other than Dugald Graham, bell-

used with little courtesy by the Highlanders, who made allowances for the opposition which they experienced from the red-coats, but could not see what interest the militia or volunteers had in the matter. Accordingly, when the prisoners, being lodged in gaol at Falkirk, and neglected in the general hurry, became clamorous for provisions—the sergeant of their guard very soberly asked them “what occasion they could possibly have for supper, since they were to be hanged in the morning.”

Their doom, however, was milder: they were imprisoned in the old castle of Doune, on the north side of the Forth, built by one of the dukes of Albany, and their place of confinement was near the top of that very lofty building. Nevertheless, five or six of the prisoners, Home being of the number, proposed the hazardous experiment of an attempt to escape by descending from the battlements, a height of seventy feet, by means of a rope constructed out of slips of their blankets, which they tore up for that purpose. The issue of the attempt vindicates what we have said of Home's courage and spirit: we will, therefore, give it in his own words:—

“When every thing was adjusted, they went up to the battlements, fastened the rope, and about one o'clock in the morning began to descend. The two officers, with Robert Douglas, and one of the men taken up as spies, got down very well: but the fifth man, one of the spies, who was very tall and big, coming down in a hurry, the rope broke with him just as his feet touched the ground. The lieutenant (Home himself) standing by the wall of the castle, called to the volunteer, whose turn it was to come down next, not to attempt it; for that twenty or thirty feet were broken off from the rope. Notwithstanding this warning, which he heard distinctly, he put himself upon the rope, and coming down as far as it lasted, let go his hold: his friend Douglas and the lieutenant (who were both of them above the middle size,) as soon as they saw him upon the rope (for it was moonlight) put themselves under him, to break his fall, which in part they did; but falling from so great a height, he brought them both to the ground, dislocated one of his ankles, and broke several of his ribs. In this extremity the lieutenant raised him from the ground, and taking him upon his back, for he was slender and not very tall, carried him towards the road which led to Alloa. When the lieutenant was not able to go any farther with his burthen, other two of the company holding each of them one of Mr. Barrow's arms, helped him to hop along upon

man of Glasgow, says that the Highlanders, having beaten the horse—

“The south side being fairly won,
They faced north, as had been done;
Where next stood, to bide the crush,
The volunteers, who zealous,
Kept firing close, till near surrounded,
And by the flying horse confounded:
They suffered sair into this place,
No Highlander pitied their case:
You cursed militia, they did swear,
What a devil did bring you here.”

History of the Rebellion in 1745-1746.

one leg. In this manner they went on very slowly, a mile or so; but thinking that, at the rate they proceeded, they would certainly be overtaken, they resolved to call at the first house they should come to. When they came to a house, they found a friend; for the landlord, who rented a small farm, was a whig, and as soon as he knew who they were, ordered one of his sons to bring a horse from the stable, take the lame gentleman behind him, and go as far as his assistance was necessary. Thus equipped, they went on by Alloa to Tullyallan, a village near the sea, where they hired a boat to carry them off to the Vulture sloop of war, which was lying at anchor in the Frith of Forth. Captain Falconer of the Vulture received them very kindly, and gave them his barge to carry them to Queensferry.”—Vol. iii. pp. 172-4.

The volunteer who suffered on this occasion was Thomas Barrow. This is the mutual friend of Home and Collins, “the cordial youth” referred to in the ode on the highland superstitions, addressed by the latter to the former poet. When Mr. Home's connexion with the great enabled him to serve his friends, Barrow was not forgotten; and Barrow repaid the obligation by making Home acquainted with Collins, who, in consequence, delighted with the legends of mystery which Home repeated to him, composed that beautiful ode, which is certainly one of the most pleasing and poetical of his compositions.

We are now done with Mr. Home's military exploits and hazards, on which we have, perhaps, dwelt too long, though it must be remembered that our author was the historiographer of that period. His studies were resumed, “and chiefly,” says his biographer, were “such as to lead his mind to that lofty and martial sentiment, the swell of which is one of the nurses of poetry.”

“Amidst his classical and poetical reading, however, Mr. Home occupied himself not only in the studies of ethics and divinity, but also in the composition of sermons. But even at these moments, it would seem as if his mind was constrained, not changed, from its favourite bent; for, on the backs, or blank interstices of the papers containing some of his earliest composed sermons, there are passages of poetry, written in a more or less perfect state, as the inspiration or leisure of the moment prompted or allowed.”—Vol. i. p. 33.

Mr. Home was appointed in the year 1746 minister of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian, a locality which he has not forgotten in his celebrated tragedy, having fixed the apprehended descent of the Danes

“—near to that place where the sea-rock
immense,
Amazing Bass, looks o'er a fertile land.”

Mr. Home's leisure, although his clerical duties were not only regularly, but strictly attended to, naturally induced him to indulge his poetical taste, and without, perhaps, suspecting the scandal the choice might occasion, to direct it towards dramatic composition. Admiring Plutarch, as that biographer must be admired by all who have the least pretension to poetical imagination, and being, as Mr.

Mackenzie informs us, attached, like most other young men of ardent minds, to the republican form of government, he selected from the storehouse of the old Grecian the story of Agis, without, perhaps, minutely inquiring whether the subject had enough of general interest in itself to support the dialogue through five acts, or was likely to be much improved by the ordinary receipt of a love intrigue, awkwardly dovetailed into the general plot.

About the end of 1749 he went to London, and tendered his play to Garrick; but the author at that time was an unknown Scottish clergyman, and the manager, whose interest was always best secured by distinction, patronage, or literary reputation at least, declined bringing the piece forward. Under the feelings of mortification to find neglect

"his only meed,
 (And heavy falls it on so proud a head,")

the unsuccessful tragedian made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Shakspeare, and there wrote a copy of verses, imploring the deceased bard to transmute him into a marble image, and fix him beside his monument, since he had not obtained the opportunity of fascinating the public by tragic powers resembling his own.

On Home's return to Scotland, he continued his dramatic labours under better auspices. The old ballad of Gil Morrice supplied him with a plot of simple, yet engrossing and general interest, upon which the tragedy of "Douglas" was composed, amidst the universal applause of the literary associates of the author, which circle already comprehended the first order of Edinburgh literati—Lord Elibank, David Hume, Mr. Wedderburn, Dr. Adam Ferguson, &c. A second journey to London—a second application to Garrick, met with a similar rebuff as in the case of "Agis;" the manager pronounced the play totally unfit for the stage. There might, indeed, be another reason for this rejection: Garrick was naturally partial to those pieces in which he himself could appear to advantage, and, though not more than forty years of age, he was scarcely, in 1746, the natural representative of the stripling Douglas.

The friends of the author were of a different opinion from the English manager, and determined to try the experiment of a play written by a Scottish man, and produced, for the first time, on a provincial stage—so that of Edinburgh was now to be termed. Its reception of Douglas, as appears from the following account of Mr. Mackenzie, was as brilliant as the author's friends, nay, the author himself, could have desired:—

"Dr. Carlyle, who sometimes witnessed the rehearsals, expresses, in his Memoirs,* his surprise and admiration at the acting of Mrs. Ward, who performed Lady Randolph. Digges was the Douglas of the piece, his supposed father was played by Hayman, and Glenalvon, by Love; actors of very considerable merit, and afterwards of established reputation

on the London stage. But Mrs. Ward's beauty (for she was very beautiful) and feeling, tortured with the most zealous anxiety by the author and his friends, charmed and affected the audience as much, perhaps, as has ever been accomplished by the very superior actresses of after times. I was then a boy, but of an age to be sometimes admitted as a sort of page to the tea-drinking parties of Edinburgh. I have a perfect recollection of the strong sensation which Douglas excited among its inhabitants. The men talked of the rehearsals; the ladies repeated what they had heard of the story; some had procured, as a great favour, copies of the most striking passages, which they recited at the earnest request of the company. I was present at the representation; the applause was enthusiastic; but a better criterion of its merits was the tears of the audience, which the tender part of the drama drew forth unsparringly. 'The town,' says Dr. Carlyle, (and I can vouch how truly,) 'was in an uproar of exultation, that a Scotsman should write a tragedy of the first rate, and that its merits were first submitted to them.'—Vol. i. pp. 37-40.

But, with the voice of praise arose, in startling disunion, a loud note of censure. Betwixt the two parties which divide the church of Scotland, one (to which it may be easily believed John Home did not belong) was, and in some degree still is, distinguished by a certain shade of puritanism, which, when arising from a sincerely scrupulous conscience, and combined with a Christian charity towards those who may differ in opinion, merits, not merely pardon, but profound respect—but is not entitled to the same indulgence when it assumes to itself an intolerant character. These zealous professors, above all other men abhorring the doctrines of Rome nominally, did not, perhaps, very far depart from them in principle, when they affirmed it was the duty of a sincere Christian to abstain from certain harmless pleasures, indifferent, nay, moral in themselves. They allowed their followers to gorge upon beef and pudding on fast-days, as well as holidays; but dancing, music, dramatic representation, and other lighter amusements, though as harmless, when practised with moderation, as food to the palate, were sternly interdicted.

It must be, indeed, admitted that the practice of the stage had been, during the preceding century, such as gave the censors much room to argue, from the abuse, against even the use of the theatre. It is not, however, our purpose here to enter into a controversy, which has, in a manner, died away of itself, but which existed, at the time we treat of, in all the gall of bitterness. In such a temper of the public mind, it was not wonderful that the appearance of a tragedy, written by a Presbyterian clergyman, and attended and applauded by many of his brethren, and those of great reputation for learning and talents, should appear to many like a "waxing dim of the fine gold,"—an innovation on the strictness of principle and purity of manners esteemed essential to the church of Scotland.

"The Presbytery of Edinburgh published a solemn admonition on the subject, beginning

* Unfortunately, we believe, for the public, these Memoirs are still in MS. From what we have heard, they abound in very curious matter.

with expressions of deep regret at the growing irreligion of the times, particularly the neglect of the *Sabbath* ;* but calculated chiefly to warn all persons within their bounds, especially the young, and those who had the charge of youth, against the danger of frequenting stage plays and theatrical entertainments, of which the Presbytery set forth the immoral and pernicious tendency, at considerable length.

"This step of the Presbytery, like all other overstrained proceedings of that nature, provoked resistance and ridicule on the part of the public. The wags poured forth parodies, epigrams, and songs. These were, in general, not remarkable for their wit or pleasantry, though some of them were the productions of young men, afterwards eminent in letters or in station."—Vol. i. p. 42.

We have a collection of these productions on our table at this moment; and it must be owned that it contains more trash and nonsense than could have been expected to have been produced by a general controversy in the eighteenth century. Here follows a specimen, taken where the book chanced to open:—

"It is agreed upon, by sober pagans themselves, that play actors are the most profligate wretches, and vilest vermin, that hell ever vomited out; that they are the filth and garbage of the earth, the scum and stain of human nature, the excrements and refuse of all mankind; the pests and plagues of human society; the debauchers of men's minds and morals; unclean beasts, idolatrous papists or atheists, and the most horrid and abandoned villains that ever the sun shone upon."

Truly these are very bitter words; the zeal of such a controversialist is like that imputed by Dryden to Jeremy Collier, which, if it had not eaten the disputants up must be allowed to have devoured all sense of decency and good manners. Of course there were other censures, expressed in a decent and moderate tone; yet it is astonishing how many circumstances were unfairly brought in. The general accusation of a clergyman's having written the death of Lady Randolph,—a catastrophe which may be fairly imputed to insanity, produced by extreme grief,—was said to imply a vindication of suicide: and some other passages were wiredrawn in the same way to produce inferences, which no man of candour can suppose were within the thoughts of the writer. Among these instances of want of candour and misconstruction, we do not in-

clude the objections made to a solemn prayer addressed to the Deity by one of the personages in the piece. The act of adoration is highly unfitted for mimic representation, and Mr. Home's error—however remote any notion of irreverence may have been from his mind,—was visited with, we think, deserved reprehension.

Upon the whole, the high Calvinistical party prevailed so far, that the author had no chance of escaping the highest censures of his church, if not the sentence of deprivation, save by voluntarily resigning his charge. His parishioners at Athelstaneford parted with their pastor with such regret, that, when he preached his farewell sermon, there was not a dry eye in the church. And, "at a subsequent period," says Mr. Mackenzie, "when he retired from active life, and built a house in East Lothian, near the parish where he had once been minister, his former parishioners, as Lord Haddington informed me, insisted on leading the stones for the building, and would not yield to his earnest importunity to pay them any compensation for their labour."—Vol. i. p. 34.

Home's professional friends and companions did not escape the censures of the church, for the encouragement they had given his dramatic labours. The chief among these was Dr. Carlyle, long clergyman at Musselburgh, whose character was as excellent as his conversation was amusing and instructive, and whose person and countenance, even at a very advanced age, were so lofty and commanding as to strike every artist with his resemblance to the Jupiter Tonans of the Pantheon. It was stated in aggravation of this reverend gentleman's crime in attending the theatre, that two rude or intoxicated young men having entered the box, and behaved uncivilly to some ladies, the doctor took the trouble of turning them out, which his great personal strength enabled him to do with little resistance or disturbance. He underwent a rebuke which did not sit very heavy on him. Similar measures of punishment were dealt out to other *play haunters*, as those clergymen were termed who had ventured, however unfrequently, into the precincts of a theatre. But the effect on the public mind was, like all proceedings in which the punishment is disproportioned to the offence, more unfavourable to the judges than to the accused. The public, considering the whole dialogue and tendency of Mr. Home's play of *Douglas* as favourable to virtuous and honourable feeling, did not sympathise with the extreme horror expressed at what the Presbytery of Glasgow called "the melancholy fact that there should have been a tragedy written by a minister of the church of Scotland;" and the ultimate consequence of the whole debate was a considerable increase of liberality on the part of the churchmen, many of whom now attend the theatre, though rarely, and when the entertainment is suited to their character; and it is to be hoped that the discussion may have produced on the other side an increased sense of decency respecting the representations on the stage. When Mrs. Siddons first acted in Edinburgh in 1784, the General Assembly, or Convocation of the Church of Scotland, which was then sitting, had some difficulty in procur-

* "Yet at that time in Edinburgh there was much more regard to the sacredness of Sunday than now. I was then a boy, and I well remember the reverential silence of the streets, and the tip-toe kind of fear with which, when any accident prevented my attendance on church, I used to pass through them. What would the Presbytery have said now, when, in the time of public worship on a Sunday, not only are the public walks crowded, but idle and blackguard boys bawl through the streets, and splash us with their games there?—an indecency of which, though no friend to puritanical preciseness, and still less to religious persecution, I rather think the police ought to take cognizance."—*Note by Mr. Mackenzie.*

ing a full attendance of its members on the nights when she performed. And wherefore should this be matter either of scandal or of censure, if the sentiments of Dr. Adam Ferguson are just, as expressed in a letter to Mr. Mackenzie, on the subject of Home's dramatic composition—

"Theatrical compositions, like every other human production, are, in the abstract, not more laudable or censurable than any other species of composition, but are either good or bad, moral or immoral, according to the management or the effect of the individual tragedy or comedy we are to see represented, or to peruse."—Vol. i. pp. 75, 76.

Driven from his own profession by the fanaticism of his brethren, Home had no difficulty, such was his extended reputation, in obtaining one in the world's eye more distinguished, which placed him contiguous to greatness, rendered him intimate with state affairs, and might, had that been the object of his ambition, have been the means of accumulating wealth. He was warmly patronized by Lord Bute, then prime minister, and, notwithstanding his unpopularity, possessed of considerable learning and taste. The access to the London stage was now open to the favourite of the favourite. Garrick, indeed, persisted in not bringing out Douglas, but that play appeared with great success upon the rival stage of Covent Garden, where the silver-tongued Barry presented the hero of the piece; and soon after, the manager of Drury Lane, with many protestations of his admiration of the merits of the piece and genius of the author, brought out the play of Agis, which he had formerly neglected. The manager, however, had made the worse choice. Inferior to Douglas, especially in having no point of predominant interest, no grappling iron to secure the attention of the audience—even the talents of Garrick could not give to Agis much vitality. Its stately declamation was heard with cold inattention, and, contrary to the hopes of the author, and prognostication of the experienced manager, after a flash of success it was withdrawn from the stage. Several other tragedies of Mr. Home's were afterwards exhibited, but none, save Douglas, with remarkable applause, and one or two with marked disapprobation. The cause of such repeated failures, after such splendid success, we may afterwards advert to.

Mr. Home was now formally installed in Lord Bute's family as private secretary, and his biographer hints that his lordship's choice was determined more by the desire of enjoying the poet's agreeable conversation, than by any expectation of deriving assistance from him in transacting public business. Home was indeed, like many other bards, in every respect the reverse of a man of method, indifferent to loss of time, and averse from all regularity and form, which are necessary to the management of affairs. When, on some occasion, he had lent his friend Adam Ferguson £200 upon a note of hand, and could not redeliver the voucher on receiving payment of the money, he gave an acknowledgment in terms too poetical to be very good in law: "If ever the note appears," said the letter of acknowledgment, "it will be

of no use but to show what a foolish, thoughtless, inattentive fellow I am." On the other hand, his conversation, while in the prime of life, must have been highly entertaining. When those of the present generation knew him, age had brought its usual infirmities of repetition and prolixity, but still his discourse was charming. "He came into a company," says one of his contemporaries, "like a sun-beam into a darkened room; his excellent temper and unaffected cheerfulness, his absence from every thing like reserve or formality, giving light to every eye and colour to every cheek. Yet Home's conversation could neither be termed sprightly nor witty. In his comic humour it was characterized by a flow of easy pleasantry, of that species which indicates the speaker willing to please or be pleased at the lightest rate; and in his higher mood his thoughts, naturally turned to such subjects, were without affectation, formed on the sublime and beautiful in poetry, the dignified and the virtuous in history, the romantic and interesting in tradition, upon whatever is elevating and inspiring in humanity." Such conversation, flowing naturally and unaffectedly from a high imagination and extensive reading, is found to carry along with its tide and influence even the men of phlegmatic minds, who might, *a priori*, be regarded as incapable to appreciate and enjoy it. The late excellent King George III. was then under the charge of the Earl of Bute as his chief preceptor. The turn of his understanding was towards strong sense and useful information—the gods had not made him poetical;—nevertheless, he loved the person and conversation of Home, of whom he naturally saw much. On his accession to the throne, that sovereign, of his own free motion, settled upon the poet a pension of £300: an office connected with Scotland, called Conservator of Scots Privileges at Campvere added as much more to his income, and that was all the fortune with which he returned to Scotland when Lord Bute retired from office. He had also a lease of a farm on very advantageous terms from his former patron and friend Sir David Kinloch of Gilmerton, where he built a house, as has been already mentioned. In 1770 he married the daughter of Mr. Home, a friend and relative of his own, whose delicate health gave his affectionate disposition frequent cause of apprehension, but who nevertheless survived him. They had no family.

In 1778 Mr. Home again indulged his passion for military affairs by entering into the South Fencibles, a regiment raised by Henry, Duke of Buccleuch, in which he had for comrades the present Earl of Haddington, William Adam, M. P., (now lord high commissioner of the jury court of Scotland,) and others who were well qualified to approve his merit and delight in his society. A fall from horseback, the second severe accident of the kind, interrupted his military career, and the contusion which he received in his head had a material influence on his future life. This accident was accompanied by something resembling a concussion of the brain. "He recovered the accident as far as his bodily health was concerned," says Mr. Mackenzie, "but his mind was never

restored to its former vigour, nor regained its former vivacity." We may add that his subsequent compositions, though displaying flashes of his genius, never showed it in a continued and sustained light.

It was, however, only the pressing remonstrances of his friends which could induce Mr. Home, after this accident, to resign the *military* mode of life to which he had been so much attached, and to retire into a quiet and settled privacy of life. After the year 1779 he settled in Edinburgh, where he was the object of general respect and veneration. He mingled in society to the last, and, though his memory was impaired respecting late events, it seemed strong and vigorous when his conversation turned on those which had occupied his attention at an early period. The following account of an entertainment at his house in Edinburgh, we received from a literary gentleman of Scotland, who was then beginning to attract the attention of the public. He was honoured with the notice of Mr. Home from some family circumstances, but chiefly from the kindly feeling which the veteran still preserved towards all who seemed disposed to turn their attention to Scottish literature. There were seven male guests at table, of whom five were coeval with the landlord—then upwards of eighty-four. A bachelor gentleman of fifty was treated as what is called the *Boots*, and went through the duty of ringing the bell, carving the joint, and discharging the other functions usually imposed on the youngest member of the company. Our friend, who was not much above thirty, was considered too much of a boy to be trusted with any such charge of the ceremonial, and, in fact, his very presence in this venerable assembly seemed to be altogether forgotten, while, it may be supposed, he was much more anxious to listen to their conversation than to interrupt it by talking himself. The very entertainment seemed antediluvian, though excellent. There were dishes of ancient renown, and liquors unknown almost to the present day. A capper-caelzie, or cock of the wood, which has been extinct in Scotland for more than a century, was presented on the board as a homage to the genius of Mr. Home, sent from the pine-forests of Norway. The *cup*, or cold tankard, which he recommended particularly, was after an ancient Scottish receipt. The claret, still the favourite beverage of the poet, was excellent, and, like himself, of venerable antiquity, but preserving its spirit and flavour. The subjects of their conversation might be compared to that held by ghosts, who, sitting on their midnight tombs, talk over the deeds they have done and witnessed while in the body. The *forty-five* was a remarkable epoch, and called forth remarks and anecdotes without number. The former civil turmoils of the years 1715 and 1718 were familiar to some of those present. The conversation of these hale ancients had nothing of the weakness of age, though a little of its garrulity. They seemed the Nestors of their age; men whose gray hairs only served

To mark the heroes born in better days.

Mr. Home, from the consequences of his accident, was, perhaps, the most broken of the

party. But, on his own ground, his memory was entire, his conversation full both of spirit and feeling. One story of the evening our correspondent recollects. Mr. Home, beginning it in a voice somewhat feeble, rose into strength of articulation with the interest of the story. The names of the parties concerned, and the place where the incident took place, our informer has unhappily forgotten. What he does remember we shall give in his own words:—

"A person of high Scottish descent, the son of one of Caledonia's most eminent nobility, exiled on account of his taking part with the house of Stuart, had entered into foreign service, and risen to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was stationed in the advanced post destined to protect the trenches which the army to which he was attached had opened before a large and well-garrisoned town. Some appearances in the besieged place induced the Scottish officer to conjecture that a strong sortie would be made in the course of the night. He went to the tent of Prince —, commander-in-chief of the army, to communicate the intelligence, and to request that a support to the advance might be held in readiness. The prince, engaged in writing despatches, did not even raise his head from the paper, but answered, in a haughty tone, "*Je suis fâché*."—The Scotchman, whose sense of his own consequence did not permit him to believe that this answer could be addressed to him, advanced nearer to the prince, and began to repeat what he had said. The prince then raised his head, looked scornfully at the officer, and reiterated, "*Je suis fâché de vous et de vos petites affaires*."—"De moi et de mes petites affaires!"—said the colonel, completely roused by the insult—"petit prince que vous êtes!" The prince, as brave as insolent, readily agreed to waive his privilege as commander-in-chief, and give the officer so gratuitously insulted the satisfaction his honour required. But (continued Mr. Home, his large light eyes suffused with tears, which flowed involuntarily as he told the conclusion) the brave gentleman lived not to receive the promised atonement. He returned to his post—the expected sortie took place, the advanced guard were cut to pieces, and among them, in the morning, was found the body of our unfortunate and gallant countryman, who had spent his last breath in the unequal combat to which the arrogance of his general had exposed him."

Mr. Mackenzie has, we think, omitted to give some description of Mr. Home's person and countenance, about which, nevertheless, our readers may entertain a rational curiosity. We ourselves only remember what a Scottish poet of eminence has called

"Home's pale ghost just gliding from the stage."

But his picture by Raeburn* enables us to say that his exterior, in his younger years, must have been impressive, if not handsome. His features are happily animated with the expression of a poet, whose eye, overlooking the un-

* In Miss Fergusson's collection at Huntley-burn.

interesting and every day objects around, is bent to pursue the flight of his imagination through the dim region of past events, or the yet more mysterious anticipations of futurity.

Respecting his personal habits we can add little to what has been told by his elegant and affectionate biographer. We remember only, that, with the natural vanity of an author, he was regular, while his strength permitted, in attendance upon the theatre when any actor of eminence represented Douglas. He had his own favourite seat beside the scenes, and, willing to be pleased by those who were desirous to give pleasure, his approbation was consequently rather measured out according to the kindness of his feelings than the accuracy of his critical judgment.

Undisturbed by pain, and after a long and lingering decay, he late and slowly approached the conclusion of life's drama. His esteemed friend Lord Haddington was one of the last friends whom he was able to receive. After looking at his lordship wistfully for some time, the kindness of his heart seemed to awaken his slumbering powers of recollection; he smiled, and pressed the friendly hand that was extended towards him, with a silent assurance of his tender remembrance. He died the 5th September, 1808, in the 80th year of his age. It was impossible to lament the extinction of the wasted taper, yet there was a general feeling that Home's death closed an era in the literary history of Scotland, and dissolved a link which, though worn and frail, seemed to connect the present generation with that of their fathers.

We have promised to take, in the second place, some notice of the literary society of Scotland at the time when Home was so important a member of it, and which has been so interestingly treated by Mr. Mackenzie, who, in his own connexion with the preceding age, must be perhaps addressed as *Ultimo Scotorum*.

Hospitality was at that time a distinguished feature in Scottish society; Mr. Home's income was chiefly employed in it. "His house," according to his friend Adam Fergusson, "was always as full of his friends as it could hold; fuller than, in modern manners, it could be made to hold." The form and show of the entertainment were little attended to; that would have thrown a dullness upon the freedom of intercourse, for the guest took with good-will that which the landlord found most easy to present. The science of the gastronomie was unknown. The Scottish manners were, indeed, emerging from the Egyptian darkness of the preceding age, when a dame of no small quality, the worshipful Lady Pumphraston, buttered a pound of green tea sent her as an exquisite delicacy, dressed it as condiment to a rump of salted beef, and complained that no degree of boiling would render these foreign greens tender. Yet the farm, with the poultry-yard and the dove-cot, added to the supplies furnished by the gun and fishing-rod, furnished a plentiful if not an elegant table. French wine and brandy were had at a cheap rate, chiefly by infractions of the revenue laws, at which the government were contented to wink rather than irritate a country in which there

was little money and much disaffection. It only remained to find as many guests as the table would hold, and the social habits of the country rendered that seldom difficult. For beds many shifts were made, and the prospect of a dance in particular reconciled damsels to sleep in the proportion of half a dozen to each apartment, while their gallant partners would be sometimes contented with an out-house, a barn, or a hay-loft. It is not, however, of the general state of society which we have to speak, but of that of a more distinguished character.

Mr. Mackenzie, with a partiality natural to his age and his country, speaks highly of the literary society of Scotland at this time, and even ventures, in some respects, to give it a preference over that of the sister country. He enlarges, in his own elegant language, upon the "free and cordial communication of sentiments, the natural play of fancy and good humour, which prevailed among the circle of men whom I have described. It was very different from that display of learning—that prize-fighting of wit, which distinguished a literary circle of our sister country, of which we have some authentic and curious records. There all ease of intercourse was changed for the pride of victory; and the victors, like some savage combatants, gave no quarter to the vanquished. This may, perhaps, be accounted for more from the situation than the dispositions of the principal members of that society. The literary circle of London was a sort of sect, a *caste* separate from the ordinary professions and habits of common life. They were traders in talent and learning, and brought, like other traders, samples of their goods into company, with a jealousy of competition which prevented their enjoying, as much as otherwise they might, any excellence in their competitors."—vol. i. pp. 22, 23.

Without examining how far the Scottish literati might gain or lose by being knitted almost exclusively together in their own peculiar sect, we may take the liberty of running over the names of three or four persons, the most distinguished of the circle, with such trifling anecdotes as may throw additional light on Mr. Mackenzie's pleasing picture. We may add, that our biographer, reading his sketch of Mr. Home's life before a learned body,* many of them the relations or surviving friends of the deceased worthies of whom he spoke, was bound, by a certain natural delicacy, not to represent, except in a very mitigated view, the foibles of the distinguished persons of whom he spoke. We, on the contrary, claim a right to pourtray with a broader pencil; our information is of a popular nature; and, being so, it is rather wonderful it has furnished us with so few of the darker colours. We can only pretend to paint the northern sages in Tristram Shandy's point of view, that is, according to their hobby-horses.

The celebrated David Hume, the philosopher and historian, was certainly the most distinguished person in the cycle. That he was most unhappy in permitting the acuteness of his talents, and the pride arising from the conscious-

* The Royal Society of Edinburgh; of which Mr. Mackenzie is Secretary.

ness of possessing them, to involve him in a maze of sceptical illusions, is most undeniable; as well as that he was highly culpable in giving to the world the miserable results of his leisure. Mr. Mackenzie states in mitigation, not in exculpation, that the great Pyrrhonist "had, in the language which the Grecian historian applies to an illustrious Roman, two minds; one which indulged in the metaphysical scepticism which his genius could invent, but which it could not always disentangle; another, simple, natural, and playful, which made his conversation delightful to his friends, and even frequently conciliated men whose principles of belief his philosophical doubts, if they had not power to shake, had grieved and offended. During the latter period of his life, I was frequently in his company, amidst persons of genuine piety, and I never heard him venture a remark at which such men, or ladies—still more susceptible than men—could take offence. His good nature and benevolence prevented such an injury to his hearers; it was unfortunate that he often forgot what injury some of his writings might do to his readers."—vol. i. pp. 20, 21.

Mr. David Hume's intimacy with his namesake and friend, John, was of the closest kind, and suffered no interruption. It was, indeed, an instance, among many, that friendships are formed more from a general similarity in temper and disposition, than from a turn to the same studies and pursuits. David Hume was no good judge of poetry; had little feeling for it; and examined it by the hackneyed rules of criticism: which, having crushed a hundred poets, will never, it may be prophesied, create, or assist in creating, a single one. John Home's disposition was excursive and romantic—that of David, both from nature and habit was subtle, sceptical; and he, far from being inclined to concede a temporary degree of faith to *la douce chimère*, was disposed to reason away even the realities which were subjected to his examination. The poet's imagination tends to throw a halo on the distant objects—the sophistry of the metaphysician shrouded them with a mist which, unlike other northern mists, not only obscured but dwarfed their real dimensions. The one saw more, the other saw less, than was actually visible. Yet this very difference tended to bind the two friends, for such they were *usque ad aras*, in a more intimate union. John Home by no means spared his friend's metaphysical studies. The discourse turning one evening upon a young man, previously of irreproachable conduct, having robbed his master, and eloped with a considerable sum, John Home accounted for his unexpected turpitude, by the nature of the culprit's studies, which had chiefly lain in Boston's Fourfold State, (a treatise of deep Calvinistical divinity,) and Hume's Essays. The philosopher was somewhat nettled at the jest, probably on account of the singular conjunction of the two works.

On the other hand, John was often the butt of his friend's jests, on account of his romantic disposition for warlike enterprise, his attachment to the orthography of his name, and similar peculiarities, indicative of a warm and susceptible imagination.

Upon some occasion, when General Fletcher mentioned the inconvenience which he had experienced from the rudeness and restiveness of a postilion, John Home exclaimed, in a Drawcansir tone, "Where were your pistols?" This created a general laugh; and next day, as Mr. Home was about to set off for a visit to Dr. Carlyle, at Musselburgh, he received a letter, with a large parcel: the import bore that his friends and well-wishers could not think of his taking so dangerous a journey without being suitably armed, and the packet being opened, was found to contain a huge pair of pistols, such as are sold at stalls to be *fairings* for children, made of gingerbread, and adorned with gilding.

When David Hume was suffering under the long and lingering illness which led him inch by inch to his grave, his friend John, with the most tender and solicitous attention, attended him on a journey to Bath, which it was supposed might be of temporary service, though a cure was impossible. When his companion's travelling pistols (not those of the savoury materials above-mentioned) were handed into the carriage, the historian made an observation at once humorous and affecting. "You shall have your humour, John, and fight with as many highwaymen as you please; for I have too little of life left to be an object worth saving." With more profound railery he supposed that he himself, John Home, and Adam Ferguson, who studied Roman history with Roman feeling and Roman spirit, had been sovereigns of three adjacent states; and John Home thus states in one of his letters the result of his friend's reflections:—

"He knew very well," he said, (having often disputed the point with us,) "the great opinion we had of military virtues as essential to every state; that from these sentiments rooted in us, he was certain he would be attacked and interrupted in his projects of cultivating, improving, and civilizing mankind by the arts of peace; that he comforted himself with reflecting, that from our want of economy and order in our affairs, we should be continually in want of money; whilst he would have his finances in excellent condition, his magazines well filled, and naval stores in abundance; but that his final stroke of policy, upon which he depended, was to give one of us a large subsidy to fall upon the other, which would infallibly secure to him peace and quiet, and, after a long war, would probably terminate in his being master of all the three kingdoms."—vol. i. pp. 181, 182.

We are disposed more to question the taste of the joke which, in David Hume's last will, alludes to two of his friend's foibles. The grave, and its appertunances of epitaphs and testaments, are subjects, according to Samuel Johnson, on which wise men think with awe and gravity; yet there is something affecting in the concluding allusion to the undisturbed friendship of those whom death was about to part. The bequest we allude to is contained in the following codicil:—

"I leave to my friend, Mr. John Home, of Kilduff, ten dozen of my old claret, at his choice; and one single bottle of that other liquor called port. I also leave to him six dozen of port, provided that he attests under

his hand, signed, *John Hume*, that he has himself alone finished that bottle at two sittings. By this concession, he will at once terminate the only two differences that ever arose between us concerning temporal matters."—vol. i. p. 163.

The subject of the name has been already mentioned. The bequest of wine alludes to John Home's partiality to claret, on which he wrote a well-known epigram, when the high duties were enforced against Scotland.* There is much more that is interesting and curious respecting David Hume in this piece of biography, which contains also several of his original letters.

Dr. Adam Fergusson, the author of the History of the Roman Republic, and distinguished besides as a moral philosopher, was a distinguished member of the literary society in which the poet Home, and the philosopher Hume, made such a figure. The son of a clergyman at Loggierait, in Athol, he was himself destined to the church, took orders, and went as chaplain to the Black Watch, or 42d Highland regiment, when that corps was first sent to the continent. As the regiment advanced to the battle of Fontenoy, the commanding officer, Sir Robert Monro, was astonished to see the chaplain at the head of the column, with a broadsword drawn in his hand. He desired him to go to the rear with the surgeons, a proposal which Adam Fergusson spurned. Sir Robert at length told him that his commission did not entitle him to be present in the post which he had assumed. "D—n my commission," said the warlike chaplain, throwing it towards his colonel. It may be easily supposed that the matter was only remembered as a good jest; but the future historian of Rome shared the honours and dangers of that dreadful day, where, according to the account of the French themselves, "the Highland furies rushed in upon them with more violence than ever did a sea driven by a tempest."

Professor Adam Fergusson's subsequent history is well known. He recovered from a decided shock of paralysis in the sixtieth year of his life; from which period he became a strict Pythagorean in his diet, eating nothing but vegetables, and drinking only water or milk. He survived till the year 1816, when he died in full possession of his mental faculties, at the advanced age of ninety-three. The deep interest which he took in the eventful war had long seemed to be the main tie that connected him with passing existence; and the news of Waterloo acted on the aged patriot as a *nume dimittis*. From that hour the feeling that had almost alone given him energy decayed, and he avowedly relinquished all desire for prolonged

* The government had long connived at a practice of importing claret into Scotland, under the mitigated duties applicable to the liquor called Southampton port. The epigram of John Home was as follows:—

"Firm and erect the Caledonian stood,
Old was his mutton and his claret good;
'Let him drink port,' an English statesman
cried—

He drank the poison, and his spirit died."

life. It is the belief of his family that he might have remained with them much longer, had he desired to do so, and continued the exercise which had hitherto promoted his health. Long after his eightieth year he was one of the most striking old men whom it was possible to look at. His firm step and ruddy cheek contrasted agreeably and unexpectedly with his silver locks; and the dress which he usually wore, much resembling that of the Flemish peasant, gave an air of peculiarity to his whole figure. In his conversation, the mixture of original thinking with high moral feeling and extensive learning; his love of country; contempt of luxury; and, especially, the strong subjection of his passions and feelings to the dominion of his reason, made him, perhaps, the most striking example of the Stoic philosopher which could be seen in modern days. His house, while he continued to reside in Edinburgh, was a general point of re-union among his friends, particularly of a Sunday, where there generally met, at a hospitable dinner-party, the most distinguished literati of the old time who still remained, with such young persons as were thought worthy to approach their circle, and listen to their conversation. The place of his residence was an insulated house, at some distance from the town, which its visitors (notwithstanding its internal comforts) chose to call, for that reason, *Kantschatka*.

Two constant attendants on this weekly symposium were the chemical philosophers Dr. Black and Dr. Hutton. They were particular friends, though there was something extremely opposite in their external appearance and manner. They were both, indeed, tall and thin; but there all personal similarity ended. Dr. Black spoke with the English pronunciation, with punctilious accuracy of expression, both in point of manner and matter. His dress was of the same description, regulated, in some small degree, according to the rules which formerly imposed a formal and full-dress habit on the members of the medical faculty. The geologist was the very reverse of this. His dress approached to a quaker's in simplicity; and his conversation was conducted in broad phrases, expressed with a broad Scotch accent, which often heightened the humour of what he said. The difference of manner sometimes placed the two philosophers in whimsical contrast with each other. We recollect an anecdote, entertaining enough, both on that account, and as showing how difficult it is for philosophy to wage a war with prejudice.

It chanced that the two doctors had held some discourse together upon the folly of abstaining from feeding on the testaceous creatures of the land, while those of the sea were considered as delicacies. Wherefore not eat snails?—they are well known to be nutritious and wholesome—even sanative in some cases. The epicures of olden times enumerated among the richest and rarest delicacies, the snails which were fed in the marble quarries of Lucca: the Italians still hold them in esteem. In short, it was determined that a gastronomic experiment should be made at the expense of the snails. The snails were procured, dieted for a time, then stewed for the

benefit of the two philosophers; who had either invited no guest to their banquet, or found none who relished in prospect the *pièce de résistance*. A huge dish of snails was placed before them; but philosophers are but men after all; and the stomachs of both doctors began to revolt against the proposed experiment. Nevertheless, if they looked with disgust on the snails, they retained their awe for each other; so that each, conceiving the symptoms of internal revolt peculiar to himself, began with infinite exertion to swallow, in very small quantities, the mess which he internally loathed. Dr. Black, at length, "showed the white feather," but in a very delicate manner, as if to sound the opinion of his messmate:—"Doctor," he said, in his precise and quiet manner, "Doctor—do you not think that they taste a little—a very little, green?" "D—d green, d—d green, indeed—take them awa', tak them awa'," vociferated Dr. Hutton, starting up from table, and giving full vent to his feelings of abhorrence. And so ended all hopes of introducing snails into the modern *cuisine*; and thus Philosophy can no more cure a nausea, than Honour can set a broken limb.

Lord Elibank (Patrick, remembered in Scotland by the name of the Clever Lord) was one of the most remarkable amongst this remarkable society. He was distinguished by the liveliness of his conversation and the acuteness of his understanding, and many of his bon-mots are still preserved. When, for example, he was first told of Johnson's celebrated definition of the word *outs*, as being the food of men in Scotland, and horses in England, he answered, with happy readiness, "Very true; and where will you find such horses and such men?" Lord Elibank indulged greatly in paradoxes, which he was wont to defend with much ingenuity. He piqued himself, at the same time, on his wordly prudence; so much so, as to reply to some one who told him of Mr. Home's having got a pension, at the suggestion of The King himself,—“it is nobly done; but it is impossible for The King to make John Home or Adam Fergusson rich, as it would be for His Majesty to make me poor.” Lord Elibank, with John Home, David Hume, Fergusson, and others, were members of a convivial association called the *Poker-club*, because its purpose was to stir up and encourage the public spirit of Scotland, the people of which were then much exasperated at not being permitted to raise a militia in the same manner as England. Dr. Fergusson, upon the occasion, composed a continuation of Arbuthnot's Satirical History of John Bull, which he entitled the "History of Margaret, otherwise called Sister Peg." The work was distinguished for humour and satire; and led to a curious jest on the part of David Hume. He had been left out of the secret, as not being supposed a good counsel-keeper, and he took his revenge by gravely writing a letter to Dr. Carlyle, claiming the work as his own, with an air of sober reality, which, had the letter been found after any lapse of time, would have appeared an indubitable proof of his being really the author. We have not room to insert this piece of literary persiflage, but refer the reader to vol. i. p. 155.

The Poker-club served its purpose; and, many years afterwards, symptoms of discontent on the subject of the militia were to be found in Scotland. Burns says of his native country—

"Lang time she's been in fractious mood,
Her lost militia fired her blood,
De'il nor they never mair do good,
Play'd her that pliskie."

Most of the members of the Poker were fast friends to the Hanoverian dynasty, though opposed to the actual administration, on account of the neglect, and, as they accounted it, the affront put upon their native country. Lord Elibank, however, had, in all probability, ulterior views; for, notwithstanding his talents and his prudence, his love of paradox, perhaps, had induced him to place himself at the head of the scattered remnant of Jacobites, from which party every person else was taking the means of deserting. It is now ascertained by documents among the Stuart papers, that he carried on a correspondence with the Chevalier, which was not suspected by his most intimate friends.

We have heard of a meeting of the Poker-club, which was convoked long after it had ceased to have regular existence, when its remaining members were far advanced in years. The experiment was not successful. Those who had last met in the full vigour of health and glow of intellect, taking an eager interest in the passing events of the world, seemed now, in each other's eyes, cold, torpid, inactive, loaded with infirmities, and occupied with the selfish care of husbanding the remainder of their health and strength, rather than in the gaiety and frolic of a convivial evening. Most had renounced even the moderate worship of Bacchus, which, on former occasions, had seldom been neglected. The friends saw their own condition reflected in the persons of each other, and became sensible that the time of convivial meetings was passed. The abrupt contrast betwixt what they had been, and what they were, was too unpleasant to be endured, and the Poker-club never met again. This, it may be alleged, is a contradiction of what we have said concerning the Nestorian banquet at John Home's, formerly noticed. But the circumstances were different. The gentlemen then alluded to had kept near to each other in the decline as well as the ascent of life, met frequently, and were become accustomed to the growing infirmities of each other, as each had to his own. But the Poker-club, most of whom had been in full strength when the regular meetings were discontinued, found themselves abruptly reassembled as old and broken men, and naturally agreed with the Gaelic bard that age "is dark and unlovely."

One or two gossiping paragraphs on the subject of Adam Smith, whose distinguished name may render the most trifling notices concerning him matter of some interest, and we will then release our courteous reader from our recollections, on the subject of these old Northern Lights. Dr. Smith is well known to have been one of the most absent men living. It was, indeed, an attribute which, if any where, might have been matched in the society we

speak of, of whom several, particularly John Home and General Fletcher Campbell, were extremely addicted to fits of absence. But those of the great Economist were abstraction itself. Mr. Mackenzie placed in his hand the beautiful tale of La Roche, in which he introduces Mr. David Hume, for the express purpose of knowing whether there was any thing in it which Mr. Hume's surviving friends could think hurtful to his memory. Dr. Smith read and highly approved of the MS.: but, on returning it to Mr. Mackenzie, only expressed his surprise that Mr. Hume should never have mentioned the anecdote to him. When walking in the street, Adam had a manner of talking and laughing to himself, which often attracted the notice and excited the surprise of the passengers. He used himself to mention the ejaculation of an old market-woman, "Heh, Sirs!" shaking her head as she uttered it; to which her companion answered, having echoed the compassionate sigh, "and he is well put on, too!" expressing their surprise that a decided lunatic, who, from his dress, appeared to be a gentleman, should be permitted to walk abroad.—In a private room his demeanour was equally remarkable; and we shall never forget one particular evening, when he put an elderly maiden lady, who presided at the tea-table, to sore confusion, by neglecting utterly her invitations to be seated, and walking round and round the circle, stopping ever and anon to steal a lump from the sugar-basin, which the venerable spinster was at length constrained to place on her own knee, as the only method of securing it from his most uneconomical depredations. His appearance, mumping the eternal sugar, was something indescribable.

We had the following anecdotes from a colleague of Dr. Smith, who, as is well known, was a commissioner of the board of customs. That board had in their service, as porter, a stately person, who, dressed in a huge scarlet gown or cloak, covered with frogs of worsted lace, and holding in his hand a staff about seven feet high, as an emblem of his office, used to mount guard before the custom house when a board was to be held. It was the etiquette that, as each commissioner entered, the porter should go through a sort of salute with his staff of office, resembling that which officers used formerly to perform with their spontoon, and then marshal the dignitary to the hall of meeting. This ceremony had been performed before the great Economist perhaps five hundred times. Nevertheless one day, as he was about to enter the custom-house, the motions of this janitor seem to have attracted his eye without their character or purpose reaching his apprehension, and on a sudden he began to imitate his gestures, as a recruit does those of his drill-sergeant. The porter, having drawn up in front of the door, presented his staff as a soldier does his musket: the commissioner, raising his cane, and holding it with both hands by the middle, returned the salute with the utmost gravity. The inferior officer, much amazed, recovered his weapon, wheeled to the right, stepping a pace back to give the commissioner room to pass, lowering his staff at the same time, in token of obeisance. Dr.

Smith, instead of passing on, drew up on the opposite side, and lowered his cane at the same angle. The functionary, much out of consequence, next moved up stairs with his staff advanced, while the author of the "Wealth of Nations" followed with his bamboo in precisely the same posture, and his whole soul apparently wrapped up in the purpose of placing his foot exactly on the same spot of each step which had been occupied by the officer who preceded him. At the door of the hall, the porter again drew off, saluted with his staff, and bowed reverentially. The philosopher again imitated his motions, and returned his bow with the most profound gravity. When the Doctor entered the apartment, the spell under which he seemed to act was entirely broken, and our informant, who, very much amused, had followed him the whole way, had some difficulty to convince him that he had been doing any thing extraordinary. Upon another occasion, having to sign an official minute or mandate, Adam Smith was observed to be unusually tedious, when the same person, peeping over his shoulder, discovered that he was engaged, not in writing his own name, but in imitating, as nearly as possible, the signature of his brother in office, who had held the pen before him. These instances of absence equal the abstractions of the celebrated Dr. Harvey; but whoever has read the deep theories and abstruse calculations contained in the "Wealth of Nations," must readily allow that a mind habitually employed in such themes, must necessarily be often rapt far above the sublunary occurrences of every-day life.

We are now approaching the third subject proposed in our review, the consideration of John Home's character as an author, founded on the present edition of his collected works. Our criticism on his poetical character need not be very minute, for his chef-d'œuvre, "Douglas," is known to every one, and his other dramatic labours are scarcely known at all. Upon the merits of the first, every reader has already made up his mind, and on those of the others we might, perhaps, find it difficult to procure an attentive hearing. Still, however, some mark of homage is due to, perhaps, the most popular tragic author of modern times, and we must pay suit and service, were it only with a pepper-corn.

We have said already that Douglas owes a great part of its attractions to the interest of the plot, which, however, is by no means a probable one. There is something overstrained in the twenty years spent by Lady Randolph in deep and suppressed sorrow; nor is it natural, though useful, certainly, to the poet, that her regrets should turn less on the husband of her youth, than upon the new-born child whom she had scarcely seen. There is something awkward in her sudden confidence to Anna, as is pointed out by David Hume. "The spectator," says the critic, "is apt to suspect it was done in order to instruct him—a very good end, but which might have been obtained by a careful and artificial conduct of the dialogue." This is all unquestionably true; but the spectator should, and, indeed, must, make considerable allowances, if he expects to receive plea-

sure from the drama. He must get his mind, according to Tony Lumpkin's phrase, into "a concatenation accordingly," since he cannot reasonably expect that scenes of deep and complicated interest shall be placed before him, in close succession, without some force being put upon ordinary probability; and the question is not, how far you have sacrificed your judgment in order to accommodate the fiction, but rather what is the degree of delight you have received in return. Perhaps, in this point of view, it is scarcely possible for a spectator to make such sacrifices for greater pleasure than we have enjoyed, in seeing Lady Randolph personified by the inimitable Siddons. Great as that pleasure was on all occasions, it was increased, in a manner which can hardly be conceived, when her son (the late Mr. H. Siddons) supported his mother in the character of Douglas, and when the full overflowing of maternal tenderness was authorized, nay, authenticated and realised, by the actual existence of the relationship. There will, and must be, on other occasions, some check of the feeling, however virtuous and tender, when a woman of feeling and delicacy pours her maternal caresses on a performer who, although to be accounted her son for the night, is, in reality, a stranger. But in the scenes we allude to, that chilling obstacle was removed; and while Lady Randolph exhausted her tenderness on the supposed Douglas, the mother was, in truth, indulging the same feelings towards her actual son. It may be erroneous to judge in this way of a drama which can hardly be again illustrated by such powers, exercised under circumstances so exciting to the principal performer, and so nearly approaching to reality. Yet, even in an abstract view, we agree with Mr. Mackenzie that the chief scene between Lady Randolph and Old Norval, in which the preservation and existence of Douglas is discovered, has no equal in modern, and scarcely a superior in the ancient drama. It is certainly one of the most effective which the English stage has to boast; and we learn with pleasure, but without surprise, that, though many other parts of the play were altered before its representation, we have this masterpiece exactly as it was thrown off in the original sketch.

"Thus it is," says the accomplished editor, "that the fervid creation of genius and fancy strikes out what is so excellent as well as vivid, as not to admit of amendment, and which, indeed, correction would spoil instead of improving. This is the true inspiration of the poet, which gives to criticism, instead of borrowing from it, its model and its rule, and which it is possible, in some diffident authors, the terrors of criticism may have weakened or extinguished."—vol. i. p. 93.

It is justly remarked by Mr. Mackenzie, that the intense interest excited by the scene of the discovery occasions some falling off in the two last acts; yet this is not so great as to injure the effect of the play when the parts are suitably supported. Mrs. Siddons, indeed, (we cannot help identifying her with Lady Randolph,) gave such terrible interest to the concluding scene, that we can truly say the decay of interest, which is certainly felt both in per-

forming the drama and in seeing it only moderately well performed, was quite imperceptible.

In a general point of view, the interest of Douglas is of a kind which addresses itself to the bosom of every spectator. The strength of maternal affection is a feeling which all the audience have had the advantage of experiencing, which such mothers as are present have themselves exercised, and which moves the general mind more deeply than even distresses arising from the passion of love,—one too frequently produced on the stage not to become, in some degree, hackneyed and uninteresting.

The language of the piece is beautiful. "Mrs. Siddons told me," says the editor, "that she never found any study (which, in the technical language of the stage, means the getting verses by heart) so easy as that of Douglas, which is one of the best criterions of excellence in the dramatic style."

The character of Douglas, enthusiastic, romantic, desirous of honour, careless of life and every other advantage where glory lay in the balance, flowed freely from the author's heart, to which such sentiments were the most familiar.

The structure of the story somewhat resembles that of Voltaire's "Mérope," but is as simple and natural as that of the French author is complicated and artificial. Mérope came out about 1743, and Mr. Home may, therefore, easily have seen it. But he has certainly derived his more simple and natural tale from the old ballad. In memory of this, the tune of "Gil Morrice," a simple and beautiful air, is, in Scotland at least, always played while the curtain rises.

The poetical moral of the piece is justly observed by Mr. Mackenzie to have captivated all who, before its representation in Scotland, happened to hear any part of it recited. He gives us his own authority, as bearing witness that some of the most striking passages, and particularly the opening soliloquy, were got by heart and repeated by fair lips for the admiration of the tea-tables of Edinburgh.

"And you fair dames of merry England,
As fast your tears did pour:—"

We have the evidence of the accomplished Earl of Haddington, that he remembers the celebrated Lady Hervey (the beautiful Molly Lapelle of Pope and Gay) weeping like an infant over the manuscript of "Douglas."

It may, perhaps, seem strange that the author, in his preceding tragedy of "Agis," and in his subsequent dramatic efforts, so far from attaining similar excellence, never even approached to the success of "Douglas;" yet good reasons can be assigned for his failure without imputing it, during his best years at least, to a decay of genius.

"Agis" was a tragedy the interest of which turned, at first, exclusively upon politics, a subject which men are fiercely interested in, if connected with the party questions agitating their own country at the time; but which, when the same refers to the forgotten revolutions of a distant country and a remote period, are always caviare to the million. Addison,

indeed, succeeded in his splendid poem of Cato; but both the name and history were so generally known as to facilitate greatly its interest with the public. Besides, the author was at the head of the literature of his day, and not unskilled in the art of indoctrinating the readers of the Spectator in the knowledge necessary to understand Cato. But the history of Agis and the fortunes of Sparta were familiar only to scholars; and it was difficult to interest the audience at large in the revolutions of a country which they knew only by name. The Ephori and the double kings of Lacedæmon must have been puzzling to a common audience, even at the outset. Both "Cato" and "Agis," but particularly the latter, suffered by the ingrafting of a love-intrigue, common-place and cumbersome, as well as unnecessary, upon the principal plot; which, on the contrary, it ought in either case to have been the business of the author to keep constantly under the view of the audience, and to illustrate and enhance by every subordinate aid in his power: yet "Agis," from the ease of the dialogue and beauty of the declamation, and being also, according to the technical phrase, *strongly cast*—for Garrick played Ly-sander, and Mrs. Cibber, Evanthe—was, for some representations, favourably received; and, had it been written in French, it would probably have been permanently successful on the Parisian stage. In this and other pieces the author seems to have suffered in the eyes of his countrymen by attending too much to the advice of David Hume, in such cases surely an incompetent judge, who intreats him, for heaven's sake, "to read Shak-speare, but get Racine and Sophocles by heart."—vol. i. p. 100. The critic had not sufficiently considered how much the British stage differs both from the French and the Grecian in the structure and character of the entertainments there exhibited.

The "Siege of Aquileia" was acted for the first time in 1760. Garrick expected the most unbounded success, and he himself played the principal character. It failed, however, from an objection thus stated by Mr. Mackenzie—

"Most, or indeed almost all, the incidents are told to, not witnessed by, the spectators, who, in England beyond any other country, are swayed by the Horatian maxim, and feel very imperfectly those incidents which are not '*oculis subjecta fidelibus*.'" It rather languished, therefore, in the representation, though supported by such admirable acting, and did not run so many nights as the manager confidently expected."—vol. i. p. 58.

As we have made few quotations from Mr. Home's poetry, we may observe that the description of an ominous dream in this play almost rivals in effect the celebrated vision in Sardanapalus:—

"*Emil.* What evil omens has Cornelia seen?

"*Corn.* 'Tis strange to tell; but, as I slum-b'ring lay,

About that hour when glad Aurora springs
To chase the lagging shades, methought I was
In Rome, and full of peace the city seem'd:

My mind oblivious, too, had lost its care.

Serene I stepp'd along the lofty hall
Embellish'd with the statues of our fathers,
When suddenly an universal groan
Issued at once from every marble breast.
Aghast I gazed around! when slowly down
From their high pedestals I saw descend
The murder'd Gracchi. Hand in hand the
brothers

Stalk'd towards me. As they approached
more near,

They were no more the Gracchi, but my sons,
Paulus and Titus. At that dreadful change
I shriek'd and wak'd. But never from my
mind

The spectacle shall part. Their rueful eyes!
Their cheeks of stone! the look of death and
wo!

So strange a vision ne'er from fancy rose.

The rest, my lord, this holy priest can tell."—
vol. ii. pp. 17, 18.

The "Fatal Discovery" was brought out in 1769; but, as the prejudice against the Scotch was then general, and John Home was obnoxious, not only as a North Briton, but as a friend and protégé of the obnoxious Earl of Bute, Garrick prudently procured an Oxford student to officiate as godfather to the play. The temporary success of the piece brought out the real author from behind his screen. When Home avowed the piece, Garrick's fears were realised, and its popularity terminated; and we believe the most zealous Scotchman would hardly demand, in this instance, a reversal of the public judgment. Mr. Mackenzie has a more favourable opinion, upon more accurate consideration, perhaps, than it has been in our power to give to the subject. The play is written in the false gallop of Ossianic composition, to which we must avow ourselves by no means partial.

Alonzo was produced in 1773, and was received with a degree of favour which, in some respects, it certainly scarce deserved. Home had, in this instance, forgotten a story belonging to his former profession, which we have heard himself narrate. It respected a country clergyman in Scotland, who, having received much applause for a sermon preached before the Synod, could never afterwards get through the service of the day without introducing some part of the discourse on which he reposed his fame, with the quotation, "as I said in my Synod sermon." In plain words, "Alonzo" was almost a transcript of the situation, incidents, and plot of Douglas, and every author should especially beware of repeating the theme which has formerly been successful, or presenting a *da capo rotta* of the banquet which he has previously been fortunate enough to render acceptable.

In 1778, Mr. Home's last dramatic attempt, the tragedy of "Alfred," was represented, and completely failed.

Home now turned his thoughts to another walk of literature. His connexion with the civil war of 1745 had long been revolved in his mind, as a subject fit for history: he had even intended to write something on the subject soon after the broil was ended. After 1778, he seems to have resumed the purpose, and en-

deavoured to collect materials, by correspondence and personal communication with such personages as could afford them.

"In one or two of these journeys (says Mr. Mackenzie) I happened to travel for two or three days along with him, and had occasion to hear his ideas on the subject. They were such as a man of his character and tone of mind would entertain, full of the mistaken zeal and ill-fated gallantry of the Highlanders, the self-devoted heroism of some of their chiefs, and the ill-judged severity, carried (by some subordinate officers) the length of great inhumanity, of the conquering party. A specimen of this original style of his composition still remains in his account of the gallant Lochiel. But the complexion of his history was materially changed before its publication, which, at one time, he had very frequently and positively determined should not be made till after his death, but which he was tempted by that fondness for our literary offspring which the weakness of age produces, while it leaves less power of appreciating their merits, to hasten; and accordingly published the work at London, in 1802. It was dedicated to the king, as a mark of his gratitude for his Majesty's former gracious attention to him, a circumstance which perhaps contributed to weaken and soften down the original composition, in compliment to the monarch whose uncle's memory was somewhat implicated in the impolitic, as well as ungenerous, use which Mr. Home conceived had been made of the victory of Culloden."—vol. i. p. 68, 69.

It is well for us, perhaps, that we have the advantage of telling the above tale in Mr. Mackenzie's language. We have great veneration for the memory of his author, and much greater for that of his late majesty, whose uniform generosity and kindness to the unfortunate race of Jacobites was one of the most amiable traits of his honest, benevolent, and truly English character. But since Mr. Home did assume the pen on the subject of the Forty-five, no consideration whatever ought to have made him depart from the truth, or shrink from exposing the cruelties practised, as Mr. Mackenzie delicately expressed it, by some subordinate officers, or from execrating the impolitic and ungenerous use of the victory of Culloden, in which the duke of Cumberland was *somewhat* implicated. Mr. Home ought either never to have written his history, or to have written it without clogging himself with the dedication to the sovereign. There was no obligation on John Home to inscribe that particular book to his Majesty, and, had that ceremony been omitted, his Majesty was too just and candid a man to have resented the truth; though there might have been some affront in addressing a work, in which his uncle's memory suffered rough usage, directly to his own royal person. On the whole, we greatly prefer the conduct of Smollet, a Whig as well as Home, when he poured out his affecting lyric:—

"Mourn, hapless Caledonia mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn."

On being warned from making such an effusion public, the only answer he condescended to give was, by adding the concluding stanza.

The disappointed public of Scotland, to which the history should have been most interesting, was clamorous in its disapprobation. They complained of suppressed information and servile corrections; but reflection induced critics to pardon the good old man, who had been influenced in his latter years by doubts and apprehensions, which could not have assailed him in his term of active manhood. The work was, indeed, strangely mutilated, and breaks off abruptly at the battle of Culloden, without giving us any account of the manner in which that victory was used. Other faults might be pointed out, chiefly such as are indicative of advanced years. The part which the author himself played in the drama is perhaps a little too much detailed and too long dwelt upon.

The history is, nevertheless, so far as it goes, a fair and candid one; for the writer, though by the manner in which he had fettered himself he was debarred from speaking the whole truth, yet was incapable of speaking any thing but the truth. The narrative is fair and honourable to both sides, nor does the author join with the sordid spirits, who cannot fight their enemies without abusing them at the same time, like the bailiff in Goldsmith's 'Good-natured Man.' The idea which he gives us of the unfortunate Charles Edward is such as we have ourselves formed: the young Chevalier was one of those whom fortune only distinguishes for a brief period of their life, the rest of which is past in obscurity, so that they seem totally different characters when judged of by the few months which they spend in all the glare of publicity and sunshine, or when valued according to the many years which have passed away in the gloom of destroyed hopes and broken health. Other circumstances combine to render it difficult to obtain the real character of the unfortunate prince. By far the greater portion of his followers his memory was cherished as that of an idol, but the more dear to them on account of the sacrifices they had made to it. His illustrious birth, his daring enterprise, and the grace and beauty of his person, went no small length in confirming his partisans in those feelings towards their leader. There were exceptions amongst them however. Some of those who followed Charles to France, thought that he looked cold on them, and the Memoirs of Dr. King, lately published, tend to confirm the suspicion that (like others of his unhappy race) he was not warmly grateful. His courage, at least, ought to be beyond suspicion, considering the manner in which he landed on an expedition so desperate, and the opposition to his undertaking which he met with from the only friends upon whose assistance he could have counted for the chance of bringing together 1500 or 2000 men. A few sentences on this subject from Home's Narrative will probably vindicate what we have said, and at the same time give a specimen of the historian's peculiar style, which, if neither flowery nor eloquent as might have been expected from his poetical vein, is clear, simple, expressive, and not unlike the conversation of an aged man of intelligence and feeling, recalling the recollections of his earlier years.

To introduce these extracts, we must previously remark, that the chiefs of the Highland

clans had come to a prudent resolution that notwithstanding their attachment to the cause of the Stuarts, they should decline joining in any invasion which the exiled family might attempt, unless it was supported by a body of regular French troops. It was on the dominions (as they might then be called) of the Captain of Clanronald that Charles first landed. He did not find the chief himself, but he summoned on board the vessel which he brought with him to the Hebrides, Mac Donald of Boisdale, the brother of Clanronald, a man of considerable intelligence, and who was supposed to have much interest with the chief. Boisdale declared he would advise his brother against the undertaking, remarking, that the two most powerful chieftains in the vicinity, Mac Donald of Sleate and Mac Leod of Mac Leod, were determined not to raise their men unless the Chevalier should bring with him a sufficient foreign force.

"Charles replied in the best manner he could; and ordering the ship to be unmoored, carried Boisdale, whose boat hung at the stern, several miles onward to the main land, pressing him to relent, and give a better answer. Boisdale was inexorable; and getting into his boat, left Charles to pursue his course, which he did directly for the coast of Scotland; and coming to an anchor in the Bay of Lochanuaugh, between Moidart and Arisaig, sent a boat ashore with a letter to young Clanronald. In a very little time Clanronald, with his relation Kinloch Moidart, came aboard the *Doutelle*. Charles almost reduced to despair in his interview with Boisdale, addressed the two Highlanders with great emotion, and summing up his arguments for taking arms, conjured them to assist their prince, their countryman, in his utmost need. Clanronald and his friend, though well inclined to the cause, positively refused; and told him, one after another, that, to take arms without concert or support, was to pull down certain destruction on their own heads. Charles persisted, argued and implored. During this conversation, the parties walked backwards and forwards upon the deck; a Highlander stood near them, armed at all points, as was then the fashion of the country: he was a younger brother of Kinloch Moidart, and had come off to the ship to inquire for news, not knowing who was aboard. When he gathered from their discourse that the stranger was the Prince of Wales; when he heard his chief and his brother refuse to take arms with their prince, his colour went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and grasped his sword. Charles observed his demeanour, and, turning briskly towards him, called out, "Will not you assist me?"—"I will, I will," said Clanronald; "though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you." Charles with a profusion of thanks and acknowledgments, extolled the champion to the skies, saying, he only wished that all the Highlanders were like him. Without further deliberation, the two Macdonalds declared that they also would join, and use their utmost endeavours to engage their countrymen to take arms. Immediately Charles with his company went ashore, and was conducted to Boradale, a farm which belonged to the estate of Clanronald."—vol. ii. pp. 425-427.

The conversion of the good *Lochiel*, for whom some friendly Presbyterian drew up an epitaph, declaring he

"—is now a Whig in heaven,"

to this rash undertaking, shall be our last quotation from this history, so interesting in spite of its imperfections. This model of a Highland chief and Scottish gentleman met with the Chevalier at Mac Donald of Boradale's, a very few days after he landed.

"The conversation began on the part of Charles, with bitter complaints of the treatment he had received from the ministers of France, who had so long amused him with vain hopes, and deceived him with false promises; their coldness in his cause, he said, but ill agreed with the opinion he had of his own pretensions, and with the impatience to assert them, with which the promises of his father's brave and faithful subjects had inflamed his mind. *Lochiel* acknowledged the engagements of the chiefs, but observed that they were no ways binding, as he had come over without the stipulated aid; and therefore, as there was not the least prospect of success, he advised his Royal Highness to return to France, and to reserve himself and his faithful friends for a more favourable opportunity. Charles refused to follow *Lochiel*'s advice, affirming that a more favourable opportunity than the present would never come; that almost all the British troops were abroad, and kept at bay by Marshal Saxe, with a superior army; that in Scotland there were only a few new raised regiments, that had never seen service, and could not stand before the Highlanders; that the very first advantage gained over the troops would encourage his father's friends at home to declare themselves; that his friends abroad would not fail to give their assistance; that he only wanted the Highlanders to begin the war.

"*Lochiel* still resisted, entreating Charles to be more temperate, and consent to remain concealed where he was, till he (*Lochiel*) and his other friends should meet together, and concert what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to the utmost pitch of impatience, paid no regard to this proposal, but answered, that he was determined to put all to the hazard. 'In a few days,' said he, 'with the few friends that I have, I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, to win it, or to perish in the attempt: *Lochiel*, who, my father has often told me, was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his prince.'—"No," said *Lochiel*, 'I'll share the fate of my prince; and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power.' Such was the singular conversation, on the result of which depended peace or war. For it is a point agreed among the Highlanders, that if *Lochiel* had persisted in his refusal to take arms, the other chiefs would not have joined the standard without him, and the spark of rebellion must instantly have expired."—vol. iii. pp. 5, 6.

It is singular that we should have to exculpate the unfortunate prince, who thus persisted,

at the utmost risk, to instigate his followers, and to rush himself upon an undertaking so utterly desperate, from the imputation of personal cowardice;—and yet such is the fact. The strongest evidence on this point is that of the Chevalier Johnstone's "Memoirs of the Rebellion in 1745 and 1746." These have been published under the care of a sensible and intelligent editor, who has done a great deal to throw light upon the subject, but has been occasionally misled into giving a little too much credit to the representations of his author—who wrote under the influence of disappointment and ill-humour. A great part of the work is very interesting, because Johnstone, having been a military man, and having some turn for observation, has made better professional remarks on the Highland mode of fighting, and mere tactics than we have observed in any other work. But then we happen to know that some of his stories are altogether fictitious, such as the brutal piece of vengeance said to have been practised by Gordon of Abbachie, upon a Whig minister [Johnstone's Memoirs, 4to. 1820, p. 183.] It will also surprise such of the few readers as might have been disposed to interest themselves in the love affair between the Chevalier and his charming Peggy, which makes such a figure in the conclusion of his work, to learn that Chevalier Johnstone was all this while a married man—an absolute Benedict—a circumstance which he no where hints at, during his Memoirs, and that the amour, if such existed, was not of a character to be boasted of in the face of the public. There are legitimate grandchildren of the Chevalier Johnstone now alive.

James Johnstone, the father of the Chevalier, by courtesy of Scotland called "*merchant* in Edinburgh," was a grocer in that city. Not that we mean to impeach his gentility, because we believe his father to have been of the ancient and once-powerful family of Wamphray, though, like many sons of Jacobite families, he was excluded from what are called the learned professions, by his reluctance to take the oaths to the Hanoverian dynasty. Accordingly, the heir of the noble family of Rollo, who have been before allied with the Johnstones of Wamphray, did not derogate in marrying Cecilia, daughter of James Johnstone, grocer, as before said. But when the Chevalier talks big about his fears of being disinherited, we cannot but remember that a petty shop, such as shops in the Cowgate of Edinburgh were in 1745, indifferently stocked with grocery goods,

"Was all his great estate, and like to be."

In short, we suspect our friend the Chevalier to be somewhat of a gasconader, and we are not willing to take away the character of Charles for courage upon such suspicious authority. When we, therefore, find that this unfortunate prince is accused—1st, of having entered into this expedition without foreseeing the personal dangers to which he must be exposed—2d, of taking care, in carrying it on, not to expose his person to the fire of the enemy—3d, of abandoning it when he had ten times more hope of success than when he left Paris—we are inclined to compare what the Chevalier has averred on these three points with

what is elsewhere stated by himself and other authorities.

And First.—After reading the foregoing arguments used by Boisdale, Clanronald, and Lochiel, in order to deter the Chevalier, by the strongest representations in their power, from venturing on the expedition, the Chevalier may be censured for fool-hardiness, but he cannot surely be considered as a person ignorant of the dangers of the undertaking—in other words, as one too timid to venture had he known the perils he was to encounter.

Secondly.—That Charles avoided placing himself in such situations of personal danger, as became a prince and a general, is inconsistent with what has been registered by almost all authorities, and with what is narrated by Johnstone himself. Beginning with the battle of Prestonpans, Home states, and we have heard it corroborated by eye and ear witnesses, that "Charles declared he would lead the clans on himself, and charge at their head;" and only relinquished his purpose when the general remonstrance of the chieftains deterred him from leading the van. But notwithstanding this precaution, the prince conducted the second line of the Highland army; and the Chevalier Johnstone tells us that the battle was gained with such rapidity, "that in the second line, when I was *still* by the side of the prince, we saw no other enemy on the field of battle than those who were lying on the ground killed and wounded, though we were not more than *fifty paces* behind our first line, running as fast as we could to overtake them." Now, we submit, that a general who brought up a reserve within fifty paces of his advance, when, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger says, there was light enough for a long shot, and when the said advance was made upon a line of trained infantry and artillery, cannot be truly charged with keeping himself out of gun-shot. At Falkirk, we do not know exactly where the prince was placed during the conflict, but it appears that he must have been in the advance, since at seven o'clock in the evening he led in person the troops which pursued the English army, and took possession of Falkirk at half-past seven at night, while the Chevalier Johnstone did not even know that the victory was won until half an hour later. In the whole course of this strange *l'ère des boucliers*, the Chevalier Johnstone accuses the prince of what he calls a childish desire of fighting battles, a propensity rather inconsistent with personal cowardice, especially in the circumstances of Prince Charles, as, according to our Chevalier's authority, orders were issued to kill him on the spot if he should fall into the hands of the government troops.

At the battle of Culloden, the prince remained upon an eminence with a squadron of horse. But, from what Johnstone states himself, he did give the orders necessary for the occasion; in particular, when he saw the English, and the Campbells, their auxiliaries, about to force an inclosure which protected the right flank of his army, he "immediately repeated orders to place some troops in that inclosure, and prevent the manoeuvre of the English, which could not fail to prove fatal to us. Lord George paid no attention to this order," and the Eng-

lish introduced both horse, musketry, and artillery into that inclosure, to attack the Highland right wing on flank and rear, and did so with such deadly effect, that they swept away whole ranks. This manœuvre completely decided the battle, and it was when the right wing was absolutely broken that Chevalier Johnstone proposes that Charles should have rushed down to renew the fight. This would, doubtless, have been the course to insure a soldier's grave, but that, as is expressed in the last stanzas of poor Byron, is more "often found than sought;" nor are we entitled to praise the chief who rushes upon inevitable death because he has sustained a defeat. No effort of the squadron of horse, which was all that Charles had around his person, could dispossess the English cavalry, infantry, and artillery from the position they had gained; and as for rallying the Highlanders, why they were Highlanders, and for that very reason could not be rallied. In their advances, they fired their guns and threw them away, coming to the shock with the target and broadsword alone; if they succeeded, which they often did, no victory could be more complete, but they exhausted their strength in this effort, and it was not till they received, in the regiments drawn from amongst them, the usual discipline of the field, that Highlanders had any idea of rallying till some hill, pass, or natural fastness, gave them an advantage.* It is very true, that Johnstone is supported on this point by a better evidence than himself—Lord Elcho namely, who has left manuscript memoirs, in which it is stated that the author requested the Chevalier to charge in person at the head of the left wing, after the right was routed, and that on his not so advancing, Lord Elcho called him an Italian scoundrel, or a worse epithet, and declared he would never see his face more. We cannot believe, even on Lord Elcho's evidence, that any efforts of Charles could have retrieved the day at Culloden. The left wing, which had become sulky and refused to fight, because (to complete the blunders of the day) they had chosen to deprive the Mac Donalds of their post of honour upon the right, were not likely to have their fighting mood improved by the route and destruction amongst the right; and it is nothing new for a warm and impetuous soldier like Lord Elcho, rendered desperate by circumstances, to give counsel on a field of battle which it would be madness in any general to adopt. Besides, the common ruin which succeeds to such a rash undertaking as that of 1745 breaks all the ties of friendship, and men become severed by their passions and interests, like a fleet driven from its moorings, by a tempest. It is then that mutual upbraidings arise amongst them, and such quarrels take place as that betwixt Charles and Lord Elcho, which the latter carried to such a height, that though he lived an exile for the Stuarts'

cause, he would never again see Prince Charles, and used to leave Paris as soon as the Chevalier entered it. Such strong passions are apt to sway, even in the most honourable minds, the recollection of past events.

This much is certain, that except the two authorities quoted, all persons who attended Charles that day agree in stating his desire to go down and rally the Highlanders, and affirm that he was only forced from the field by the entreaties of his tutor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and others, representing the desperation of the attempt, and the impossibility of success. The cornet of the second troop of Horse Guards left a paper, signed with his name, in which he declares that all verbal representations would have been vain, if General Sullivan had not laid hold of the rein of Charles's horse, and turned him about. "To witness this," says the cornet, "I summon my eyes." After all, the words *Qu'il mourit* are pronounced with wondrous ease and effect; but the homely proverb, "While there is life there is hope," is not less likely to influence an individual in the situation of Charles; and if we are to accuse of cowardice every officer who has left the field of battle when all was lost, we shall wondrously curtail the catalogue of the brave.

As for the idea of rallying after the defeat and making up a new army, it must be remembered that a Highland army differed essentially from one composed of regular troops, and as much in the mode of retreat as in other particulars. A regular army can have no retreat but upon that point where the general pitches his standard. The camp to them is country and home. If they are defeated, they are aware that their chance of safety lies in union, and all stragglers have sense enough to regain their battalions as soon as they can. The Highlanders would have been in the same situation had they been routed in the middle of England, where those who might have escaped the sword would have remained together for mutual protection. But on the skirts of their own mountains, the moment the day was lost, the Highlanders, in a great measure, dispersed. The individuals had their own homes to retire to, and their own families to protect; the tribes had each its own country to defend, and when the Highlanders were defeated at Culloden, their army in a great measure broke up into the separate clans of which it was composed, which went off in different directions to their own several glens. Many, no doubt, were thrown into such confusion that they made to Ruthven in Badenoch as a common place of rendezvous, and the Lowland troops went thither also, because it had been named as such, and because, being strangers in the country, they knew not where else to go. But Chevalier Johnstone talks widely and wildly when he speaks of five thousand Highlanders being there able and ready to resume the struggle. If the prince had not had the spirit (as Johnstone pretends) to have put himself at the head of such a body, the Highland chiefs themselves would have endeavoured to maintain themselves in arms, in order to enter upon negotiation, which they had been twice able to effect in former cases. But the whole is a vision. There was never above a thousand or fifteen

* See the "History of the Highland Regiments," by Major-General David Stewart (of Garth); one of the most interesting military memoirs in the world, and not the less so because the feeling of "quorum pars magna fui" is perceptible in every page.

hundred men assembled at Ruthven, and these were many of them Lowlanders. The prince's army was entirely broken up; all the foreign troops surrendered forthwith, with every thing belonging to the materiel of their army; the clans had in a great measure dispersed themselves and gone home, as was their uniform custom after defeat. All the efforts of their chieftains could not bring them together again. This was attempted, and the principal actors entered into resolutions binding themselves to rendezvous for that purpose. But the spirit of the clans was entirely broken by the immense superiority of the king's forces, while the desire of defending each its own lonely glen from the fire and sword with which that was threatened, overcame the feelings of sounder policy which would have induced them to persevere in a system of co-operation. A full account of the attempt to re-assemble their forces, and of the causes of its being abandoned, will be found in Home's works, (vol. iii. p. 369.) and we may conclude by observing that Lochiel, by whom the affair was managed, and who saw himself, by irresistible obstacles, constrained to abandon a course which might have at least extorted some terms from the Duke of Cumberland, was as brave a man, and, to say the least, as good a judge of what the Highlanders could or could not do in the circumstances, as the Chevalier Johnstone could possibly pretend to be.

We do not, on the whole, mean to arrogate for the unhappy Chevalier the character of a great man, to which he displays few pretensions; but to deny energy to the prince who plunged into an enterprise so desperate, and where his own personal safety was so deeply implicated, on the word of one or two private and disappointed men, contradicted by a hundred others, seems to involve a denial of the whole history from beginning to end. He was not John of Gaunt, but yet no coward.

It is time to conclude this old-fashioned Scottish gossip, which, after all, in a literary journal of the present day, sounds as a pibroch might do in the Hanover Square concert-room.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

THE GRAVE OF A POETESS.*

"Ne me plaignez pas—si vous sachiez combien de peines
ce tombeau m'a épargnées!"

I stood beside thy lowly grave;—
Spring odours breathed around,
And music in the river-wave
Pass'd with a lulling sound.

* "Extrinsic interest has lately attached to the fine scenery of Woodstock, near Kilkenny, on account of its having been the last residence of the author of *Psyche*. Her grave is one of many in the church-yard of the village. The river runs smoothly by. The ruins of an ancient abbey that have been partially converted into a church, reverently throw their mantle of tender shadow over it. It is the very spot for the grave of a poetess."—*Tales by the O'Hara Family*.

All happy things that love the sun
In the bright air glanced by,
And a glad murmur seem'd to run
Through the soft azure sky.

Fresh leaves were on the ivy bough
That fringed the ruins near;
Young voices were abroad—but thou
Their sweetness couldst not hear.

And mournful grew my heart for thee,
Thou in whose woman's mind
The ray that brightens earth and sea,
The light of song was shrined.

Mournful that thou wert slumbering low,
With a dread curtain drawn
Between thee and the golden glow
Of this world's vernal dawn!

Parted from all the song and bloom
Thou wouldst have loved so well,
To thee the sunshine round thy tomb
Was but a broken spell.

The bird, the insect on the wing,
In their bright reckless play,
Might feel the flush and life of Spring,
—And thou wert pass'd away!

—But then, ev'n then, a nobler thought
O'er my vain sadness came;
Th' immortal spirit woke and wrought
Within my thrilling frame.

Surely on lovelier things, I said,
Thou must have look'd ere now,
Than all that round our pathway shed
Odours and hues below!

The shadows of the Tomb are here,
Yet beautiful is Earth!
What seest thou then where no dim fear,
No haunting dream hath birth?

Here, a vain love to passing flowers
Thou gav'st—but where thou art,
The sway is not with changeful hours,
There love and death must part!

Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,
A voice not loud, but deep;
The glorious bowers of Earth among,
How often didst thou weep!

Where couldst thou fix on mortal ground
Thy tender thoughts and high?
—Now peace the Woman's heart hath found,
And joy the Poet's eye!

F. H.

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

SONG OF EMIGRATION.

THERE was heard a song on the chiming sea,
A mingled breathing of grief and glee;
Man's voice, unbroken by sighs, was there,
Filling with triumph the sunny air;
Of fresh green lands, and of pastures new,
It sang, while the bark through the surges
flew.

But ever and anon
A murmur of farewell
Told, by its plaintive tone,
That from woman's lip it fell.

"Away, away, o'er the foaming main!"
—This was the free and the joyful strain—

"There are clearer skies than ours afar,
We will shape our course by a brighter star;
There are plains whose verdure no foot hath
press'd,
And whose wealth is all for the first brave
guest."

"But alas! that we should go,"
Sang the farewell voices then,
"From the homesteads warm and low,
By the brook and in the glen."

"We will rear new homes, under trees that
glow
As if gemis were the fruitage of every bough;
O'er our white walls we will train the vine,
And sit in its shadow at day's decline,
And watch our herds, as they range at will
Through the green savannas, all bright and
still."

"But wo for that sweet shade
Of the flowering orchard trees,
Where first our children play'd
Midst the birds and honey-bees!"

"All, all our own shall the forests be,
As to the bound of the roe-buck free!
None shall say, 'Hither, no farther pass!'
We will track each step through the wavy
grass!

We will chase the Elk in his speed and might,
And bring proud spoils to the hearth at night."

"But oh! the grey church tower,
And the sound of the Sabbath bell,
And the shelter'd garden bower—
We have bid them all farewell!"

"We will give the names of our fearless race
To each bright river whose course we trace;
We will leave our memory with mounts and
floods,

And the path of our daring in boundless woods,
And our works unto many a lake's green shore,
Where the Indian graves lay alone before!"

"But who will teach the flowers,
Which our children loved, to dwell
In a soil that is not ours?

Home, home, and friends, farewell!"

F. H.

From the Literary Gazette.

THE OLD HAT.

I had a hat—it was not all a hat,
Part of the brim was gone,—yet still I wore
It on, and people wondered as I passed.
Some turned to gaze—others just cast an eye
And soon withdrew it, as 'twere in contempt.
But still my hat, although so fashionless
In complement extern, had that within
Surpassing show—my head continued warm;
Being shelter'd from the weather, spite of all
The want (as has been said before) of brim.
A change came o'er the colour of my hat.
That which was black grew brown—and then
men stared

With both their eyes (they stared with one be-
fore)—

The wonder now was two-fold—and it seemed
Strange that a thing so torn and old should
still

Be worn by one who might—but let that pass!
I had my reasons, which might be revealed

But for some counter-reasons, far more strong,
Which tied my tongue to silence. Time pass-
ed on.

Green spring, and flowery summer—autumn
brown,

And frosty winter came,—and went, and came,
And still, through all the seasons of two years,
In park, in city, yea, at routs and balls
The hat was worn and borne. Then folks
grew wild

With curiosity, and whispers rose,
And questions passed about—how one so trim
In coats, boots, pumps, gloves, trowsers, could
insconce

His caput in a covering so vile.

A change came o'er the nature of my hat.

Grease-spots appeared—but still in silence, on
I wore it—and then family and friends

Glared madly at each other. There was one
Who said—but hold—no matter what was said;

A time may come when I—away, away—
Not till the season's ripe can I reveal

Thoughts that do lie too deep for common
minds—

Till then the world shall not pluck out the
Of this my mystery. When I will—I will!

The hat was now greasy, and old, and torn—
But torn, old, greasy, still I wore it on.

A change came o'er the business of this hat.

Women, and men, and children, scowled on
me—

My company was shunned—I was alone!

None would associate with such a hat—

Friendship itself proved faithless for a hat.

She that I loved, within whose gentle breast

I treasured up my heart, looked cold as death—

Love's fires went out—extinguished by a hat.

Of those that knew me best, some turned
aside,

And scudded down dark lanes; one man did
place

His finger on his nose's side, and jeered;

Others in horrid mockery laughed outright;—

Yea, dogs, deceived by instinct's dubious ray,

Fixing their swart glare on my ragged hat,

Mistook me for a beggar, and they barked.

Thus women, men, friends, strangers, lover,
dogs—

One thought pervaded all—it was my hat.

A change, it was the last, came o'er this hat.

For lo! at length, the circling months went
round:

The period was accomplished—and one day

This tattered, brown, old, greasy, coverture

(Time had endeared its vileness) was trans-
ferred

To the possession of a wandering son

Of Israel's fated race—and friends once more

Greeted my digits with the wonted squeeze:

Once more I went my way, along, along,

And plucked no wondering gaze; the hand of
scorn

With its annoying finger, men, and dogs,

Once more grew pointless, jokeless, laughless,

growless—

And at last, not least of rescued blessings, love,

Love smiled on me again, when I assumed

A bran new beaver of the Andre mould;

And then the laugh was mine, for then out
came

The secret of this strangeness—TWAS A PET!

THE EPICUREAN. A TALE.

By THOMAS MOORE.

To LORD JOHN RUSSELL,

This volume is inscribed, by one who admires his Character and Talents, and is proud of his Friendship.

A Letter to the Translator, from — Esq.

Cairo, June 19, 1800.

My dear Sir,—In a visit I lately paid to the monastery of St. Macarius—which is situated, as you know, in the valley of the Lakes of Natron—I was lucky enough to obtain possession of a curious Greek manuscript, which, in the hope that you may be induced to translate it, I herewith send you. Observing one of the monks very busily occupied in tearing up, into a variety of fantastic shapes, some papers which had the appearance of being the leaves of old books, I inquired of him the meaning of his task, and received the following explanation:—

The Arabs, it seems, who are as fond of pigeons as the ancient Egyptians, have a superstitious notion that, if they place in their pigeon-houses small scraps of paper, written over with learned characters, the birds are always sure to thrive the better for the charm; and the monks, who are never slow in profiting by superstition, have at all times a supply of such amulets for purchasers.

In general, the holy fathers have been in the habit of scribbling these mystic fragments themselves; but a discovery, which they have lately made, saves them this trouble. Having dug up (as my informant stated) a chest of old manuscripts, which, being chiefly on the subject of alchemy, must have been buried in the time of Dioclesian, “we thought we could not,” added the monk, “employ such rubbish more properly, than in tearing it up, as you see, for the pigeon-houses of the Arabs.”

On my expressing a wish to rescue some part of these treasures from the fate to which his indolent fraternity had consigned them, he produced the manuscript which I have now the pleasure of sending you,—the only one, he said, remaining entire,—and I very readily paid him the price he demanded for it.

You will find the story, I think, not altogether uninteresting; and the coincidence, in many respects, of the curious details in Chap. VI. with the description of the same ceremonies in the Romance of *Sethos*,* will, I have no doubt, strike you. Hoping that you may be tempted to give a translation of this Tale to the world,

I am, my dear Sir,
Very truly yours,

* The description here alluded to, may also be found, copied *verbatim* from *Sethos*, in the “*Voyages d’Antenor*.”—“In that philosophical romance, called ‘*La Vie de Sethos*,’” says Warburton, “we find a much juster account of old Egyptian wisdom, than in all the pretended ‘*Histoire du Ciel*.’” *Dir. Leg.* book 4. sept. 14.

THE EPICUREAN.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the fourth year of the reign of the late Emperor Valerian, that the followers of Epicurus, who were at that time numerous in Athens, proceeded to the election of a person to fill the vacant chair of their sect;—and, by the unanimous voice of the School, I was the individual chosen for their Chief. I was just then entering on my twenty-fourth year, and no instance had ever before occurred, of a person so young being selected for that office. Youth, however, and the personal advantages that adorn it, were not, it may be supposed, among the least valid recommendations, to a sect that included within its circle all the beauty as well as wit of Athens, and which, though dignifying its pursuits with the name of philosophy, was little else than a pretext for the more refined cultivation of pleasure.

The character of the sect had, indeed, much changed since the time of its wise and virtuous founder, who, while he asserted that Pleasure is the only Good, inculcated also that Good is the only source of Pleasure. The purer part of this doctrine had long evaporated, and the temperate Epicurus would have as little recognised his own sect in the assemblage of refined voluptuaries who now usurped its name, as he would have known his own quiet Garden in the luxurious groves and bowers among which the meetings of the School were now held.

Many causes, besides the attractiveness of its doctrines, concurred, at this period, to render our school the most popular of any that still survived the glory of Greece. It may generally be observed, that the prevalence, in one half of a community, of very rigid notions on the subject of religion, produces the opposite extreme of laxity and infidelity in the other; and this kind of re-action it was that now mainly contributed to render the doctrines of the Garden the most fashionable philosophy of the day. The rapid progress of the Christian faith had alarmed all those who, either from piety or worldliness, were interested in the continuance of the old established creed—all who believed in the Deities of Olympus, and all who lived by them. The consequence was, a considerable increase of zeal and activity, throughout the constituted authorities and priesthood of the whole Heathen world. What was wanting in sincerity of belief was made up in rigour;—the weakest parts of the Mythology were those, of course, most angrily defended, and any reflections, tending to bring Saturn, or his wife Ops, into contempt, were punished with the utmost severity of the law.

In this state of affairs, between the alarmed bigotry of the declining Faith, and the simple, sublime austerity of her rival, it was not wonderful that those lovers of ease and pleasure, who had no interest, reversionary or otherwise, in the old religion, and were too indolent to inquire into the sanctions of the new, should take refuge from the severities of both under the shelter of a luxurious philosophy, which, leaving to others the task of disputing about the future, centered all its wisdom in the full enjoyment of the present.

The sectaries of the Garden had, ever since the death of their founder, been accustomed to dedicate to his memory the twentieth day of every month. To these monthly rites had, for some time, been added a grand annual Festival, in commemoration of his birth. The feasts given on this occasion by my predecessors in the Chair, had been invariably distinguished for their taste and splendour; and it was my ambition, not merely to imitate this example, but even to render the anniversary, now celebrated under my auspices, so brilliant, as to efface the recollection of all that went before it.

Seldom, indeed, had Athens witnessed such a scene. The grounds that formed the original site of the Garden had, from time to time, received considerable additions; and the whole extent was laid out with that perfect taste, which knows how to wed Nature to Art, without sacrificing her simplicity to the alliance. Walks, leading through wildernesses of shade and fragrance—glades, opening, as if to afford a play-ground for the sunshine—temples, rising on the very spots where imagination herself would have called them up; and fountains and lakes, in alternate motion and repose, either wantonly courting the verdure, or calmly sleeping in its embrace,—such was the variety of feature that diversified these fair gardens; and, animated as they were on this occasion, by all the living wit and loveliness of Athens, it afforded a scene such as my own youthful fancy, rich as it was then in images of luxury and beauty could hardly have anticipated.

The ceremonies of the day began with the very dawn, when, according to the form of simpler and better times, those among the disciples who had apartments within the Garden, bore the image of our Founder in procession from chamber to chamber, chanting verses in praise of—what had long ceased to be objects of our imitation—his frugality and temperance.

Round a beautiful lake, in the centre of the Garden, stood four white Doric temples, in one of which was collected a library containing all the flowers of Grecian literature; while in the remaining three, Conversation, the Song, and the Dance, held, uninterrupted by each other, their respective rites. In the Library stood busts of all the most illustrious Epicureans, both of Rome and Greece—Horace, Atticus, Pliny the elder, the poet Lucretius, Lucian, and the biographer of the Philosophers, lately lost to us, Diogenes Laertius. There were also the portraits, in marble, of all the eminent female votaries of the school—Leontium and her fair daughter Danae, Themista, Philenis, and others.

It was here that, in my capacity of Heresiarch, on the morning of the festival, I received the felicitations of the day from some of the fairest lips of Athens; and, in pronouncing the customary oration to the memory of our Master (in which it was usual to dwell on the doctrines he inculcated) endeavoured to attain that art, so useful before such an audience, of diffusing over the gravest subjects a charm, which secures them listeners even among the simplest and most volatile.

Though study, as may easily be supposed,

engrossed but little of the mornings of the Garden, yet the lighter part of learning,—that portion of its attic honey, for which the bee is not obliged to go very deep into the flower—was zealously cultivated. Even here, however, the student had to encounter distractions, which are, of all others, least favourable to composure of thought; and, with more than one of my fair disciples, there used to occur such scenes as the following, which a poet of the Garden, taking his picture from the life, described:—

“As o’er the lake, in evening’s glow,
That temple threw its lengthening shade,
Upon the marble steps below,
There sate a fair Corinthian maid,
Gracefully o’er some volume bending;
While, by her side, the youthful Sage
Held back her ringlets, lest, descending,
They should o’ershadow all the page.”

But it was for the evening of that day, that the richest of our luxuries were reserved. Every part of the Garden was illuminated, with the most skilful variety of lustre; while over the Lake of the Temples were scattered wreaths of flowers, through which boats, filled with beautiful children, floated as through a liquid parterre.

Between two of these boats a perpetual combat was maintained;—their respective commanders, two blooming youths, being habited to represent Eros and Anteros; the former, the Celestial Love of the Platonists, and the latter, that more earthly spirit, which usurps the name of Love among the Epicureans. Throughout the evening their conflict was carried on with various success; the timid distance at which Eros kept from his more lively antagonist being his only safeguard against those darts of fire, with showers of which the other continually assailed him, but which, luckily falling short of their mark upon the lake, only scorched the flowers upon which they fell, and were extinguished.

In another part of the gardens, on a wide verdant glade, lighted only by the moon, an imitation of the torch-race of the Panathenæa was performed, by young boys chosen for their fleetness, and arrayed with wings like Cupids; while, not far off, a group of seven nymphs, with each a star on her forehead, represented the movements of the planetary choir, and embodied the dream of Pythagoras into real motion and song.

At every turning some new enchantment broke upon the ear or eye. Sometimes, from the depth of a grove, from which a fountain at the same time issued, there came a strain of music, which, mingling with the murmur of the water, seemed like the voice of the spirit that presided over its flow;—while sometimes the strain rose breathing from among flowers; and, again, would appear to come suddenly from under ground, as if the foot had just touched some spring that set it in motion.

It seems strange that I should now dwell upon these minute descriptions; but every thing connected with that memorable night—even its long-repentent follies—must for ever live sacredly in my memory. The festival concluded with a banquet, at which I, of course, pre-

sided; and, feeling myself to be the ascendant spirit of the whole scene, gave life to all around me, and saw my own happiness reflected in that of others.

CHAPTER II.

THE festival was over;—the sounds of the song and dance had ceased, and I was now left in those luxurious gardens, alone. Though so ardent and active a votary of pleasure, I had, by nature, a disposition full of melancholy;—an imagination that presented sad thoughts, even in the midst of mirth and happiness, and threw the shadow of the future over the gayest illusions of the present. Melancholy was, indeed, twin-born in my soul with Passion; and, not even in the fullest fervour of the latter, were they separated. From the first moment that I was conscious of thought and feeling, the same dark thread had run across the web; and images of death and annihilation mingled themselves with the most smiling scenes through which my career of enjoyment led me. My very passion for pleasure but deepened these gloomy fancies. For, shut out, as I was by my creed, from a future life, and having no hope beyond the narrow horizon of this, every minute of delight assumed a mournful preciousness in my eyes, and pleasure, like the flower of the cemetery, grew but more luxuriant from the neighbourhood of death.

This very night my triumph, my happiness had seemed complete. I had been the presiding genius of that voluptuous scene. Both my ambition and my love of pleasure had drunk deep of the cup for which they thirsted. Looked up to by the learned, and loved by the beautiful and the young, I had seen, in every eye that met mine, either the acknowledgment of triumphs already won, or the promise of others, still brighter, that awaited me. Yet, even in the midst of all this, the same dark thoughts had presented themselves;—the perishableness of myself and all around me every instant recurred to my mind. Those hands I had prest—those eyes, in which I had seen sparkling a spirit of light and life that should never die—those voices, that had talked of eternal love—all, all, I felt, were but a mockery of the moment, and would leave nothing eternal but the silence of their dust!

Oh, were it not for this sad voice,

Stealing amid our mirth to say,
That all, in which we most rejoice,

Ere night may be the earth-worm's prey;—

But for this bitter—only this—

Full as the world is brimn'd with bliss,

And capable as feels my soul

Of draining to its depth the whole,

I should turn earth to heaven and be,

If bliss made gods, a deity!

Such was the description I gave of my own feelings, in one of those wild, passionate songs, to which this ferment of my spirits, between mirth and melancholy, gave birth.

Seldom had my heart more fully abandoned itself to such vague sadness than at the present moment, when, as I paced thoughtfully among the fading lights and flowers of the banquet, the echo of my own step was all that sounded, where so many gay forms had lately been revel-

ling. The moon was still up, the morning had not yet glimmered, and the calm glories of night still rested on all around. Unconscious whither my pathway led, I wandered along, till I, at length, found myself before that fair statue of Venus, with which the chisel of Alcamenes had embellished our Garden;—that image of deified woman, the only idol to which I had ever bent the knee. Leaning against the pedestal, I raised my eyes to heaven, and fixing them sadly and intently on the ever-burning stars, as if I sought to read the mournful secret in their light, asked, wherefore was it that Man alone must perish, while they, less wonderful, less glorious than he, lived on in light unchangeable and for ever! "Oh, that there were some spell, some talisman," I exclaimed, "to make the spirit within us deathless as those stars, and open to its desires a career like theirs, burning and boundless throughout all time!"

While I gave myself up to this train of thought, that lassitude which earthly pleasure, however sweet, leaves behind,—as if to show how earthly it is,—came drowsily over me, and I sunk at the base of the statue to sleep.

Even in sleep, however, my fancy was still busy; and a dream, so vivid as to leave behind it the impression of reality, thus passed through my mind. I thought myself transported to a wide desert plain, where nothing seemed to breathe, or move, or live. The very sky above it looked pale and extinct, giving the idea, not of darkness, but of light that had died; and, had that region been the remains of some older world, left broken up and sunless, it could not have looked more dead and desolate. The only thing that bespoke life, in this melancholy waste, was a small moving spark, that at first glimmered in the distance, but, at length, slowly approached the spot where I stood. As it drew nearer, I could perceive that its feeble gleam was from a taper in the hand of a pale venerable man, who now stood, like a messenger from the grave, before me. After a few moments of awful silence, during which he looked at me with a sadness that thrilled my very soul, he said,—“Thou, who seekest eternal life, go unto the shores of the dark Nile—go unto the shores of the dark Nile, and thou wilt find the eternal life thou seekest!”

No sooner had he said these words than the death-like hue of his cheek brightened into a smile of more than human promise. The small torch that he held sent forth a radiance by which suddenly the whole surface of the desert was illuminated, even to the far horizon's edge, along whose line were now seen gardens, palaces, and spires, all bright and golden like the architecture of the clouds at sunset. Sweet music, too, was heard every where, floating around, and, from all sides, such varieties of splendour poured, that, with the excess both of harmony and of light, I awoke.

That infidels should be superstitious is an anomaly neither unusual nor strange. A belief in superhuman agency seems natural and necessary to the mind; and, if not suffered to flow in the obvious channels, it will find a vent in some other. Hence, many who have doubted the existence of a God, have yet implicitly placed themselves under the patronage of Fate

or the stars. Much the same inconsistency I was conscious of in my own feelings. Though rejecting all belief in a Divine Providence, I had yet a faith in dreams, that all my philosophy could not conquer. Nor was experience wanting to confirm me in my delusion; for, by some of those accidental coincidences, which make the fortune of soothsayers and prophets, dreams, more than once, had been to me

Oracles, truer far than oak,
Or dove, or tripod, ever spoke.

It was not wonderful, therefore, that the vision of that night, touching, as it did, a chord so ready to vibrate, should have affected me with more than ordinary power, and sunk deeper into my memory with every effort I made to forget it. In vain did I mock at my own weakness;—such self-derision is seldom sincere. In vain did I pursue my accustomed pleasures. Their zest was, as usual, for ever new; but still came the saddening consciousness of mortality, and, with it, the recollection of this visionary promise, to which my fancy, in defiance of my reason, still clung.

Sometimes indulging in reveries, that were little else than a continuation of my dream, I even contemplated the possible existence of some secret, by which youth might be, if not perpetuated, at least prolonged, and that dreadful vicinity of death, within whose circle love pines and pleasure sickens, might be for a while averted. "Who knows," I would ask, "but that in Egypt, that land of wonders, where Mystery hath yet unfolded but half her treasures,—where so many dark secrets of the antediluvian world still remain, undeciphered, upon the pillars of Seth—who knows but some charm, some amulet, may lie hid, whose discovery, as this phantom hath promised, but waits my coming—some compound of the same pure atoms, that scintillate in the eternal stars, and whose infusion into the frame of man might make him, too, fadeless and immortal!"

Thus did I fondly speculate, in those rambling moods, when the life of excitement which I led, acting upon a warm heart and vivid fancy, produced an intoxication of spirit, during which I was not wholly myself. This bewilderment, too, was not a little increased by the constant struggle between my own natural feelings, and the cold, mortal creed of my sect, in endeavouring to escape from whose deadening bondage I but broke loose into the realms of romance and fantasy.

Even, however, in my calmest and soberest moments, that strange vision perpetually haunted me. In vain were all my efforts to chase it from my mind; and the deliberate conclusion to which I came at last, was, that without, at least, a visit to Egypt, I could not rest, nor, till convinced of my folly by disappointment, be reasonable. I, therefore, announced without delay to my associates of the Garden, the intention which I had formed to pay a visit to the land of Pyramids. To none of them did I dare to confess the vague, visionary impulse that actuated me. Knowledge was the object that I alleged, while Pleasure was that for which they gave me credit. The interests of the School, it was apprehended, would suffer by my absence; and there were some tenderer

ties, which had still more to fear from separation. But for the former inconvenience a temporary remedy was provided; while the latter a skillful distribution of vows and sighs alleviated. Being furnished with recommendatory letters to all parts of Egypt, in the summer of the year 257, A. D. I set sail for Alexandria.

CHAPTER III.

To one, who extracted such sweets from every moment on land, a sea-voyage, however smooth and favourable, appeared the least agreeable mode of losing time that could be devised. Often did my imagination, in passing some isle of those seas, people it with fair forms and kind hearts, to whom most willingly, if I might, would I have paused to pay homage. But the wind blew direct towards the land of Mystery; and, still more, I heard a voice within me, whispering for ever "On."

As we approached the coast of Egypt, our course became less prosperous; and we had a specimen of the benevolence of the divinities of the Nile, in the shape of a storm, or rather whirlwind, which had nearly sunk our vessel, and which, the Egyptians on board said, was the work of their god, Typhon. After a day and night of danger, during which we were driven out of our course to the eastward, some benignant influence prevailed above; and, at length, as the morning freshly broke, we saw the beautiful city of Alexandria rising from the sea, with its Palace of Kings, its portico of four hundred columns, and the fair Pillar of Pillars, towering up to heaven in the midst.

After passing in review this splendid vision, we shot rapidly round the rock of Pharos, and, in a few minutes, found ourselves in the harbour of Eanostos. The sun had risen, but the light on the Great Tower of the Rock was still burning; and there was a languor in the first waking movements of that voluptuous city—whose houses and temples lay shining in silence round the harbour—that sufficiently attested the festivities of the preceding night.

We were soon landed on the quay; and, as I walked, through a line of palaces and shrines, up the street which leads from the sea to the Gate of Canopus, fresh as I was from the contemplation of my own lovely Athens, I felt a glow of admiration at the scene around me, which its novelty, even more than its magnificence, inspired. Nor were the luxuries and delights, which such a city promised, among the least of the considerations on which my fancy, at that moment, dwelt. On the contrary, every thing around seemed prophetic of future pleasure. The very forms of the architecture, to my Epicurean imagination, appeared to call up images of living grace; and even the dim seclusion of the temples and groves spoke only of tender mysteries to my mind. As the whole bright scene grew animated around me, I felt that though Egypt might not enable me to lengthen life, she could teach the next best art,—that of multiplying its enjoyments.

The population of Alexandria, at this period, consisted of the most motley miscellany of nations, religions, and sects, that had ever been brought together in one city. Beside the school of the Grecian Platonist was seen the oratory

of the cabalistic Jew; while the church of the Christian stood, undisturbed, over the crypts of the Egyptian Hierophant. Here, the adorer of Fire, from the east, laughed at the superstition of the worshipper of cats, from the west. Here Christianity, too, unluckily, had learned to emulate the vagaries of Paganism; and while, on one side, her Ophite professor was seen kneeling down gravely before his serpent, on the other, a Nicosian was, as gravely, contending that there was no chance of salvation out of the pale of the Greek alphabet. Still worse, the uncharitableness of Christian schism was already distinguishing itself with equal vigour; and I heard of nothing, on my arrival, but the rancour and hate with which the Greek and Latin churchmen persecuted each other, because, forsooth, the one fasted on the seventh day of the week, and the others fasted upon the fourth and sixth!

To none of those religions or sects, however, except for purposes of ridicule, did I pay much attention. I was now in the most luxurious city of the universe, and gave way, without reserve, to the seductions that surrounded me. My reputation, as a philosopher and a man of pleasure, had preceded me; and Alexandria, the second Athens of the world, welcomed me as her own. My celebrity, indeed, was as a talisman, that opened hearts and doors at my approach. The usual novice of acquaintance was dispensed with in my favour, and not only intimacies, but loves and friendships, ripened in my path, as rapidly as vegetation springs up where the Nile has flowed. The dark beauty of the Egyptian women had a novelty in my eyes that enhanced its other charms; and that hue of the sun on their rounded cheeks was but an earnest of the ardour he had kindled in their hearts—

Th' imbrowning of the fruit, that tells
How rich within the soul of sweetness dwells.

Some weeks rolled on in such perpetual and ever-changing pleasures, that even the melancholy voice in my heart, though it still spoke, was but seldom listened to, and soon died away in the sound of the siren songs that surrounded me. At length, however, as the novelty of these scenes wore off, the same gloomy bodings began to mingle with all my joys; and an incident that occurred, during one of my gayest revels, conducted still more to deepen their gloom.

The celebration of the annual festival of Serapis took place during my stay, and I was, more than once, induced to mingle with the gay multitudes, that crowded to his shrine at Canopus on the occasion. Day and night, while this festival lasted, the canal, which led from Alexandria to Canopus, was covered with boats full of pilgrims of both sexes, all hastening to avail themselves of this pious license, which lent the zest of a religious sanction to pleasure, and gave a holiday to the passions of earth, in honour of heaven.

I was returning, one lovely night, to Alexandria. The north wind, that welcome visitor, freshened the air, while the banks, on either side, sent forth, from groves of orange and henna, the most delicious odours. As I had left all the crowd behind me at Canopus, there

was not a boat to be seen on the canal but my own; and I was just yielding to the thoughts which solitude at such an hour inspires, when my reveries were broken by the sound of some female voices, coming, mingled with laughter and screams, from the garden of a pavilion, that stood, brilliantly illuminated, upon the bank of the canal.

On rowing nearer, I perceived that both the mirth and the alarm had been caused by the efforts of some playful girls to reach a hedge of jasmín which grew near the water, and in bending towards which they had nearly fallen into the stream. Hastening to proffer my assistance, I soon recognised the voice of one of my fair Alexandrian friends, and, springing on the bank, was surrounded by the whole group, who insisted on my joining their party in the pavilion, and flinging the tendrils of jasmín, which they had just plucked, around me, led me, no unwilling captive, to the banquet-room.

I found here an assemblage of the very flower of Alexandrian society. The unexpectedness of the meeting gave it an additional zest on both sides; and seldom had I felt more enlivened myself, or contributed more successfully to circulate life among others.

Among the company were some Greek women, who, according to the fashion of their country, wore veils; but, as usual, rather to set off than conceal their beauty, some gleams of which were continually escaping from under the cloud. There was, however, one female, who particularly attracted my attention, on whose head was a chaplet of dark-coloured flowers, and who sat veiled and silent during the whole of the banquet. She took no share, I observed, in what was passing around; the viands and the wine went by her untouched, nor did a word that was spoken seem addressed to her ear. This abstraction from a scene so sparkling with gaiety, though apparently unnoticed by any one but myself, struck me as mysterious and strange. I inquired of my fair neighbour the cause of it, but she looked grave and was silent.

In the mean time, the lyre and the cup went round; and a young maid from Athens, as if inspired by the presence of her countryman, took her lute, and sung to it some of the songs of Greece, with a feeling that bore me back to the banks of the Ilissus, and, even in the bosom of present pleasure, drew a sigh from my heart for that which had passed away. It was day-break ere our delighted party rose, and unwillingly re-embarked to return to the city.

Scarcely were we afloat, when it was discovered that the lute of the young Athenian had been left behind; and, with my heart still full of its sweet sounds, I most readily sprang on shore to seek it. I hastened to the banquet-room, which was now dim and solitary, except that—there, to my astonishment, still sat that silent figure, which had awakened my curiosity so strongly during the night. A vague feeling of awe came over me, as I now slowly approached it. There was no motion, no sound of breathing in that form;—not a leaf of the dark chaplet on its brow stirred. By the light of a dying lamp which stood before the figure, I raised, with a hesitating hand, the veil, and saw—what my fancy had already anticipated—

that the shape underneath was lifeless, was a skeleton! Startled and shocked, I hurried back with the lute to the boat, and was almost as silent as that shape for the remainder of the voyage.

This custom among the Egyptians of placing a mummy, or skeleton, at the banquet-table, had been for some time disused, except at particular ceremonies; and, even on such occasions, it had been the practice of the luxurious Alexandrians to disguise this memorial of mortality in the manner just described. But to me, who was wholly unprepared for such a spectacle, it gave a shock from which my imagination did not speedily recover. This silent and ghastly witness of mirth seemed to embody, as it were, the shadow in my own heart. The features of the grave were now stamped on the idea that haunted me, and this picture of what I *was* to be mingled itself with the sunniest aspect of what I *was*.

The memory of the dream now recurred to me more lively than ever. The bright assuring smile of that venerable Spirit, and his words, "Go to the shores of the dark Nile, and thou wilt find the eternal life thou seekest," were for ever before my mind. But as yet, alas, I had done nothing towards realising this splendid promise. Alexandria was not Egypt:—the very soil on which it stood was not in existence, when Thebes and Memphis already counted ages of glory.

"It is beneath the Pyramids of Memphis," I exclaimed, "or in the mystic Halls of the Labyrinth, that I must seek those holy arcana of science, of which the antediluvian world has made Egypt its heir, and among which—blest thought!—the key to eternal life may lie."

Having formed my determination, I took leave of my many Alexandrian friends, and departed for Memphis.

CHAPTER IV.

Egypt was the country, of all others, from that mixture of the melancholy and the voluptuous, which marked the character of her people, her religion, and her scenery, to afflict deeply a temperament and fancy like mine, and keep tremblingly alive the sensibilities of both. Wherever I turned, I saw the desert and the garden, mingling their bloom and desolation together. I saw the love-bower and the tomb standing side by side, and pleasure and death keeping hourly watch upon each other. In the very luxury of the climate there was the same saddening influence. The monotonous splendour of the days, the solemn radiance of the nights—all tended to cherish that ardent melancholy, the offspring of passion and of thought, which had so long been the inmate of my soul.

When I sailed from Alexandria, the inundation of the Nile was at its full. The whole valley of Egypt lay covered by its flood; and, as I saw around me, in the light of the setting sun, shrines, palaces, and monuments, encircled by the waters, I could almost fancy that I beheld the sinking island of Atlantis, on the last evening its temples were visible above the wave. Such varieties, too, of animation as presented themselves on every side!—

While, far as sight can reach, beneath as clear And blue a heaven as ever bless'd this sphere, Gardens, and pillar'd streets, and porphyry domes, And high-built temples, fit to be the homes Of mighty gods, and pyramids, whose hour Outlasts all time, above the waters tower!

Then, too, the scenes of pomp and joy, that make

One theatre of this vast, peopled lake, Where all that Love, Religion, Commerce gives

Of life and motion, ever moves and lives.

Here, up the steps of temples, from the wave

Ascending, in procession slow and grave,

Priests, in white garments, go, with sacred

wands

And silver cymbals gleaming in their hands:

While, there, rich barks—fresh from those

sunny tracts

Far off, beyond the sounding cataracts—

Glide with their precious lading to the sea,

Plumes of bright birds, rhinoceros' ivory,

Gems from the isle of Merôë, and those grains

Of gold, wash'd down by Abyssinian rains.

Here, where the waters wind into a bay

Shadowy and cool, some pilgrims, on their way

To Sais or Bubastus, among beds

Of lotus-flowers, that close above their heads,

Push their light barks, and hid, as in a bower,

Sing, talk, or sleep away the sultry hour:

While haply, not far off, beneath a bank

Of blossoming acacias, many a prank

Is play'd in the cool current by a train

Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she, whose

chain

Around two conquerors of the world was cast,

But, for a third too feeble, broke at last!

Enchanted with the whole scene, I lingered on my voyage, visiting all those luxurious and venerable places, whose names have been consecrated by the wonder of ages. At Sais I was present during her Festival of Lamps, and read, by the blaze of innumerable lights, those sublime words on the temple of Neitha: "I am all that has been, that is, and that will be, and no man hath ever lifted my veil." I wandered among the prostrate obelisks of Heliopolis, and saw, not without a sigh, the sun smiling over her ruins, as if in mockery of the mass of perishable grandeur, that had once called itself in its pride, "The City of the Sun." But to the Isle of the Golden Venus was my fondest pilgrimage;—and as I explored its shades, where bowers are the only temples, I felt how far more fit to form the shrine of a Deity are the ever-living stems of the garden and the grove, than the most precious columns that the inanimate quarry can supply.

Every where new pleasures, new interests awaited me; and though Melancholy, as usual, stood always near, her shadow fell but half-way over my vagrant path, and left the rest more welcome brilliant from the contrast. To relate my various adventures, during this short voyage, would only detain me from events, far, far more worthy of record. Amidst such endless variety of attractions, the great object of my journey was forgotten:—the mysteries of this land of the sun were, to me, as much mys-

ories as ever, and I had as yet been initiated in nothing but its pleasures.

It was not till that evening, when I first stood before the Pyramids of Memphis, and saw them towering aloft, like the watch-towers of Time, from whose summit, when he expires, he will look his last,—it was not till this moment that the great secret, of which I had dreamed, again rose, in all its inscrutable darkness, upon my thoughts. There was a solemnity in the sunshine that rested upon those monuments—a stillness, as of reverence, in the air around them, that stole, like the music of past times, into my heart. I thought what myriads of the wise, the beautiful, and the brave, had sunk into dust since earth first beheld those wonders; and, in the sadness of my soul, I exclaimed,—“Must man alone, then, perish? must minds and hearts be annihilated, while pyramids endure? Death, Death, even on these everlasting tablets,—the only approach to immortality that kings themselves could purchase,—thou hast written our doom, saying, awfully and intelligibly, ‘There is, for man, no eternal mansion, but the tomb!’”

My heart sunk at the thought; and, for the moment, I yielded to that desolate feeling, which overspreads the soul that hath no light from the future. But again the buoyancy of my nature prevailed, and again, the willing dupe of vain dreams, I deluded myself into the belief of all that I most wished, with that happy facility which makes imagination stand in place of happiness. “Yes,” I cried, “immortality must be within man’s reach; and, as wisdom alone is worthy of such a blessing, to the wise alone must the secret have been revealed. Deep, it is said, under yonder pyramid, has for ages lain concealed the Table of Emerald, on which the Thrice-Great Hermes engraved, before the flood, the secret of Alchemy, that gives gold at will. Why may not the mightier, the more god-like secret, that gives life at will, be recorded there also? It was by the power of gold, of endless gold, that the kings, who repose in those massy structures, scooped earth to the centre, and raised quarries into the air, to provide themselves with tombs that might outstand the world. Who can tell but that the gift of immortality was also theirs? who knows but that they themselves, triumphant over decay, still live—those mansions, which we call tombs, being rich and everlasting palaces, within whose depths, concealed from this withering world, they still wander, with the few who are sharers of their gift, through a sunless, but illuminated, elysium of their own? Else, wherefore those structures? wherefore that subterranean realm, by which the whole valley of Egypt is undermined? Why, else, those labyrinths, which none of earth hath ever beheld—which none of heaven, except that God, with the finger on his hushed lip, hath trodden!”

While I indulged in these dreams, the sun, half sunk beneath the horizon, was taking, calmly and gloriously, his leave of the Pyramids,—as he had done, evening after evening, for ages, till they had become familiar to him as the earth itself. On the side turned to his ray they now presented a front of dazzling

whiteness, while, on the other, their great shadows, lengthening to the eastward, looked like the first steps of Night, hastening to envelope the hills of Araby in her shade.

No sooner had the last gleam of the sun disappeared, than, on every house-top in Memphis, gay, gilded banners were seen waving aloft, to proclaim his setting,—while a full burst of harmony pealed from all the temples along the shores.

Startled from my musing by these sounds, I at once recollected, that, on that very evening, the great festival of the Moon was to be celebrated. On a little island, half-way over between the gardens of Memphis and the eastern shore, stood the temple of that goddess,

Whose beams

Bring the sweet time of night-flowers and dreams.

Not the cold Dian of the North, who chains In vestal ice the current of young veins; But she, who haunts the gay, Bubastian grove, And owns she sees, from her bright heav’n above, Nothing on earth, to match that heav’n, but love!

Thus did I exclaim, in the words of one of their own Egyptian poets, as, anticipating the various delights of the festival, I cast away from my mind all gloomy thoughts, and, hastening to my little bark, in which I now lived, like a Nile-bird, on the waters, steered my course to the island-temple of the Moon.

CHAPTER V.

The rising of the Moon, slow and majestic, as if conscious of the honours that awaited her upon earth, was welcomed with a loud acclaim from every eminence, where multitudes stood watching for her first light. And seldom had she risen upon a scene more beautiful. Memphis,—still grand, though no longer the unrivalled Memphis, that had borne away from Thebes the crown of supremacy, and worn it undisputed through so many centuries,—now, softened by the moonlight that harmonised with her decline, shone forth among her lakes, her pyramids, and her shrines, like a dream of glory that was soon to pass away. Ruin, even now, was but too visible around her. The sands of the Libyan desert gained upon her like a sea; and, among solitary columns and sphinxes, already half sunk from sight, Time seemed to stand waiting, till all, that now flourished around, should fall beneath his desolating hand, like the rest.

On the waters all was life and gaiety. As far as eye could reach, the lights of innumerable boats were seen, studding, like rubies, the surface of the stream. Vessels of all kinds,—from the light coracle, built for shooting down the cataracts, to the large yacht that glides to the sound of flutes,—all were afloat for this sacred festival, filled with crowds of the young and the gay, not only from Memphis and Babylon, but from cities still farther removed from the scene.

As I approached the island, I could see, glittering through the trees on the bank, the lamps of the pilgrims hastening to the ceremony. Landing in the direction which those lights

pointed out, I soon joined the crowd; and, passing through a long alley of sphinxes, whose spangling marble shone out from the dark sycamores around them, in a short time reached the grand vestibule of the temple, where I found the ceremonies of the evening already commenced.

In this vast hall, which was surrounded by a double range of columns, and lay open overhead to the stars of heaven, I saw a group of young maidens, moving in a sort of measured step, between walk and dance, round a small shrine upon which stood one of those sacred birds, that, on account of the variegated colour of their wings, are dedicated to the moon. The vestibule was dimly lighted,—there being but one lamp of naphtha on each of the great pillars that encircled it. But, having taken my station beside one of those pillars, I had a distinct view of the young dancers, as in succession they passed me.

Their long, graceful drapery was as white as snow; and each wore loosely, beneath the rounded bosom, a dark-blue zone, or bandelet, studded, like the skies at midnight, with little silver stars. Through their dark locks was wreathed the white lily of the Nile,—that flower being accounted as welcome to the moon, as the golden blossoms of the bean-flower are to the sun. As they passed under the lamp, a gleam of light flashed from their bosoms, which, I could perceive, was the reflection of a small mirror, that, in the manner of the women of the East, each wore beneath her left shoulder.

There was no music to regulate their steps; but, as they gracefully went round the bird on the shrine, some, by the beat of the castanet, some, by the shrill ring of the sistrum,—which they held uplifted in the attitude of their own divine Isis,—harmoniously timed the cadence of their feet; while others, at every step, shook a small chain of silver, whose sound, mingling with those of the castanets and sistrums, produced a wild, but not an unpleasant harmony.

They seemed all lovely; but there was one—whose face the light had not yet reached, so downcast she held it,—who attracted, and at length, riveted all my attention. I knew not why, but there was a something in those half-seen features,—a charm in the very shadow, that hung over their imagined beauty,—which took me more than all the outshining loveliness of her companions. So enchained was my fancy by this coy mystery, that her alone of all the group, could I either see or think of—her alone I watched, as, with the same downcast brow, she glided round the altar, gently and aerially, as if her presence, like that of a spirit, was something to be felt, not seen.

Suddenly, while I gazed, the loud crash of a thousand cymbals was heard;—the massy gates of the Temple flew open, as if by magic, and a flood of radiance from the illuminated aisle filled the whole vestibule; while, at the same instant, as if the light and the sounds were born together, a peal of rich harmony came mingling with the radiance.

It was then,—by that light, which shone full upon the young maiden's features, as, starting at the blaze, she raised her eyes to the portal, and, as suddenly, let fall their lids again,

—it was then I beheld, what even my own ardent imagination, in its most vivid dreams of beauty, had never pictured. Not Psyche herself, when pausing on the threshold of heaven, while its first glories fell on her dazzled lids, could have looked more beautiful, or blushed with a more innocent shame. Often as I had felt the power of looks, none had ever entered into my soul so far. It was a new feeling—a new sense—coming as suddenly as that radiance into the vestibule, and, at once, filling my whole being;—and had that vision but lingered another moment before my eyes, I should have wholly forgotten who I was and where, and thrown myself, in prostrate adoration, at her feet.

But scarcely had that gush of harmony been heard, when the sacred bird, which had, till now, stood motionless as an image, expanded his wings, and flew into the Temple; while his graceful young worshippers, with a fleetness like his own, followed,—and she, who had left a dream in my heart never to be forgotten, vanished with the rest. As she went rapidly past the pillar against which I leaned, the cry that encircled it caught in her drapery, and disengaged some ornament, which fell to the ground. It was the small mirror which I had seen shining on her bosom. Hastily and tremulously I picked it up, and hurried to restore it;—but she was already lost to my eyes in the crowd.

In vain I tried to follow;—the aisles were already filled, and numbers of eager pilgrims pressed towards the portal. But the servants of the Temple prevented all further entrance, and still, as I presented myself, their white wands barred the way. Perplexed and irritated amid that crowd of faces, regarding all as enemies that impeded my progress, I stood on tiptoe, gazing into the busy aisles, and with a heart beating as I caught, from time to time, a glimpse of some spangled zone, or lotus wreath, which led me to fancy that I had discovered the object of my search. But it was all in vain;—in every direction, files of sacred nymphs were moving, but nowhere could I see her, whom alone I sought.

In this state of breathless agitation did I stand for some time,—bewildered with the confusion of faces and lights, as well as with the clouds of incense that rolled around me,—till, fevered and impatient, I could endure it no longer. Forcing my way out of the vestibule into the cool air, I hurried back through the alley of sphinxes to the shore, and flung myself into my boat.

There is, to the north of Memphis, a solitary lake (which, at this season of the year, mingles with the rest of the waters,) upon whose shores stands the Necropolis, or City of the Dead—a place of melancholy grandeur, covered over with shrines and pyramids, where many a kingly head, proud even in death, has for ages awaited the resurrection of its glories. Through a range of sepulchral grots underneath, the humbler denizens of the tomb are deposited,—looking out on each successive generation that visits them, with the same face and features they wore centuries ago. Every plant and tree, that is consecrated to death, from the asphodel-flower to the mystic plan-

tain, lends its sweetness or shadow to this place of tombs; and the only noise that disturbs its eternal calm, is the low humming sound of the priests at prayer, when a new inhabitant is added to the silent city.

It was towards this place of death that, in a mood of mind, as usual, half bright, half gloomy, I now, almost unconsciously, directed my bark. The form of the young Priestess was continually before me. That one bright look of hers, the very memory of which was worth all the actual smiles of others, never left my mind. Absorbed in such thoughts, I rowed on, scarce knowing whither I went, till, startled by finding myself within the shadow of the City of the Dead, I looked up, and saw, rising in succession before me, pyramid beyond pyramid, each towering more loftily than the other, —while all were out-topped in grandeur by one, upon whose summit the moon seemed to rest, as on a pedestal.

Drawing near to the shore, which was sufficiently elevated to raise this city of monuments above the level of the inundation, I lifted my oar, and let the boat rock idly on the water, while my thoughts, left equally without direction, fluctuated as idly. How various and vague were the dreams that then passed through my mind—that bright vision of the temple mingling itself with all! Sometimes she stood before me, like an ærial spirit, as pure as if that element of music and light, into which I had seen her vanish, was her only dwelling. Sometimes, animated with passion, and kindling into a creature of earth, she seemed to lean towards me with looks of tenderness which it were worth worlds, but for one instant, to inspire; and again—as the dark fancies, that ever haunted me, recurred—I saw her cold, parched, and blackening, amid the gloom of those eternal sepulchres before me!

Turning away, with a shudder, from the cemetery at this thought, I heard the sound of an oar plying swiftly through the water, and, in a few moments, saw, shooting past me towards the shore, a small boat in which sat two female figures, muffled up and veiled. Having landed them not far from the spot where I lay, —concealed by the shadow of a monument on the bank,—the boat again departed, with the same fleetness, over the flood.

Never had the prospect of an adventure come more welcome than at this moment, when my fancy was weaving such chains for my heart, as threatened a bondage, of all others, the most difficult to break. To become enamoured thus of a creature of my own imagination, was the worst, because the most lasting, of follies. Reality alone gives a chance of dissolving such spells, and the idol I was now creating to myself must for ever remain ideal. Any pursuit, therefore, that seemed likely to divert me from such thoughts—to bring back my imagination to earth and reality, from the vague region in which it was wandering, was a relief too seasonable not to be welcomed with eagerness.

I had watched the course which the two figures took, and, having hastily fastened my boat to the bank, stepped gently on shore, and, at a little distance, followed them. The windings through which they led were intricate; but, by the bright light of the moon, I

was enabled to keep their forms in view, as, with rapid step, they glided among the monuments. At length, in the shade of a small pyramid, whose peak barely surmounted the plane-trees that grew nigh, they vanished from my sight. I hastened to the spot, but there was not a sign of life around; and had my creed extended to another world, I might have fancied that these forms were spirits, sent from thence to mock me,—so instantaneously they disappeared. I searched through the neighbouring grove, but all there was still as death. At length, in examining one of the sides of the pyramid, which, for a few feet from the ground, was furnished with steps, I found, midway between peak and base, a part of the surface, which, though presenting an appearance of smoothness to the eye, gave to the touch, I thought, indications of a concealed opening.

After a variety of efforts and experiments, I, at last, more by accident than skill, pressed the spring that commanded this mysterious aperture. In an instant the portal slid aside, and disclosed a narrow stair-way within, the two or three first steps of which were discernible by the moonlight, while the rest were lost in utter darkness. Though it was difficult to conceive that the persons whom I had followed would have ventured to pass through this gloomy opening, yet to account for their disappearance otherwise was still more difficult. At all events, my curiosity was now too eager in the chase to relinquish it;—the spirit of adventure, once raised, could not be so easily laid. Accordingly, having sent up a gay prayer to that bliss-loving Queen whose eye alone was upon me, I passed through the portal and descended into the pyramid.

CHAPTER VI.

At the bottom of the stair-way I found myself in a low, narrow passage, through which, without stooping almost to earth, it was impossible to proceed. Though leading through a multiplicity of dark windings, this way seemed but little to advance my progress,—its course, I perceived, being chiefly circular, and gathering, at every turn, but a deeper intensity of darkness.

"Can this," I thought, "be the sojourn of any thing human?"—and had scarcely asked myself the question, when the path opened into a long gallery, at the farthest end of which a gleam of light was visible. This welcome glimmer appeared to come from some cove or alcove, in which the right-hand wall of the gallery terminated, and, breathless with expectation, I stole gently towards it.

Arrived at the end of the gallery, a scene presented itself to my eyes, for which my fondest expectations of adventure could not have prepared me. The place from which the light proceeded was a small chapel, of whose interior, from the dark recess in which I stood, I had, unseen myself, a full and distinct view. Over the walls of this oratory were painted some of those various symbols, by which the mystic wisdom of the Egyptians loves to shadow out the History of the Soul—the winged globe with a serpent,—the rays descending from above, like a glory, and the Theban bee-

tle, as he comes forth, after the waters have passed away, and the first sunbeam falls on his regenerated wings.

In the middle of the chapel stood a low altar of granite, on which lay a lifeless female form, enshrined within a case of crystal,—as they preserve their dead in Ethiopia,—and looking as freshly beautiful as if the soul had but a few hours departed. Among the emblems of death, on the front of the altar, were a slender lotus-branch, broken in two, and a bird, just winging its flight from the spray.

To these memorials of the dead, however, I but little attended; for there was a living object there upon which my eyes were most intently fixed.

The lamp, by which the whole of the chapel was illuminated, was placed at the head of the pale image in the shrine; and between its light and me, stood a female form, bending over the monument, as if to gaze upon the silent features within. The position in which this figure was placed, intercepting a strong light, afforded me, at first, but an imperfect and shadowy view of it. Yet even at this mere outline my heart beat high,—and memory, as it proved, had as much share in this feeling as imagination. For, on the head changing its position, so as to let a gleam fall on the features, I saw with a transport, which had almost led me to betray my lurking-place, that it was she—the young worshipper of Isis—the same, the very same, whom I had seen, brightening the holy place where she stood, and looking like an inhabitant of some purer world.

The movement, by which she had now given me an opportunity of recognising her, was made in raising from the shrine a small cross* of silver, which lay directly over the bosom of the lifeless figure. Bringing it close to her lips, she kissed it with a religious fervour; then, turning her eyes mournfully upwards, held them fixed with an inspired earnestness, as if, at that moment, in direct communion with heaven, they saw neither roof, nor any other earthly barrier between them and the skies.

What a power hath innocence, whose very helplessness is its safeguard—in whose presence even Passion himself stands abashed, and turns worshipper at the altar which he came to despoil. She, who, but a short hour before, had presented herself to my imagination, as something I could have risked immortality to win—she, whom gladly, from the floor of her own lighted temple, in the very face of its proud ministers, I would have borne away in triumph, and defied all punishments, both human and sacred, to make her mine,—she was now before me, thrown, as if by fate itself, into my power—standing there, beautiful and alone, with nothing but her innocence for her guard! Yet, no—so touching was the purity of the whole scene, so calm and august that protection which the dead seemed to extend over the living, that every earthlier feeling was forgotten as I gazed, and love itself became exalted into reverence.

Entranced, indeed, as I felt in witnessing

* A cross was, among the Egyptians, the emblem of a future life.

such a scene, thus to enjoy it by stealth, seemed a wrong, a sacrilege—and, rather than let her eyes meet the flash of mine, or disturb, by a whisper, that sacred silence, in which Youth and Death held communion through Love, I would have let my heart break, without a murmur, where I stood. Gently, as if life depended upon every movement, I stole away from that tranquil and holy scene—leaving it still tranquil and holy as I found it—and, gliding back through the same passages and windings by which I had entered, regained the narrow stair-way, and again ascended into light.

The sun had just risen, and, from the summit of the Arabian hills, was pouring down his beams into that vast valley of waters,—as if proud of the homage that had been paid to his own Isis, now fading away in the superior light of her Lord. My first impulse was to fly from this dangerous spot, and in new loves and pleasures seek forgetfulness of the scene which I had witnessed. "Once out of the circle of this enchantment," I exclaimed, "I know my own susceptibility to new impressions too well, to doubt that I shall soon break the spell that is around me."

But vain were my efforts and resolves. Even while I swore to fly, my steps were still lingering round the pyramid—my eyes still turned towards the secret portal, which everted this enchantress from the world of the living. Hour after hour did I wander through that City of Silence,—till, already, it was noon, and, under the sun's meridian eye, the mighty pyramid of pyramids stood, like a great spirit, shadowless.

Again did those wild and passionate feelings, which had, for a moment, been subdued into reverence by her presence, return to kindle up my imagination and senses. I even reproached myself for the awe, that had held me spell-bound before her. "What would my companions of the Garden say, did they know that their chief,—he, whose path Love had strewn with trophies—was now pining for a simple Egyptian girl, in whose presence he had not dared to give utterance to a sigh, and who had vanquished the victor, without even knowing her triumph!"

A blush came over my cheek at the humiliating thought, and my determination was fixed to await her coming. That she should be an inmate of those gloomy caverns seemed inconceivable; nor did there appear to be any issue from their depths but by the pyramid. Again, therefore, like a sentinel of the dead, did I pace up and down among these tombs, contrasting, in many a mournful reflection, the burning fever within my own veins with the cold quiet of those who slept around.

At length the fierce glow of the sun over my head, and, still more, that ever restless agitation in my heart, were too much for even strength like mine to bear. Exhausted, I lay down at the base of the pyramid—placing myself directly under the portal, where, even should slumber surprise me, my heart, if not my ear, might still be on the watch, and her footstep, light as it was, could not fail to awake me.

After many an ineffectual struggle against

drowsiness, I at length sunk into sleep—but not into forgetfulness. The same image still haunted me, in every variety of shape, with which imagination, assisted by memory, could invest it. Now, like Nettha, upon her throne at Sais, she seemed to sit, with the veil just raised from that brow, which mortal had never, till then, beheld,—and now, like the beautiful enchantress Rhodope, I saw her rise out of the pyramid in which she had dwelt for ages,—

"Fair Rhodope, as story tells,
The bright, unearthly nymph, who dwells
Mid sunless gold and jewels hid,
The Lady of the Pyramid!"

So long, amid that unbroken silence, did my sleep continue, that I found the moon again shining above the horizon, when I awoke. All around was silent and lifeless as before, nor did a print upon the herbage betray that any foot had passed it since my own. Refreshed by rest, and with a fancy still more excited by the mystic wonders of which I had been dreaming, I now resolved to revisit the chapel in the pyramid, and put an end, if possible, to this illusion, that haunted me.

Having learned from the experience of the preceding night, the inconvenience of encountering those labyrinths without a light, I now hastened to provide myself with a lamp from my boat. Tracking my way back with some difficulty to the shore, I there found, not only my lamp, but some dates and dried fruits, with a store of which, for my roving life upon the waters, I was always supplied,—and which now, after so many hours of abstinence, were a welcome and necessary relief.

Thus prepared, I again ascended the pyramid, and was proceeding to search out the secret spring, when a loud, dismal noise was heard at a distance, to which all the echoes of the cemetery answered. It came, I knew, from the Great Temple on the shore of the Lake, and was the shriek which its gates—the Gates of Oblivion, as they were called—sent forth from their hinges, in opening at night, to receive within their precincts the newly-landed dead.

I had heard that sound before, and always with sadness; but, at this moment, it thrilled through me, like a voice of ill omen, and I almost doubted whether I should not abandon my enterprise. The hesitation, however, was but momentary;—even while it passed through my mind, I had touched the spring of the portal. In a few seconds more, I was again in the passage beneath the pyramid, and being enabled by my lamp to follow the windings of the way more rapidly, soon found myself at the door of the small chapel in the gallery.

I entered, still awed, though there was now nothing living within. The young Priestess had fled—had vanished, like a spirit, into the darkness. All the rest was as I had left it on the preceding night. The lamp still stood burning upon the crystal shrine—the cross lay where the hands of the young mourner had placed it, and the cold image beneath wore the same tranquil look, as if resigned to the solitude of death—of all lone things the loneliest. Remembering the lips that I had seen kiss that cross, and kindling with the recollection, I

raised it passionately to my own;—but, at the same moment, I fancied the dead eyes met mine, and, saddened in the midst of my ardour, I replaced the cross upon the shrine.

I had now lost all clue to the object of my pursuit, and was preparing slowly to retrace my steps to earth, with that gloomy satisfaction which certainty, even when unwelcome, brings,—when, as I held forth my lamp, on leaving the chapel, I could perceive that the gallery, instead of terminating here, took a sudden bend to the left, which had before eluded my eye, and which gave a promise of leading still further into those recesses. Reanimated by this discovery, which opened a new source of hope to my heart, I cast but one hesitating look at my lamp, as if to ask whether it would be faithful through the gloom I was about to encounter, and, without further thought, rushed eagerly forward.

CHAPTER VII.

The path led, for some time, through the same sort of narrow windings as those which I had encountered in descending the stair-way; and at length opened, in a similar manner, into a straight and steep gallery, along each side of which stood, closely ranged and upright, a file of lifeless bodies, whose glassy eyes throw a preternatural glare upon me as I passed.

Arrived at the end of this gallery, I found my hopes a second time vanish. The path, I perceived, extended no farther. The only object that I could discern, by the glimmering of my lamp, which now, every minute, burned fainter and fainter, was the mouth of a huge well, that lay gaping before me—a reservoir of darkness, black and unfathomable. It now crossed my memory that I had heard of such wells, as being used occasionally for passages by the Priests. Leaning down, therefore, over the edge, I looked anxiously within, to discover whether it was possible to descend into the chasm; but the sides were hard and smooth as glass, being varnished all over with that dark pitch, which the Dead Sea throws out on its slimy shore.

After a more attentive scrutiny, however, I observed, at the depth of a few feet, a sort of iron step, projecting dimly from the side, and, below it, another, which, though hardly perceptible, was just sufficient to encourage an adventurous foot to the trial. Though all hope of tracing the young Priestess was at an end,—it being impossible that female foot should have dared this descent,—yet, as I had so far engaged in the adventure, and there was, at least, a mystery to be unravelled, I determined, at all hazards, to explore the chasm. Placing my lamp (which was hollowed at the bottom, so as to fit like a helmet) firmly on my head, and having thus both hands at liberty for exertion, I set my foot cautiously on the iron step, and descended into the well.

I found the same footing, at regular intervals, to a considerable depth; and had already counted near a hundred of these steps, when the ladder altogether ceased, and I could descend no farther. In vain did I stretch down my foot in search of support—the hard, slippery sides were all that I encountered. At length, stooping my head, so as to let the light

fall below, I observed an opening or window directly above the step on which I stood, and, taking for granted that the way must lie in that direction, with some little difficulty clambered through the aperture.

I now found myself on a rude and narrow stair-way, the steps of which were cut out of the living rock, and wound spirally downward in the same direction as the well. Almost dizzy with the descent, which seemed as if it would never end, I, at last, reached the bottom, where a pair of massy iron gates closed directly across my path, as if to forbid any further progress. Massy, however, and gigantic as they were, I found, to my surprise, that the hand of an infant might have opened them with ease—so readily did their great folds give way to my touch,

"Light as a lime-bush, that receives
Some wandering bird among its leaves."

No sooner, however, had I passed through, than the din, with which the gates clashed together again, was such as might have awakened death itself. It seemed as if every echo, throughout that vast, subterranean world, from the Catacombs of Alexandria to Thebes's Valley of Kings, had caught up and repeated the thundering sound.

Startled, however, as I was, not even this supernatural clangour could divert my attention from the light that now broke upon me—soft, warm, and welcome as are the stars of his own South to the mariner who has been wandering through the seas of the north. Looking for the source of this splendour, I saw, through an archway opposite, a long illuminated alley, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, and fenced, on one side, with thickets of odiferous shrubs, while, along the other, extended a line of lofty arcades, from which the light, that filled the whole area, issued. As soon, too, as the din of the deep echoes had subsided, there stole gradually on my ear a strain of choral music, which appeared to come, mellowed and sweetened in its passage, through many a spacious hall within those shining arcades. Among the voices I could distinguish some female tones, towering high and clear over all the rest, and forming the spire, as it were, into which the harmony tapered, as it rose.

So excited was my fancy by this sudden enchantment, that—though never had I caught a sound from the young Egyptian's lips—I yet persuaded myself that the voice I now heard was hers, sounding highest and most heavenly of all that choir, and calling to me like a distant spirit out of its sphere. Animated by this thought, I flew forward to the archway, but found, to my mortification, that it was guarded by a trolis-work, whose bars though invisible at a distance, resisted all my efforts to force them.

While occupied in these ineffectual struggles I perceived, to the left of the archway, a dark, cavernous opening, which seemed to lead in a direction parallel to the lighted arcades. Notwithstanding my impatience, however, the aspect of this passage, as I looked shudderingly into it, chilled my very blood. It was not so much darkness, as a sort of livid and ghastly

twilight, from which a damp, like that of death-vaults, exhaled, and through which, if my eyes did not deceive me, pale, phantom-like shapes were, at that very moment, hovering.

Looking anxiously round, to discover some less formidable outlet, I saw, over the vast folding-gates through which I had just passed, a blue, tremulous flame, which after playing for a few seconds over the dark ground of the pediment, settled gradually into characters of light, and formed the following words:—

You, who would try
Yon terrible track,
To live, or to die,
But ne'er to look back—

You, who aspire
To be purified there,
By the terrors of Fire,
Of Water, and Air,—

If danger, and pain,
And death you despise,
On—for again
Into light you shall rise ;

Rise into light
With that Secret Divine,
Now shrouded from sight
By the Veils of the Shrine !

But if —

Here the letters faded away into a dead blank, more awfully intelligible than the most eloquent words.

A new hope now flashed across me. The dream of the Garden, which had been for some time almost forgotten, returned to my mind. "Am I then," I exclaimed, "in the path to the premised mystery? and shall the great secret of Eternal Life indeed be mine?"

"Yes!" seemed to answer, out of the air, that spirit-voice, which still was heard crowning the choir with its single sweetness. I hailed the omen with transport. Love and immortality, both beckoning me onward—who could give a thought to fear, with two such bright hopes in view? Having invoked and blessed that unknown enchantress, whose steps had led me to this abode of mystery and knowledge, I plunged into the chasm.

Instead of that vague, spectral twilight which had at first met my eye, I now found, as I entered, a thick darkness, which, though far less horrible, was, at this moment, still more disconcerting, as my lamp, which had been, for some time, almost useless, was fast expiring. Resolved, however, to make the most of its last gleam, I hastened with rapid step, through this gloomy region, which seemed wider and more open to the air than any that I had yet passed.

Nor was it long before the appearance of a bright blaze in the distance announced to me that my first great trial was at hand. As I drew nearer, the flames burst high and wide on all sides;—and the spectacle that now presented itself was such as might have appalled even hearts more habituated to dangers, than mine.

There lay before me, extending completely across my path, a thicket or grove of the most combustible trees of Egypt—tamarind, pine, and Arabian balm. Around their stems and branches were coiled serpents of fire, which, twisting themselves rapidly from bough to bough, spread

their own wild-fire as they went, and involved tree after tree in one general blaze. It was, indeed, rapid as the burning of those reed-beds of Ethiopia, whose light brightens, at night, the distant cataracts of the Nile.

Through the middle of this blazing grove, I perceived, my only pathway lay. There was not a moment to be lost—the conflagration gained rapidly on either side, and already the narrowing path between was strewn with fire. Casting away my now useless lamp, and holding my robe as some protection over my head, with a tremor, I own, in every limb, I ventured through the blaze.

Instantly, as if my presence had given new life to the flames, a fresh out-break of combustion arose on all sides. The trees clustered into a bower of fire above my head, while the serpents, that hung hissing from the red branches, shot showers of sparks down upon me, as I passed. Never were decision and activity more serviceable—one minute later, and I must have perished. The narrow opening, of which I had so promptly availed myself, closed instantly behind me; and, as I looked back, to contemplate the ordeal which I had passed, I saw that the whole grove was already one mass of fire.

Happy at having escaped this first trial, I plucked from one of the pine trees a bough that was but just kindled, and, with this for my only guide, hastened breathlessly forward. I had gone but a few paces, when the path turned suddenly off,—leading downwards, as I could see by the glimmer of my brand, into a more confined space, through which a chilling air, as if from some neighbouring waters, blew over my brow. Nor had I proceeded very far, when the sound of torrents fell on my ear,—mingled, as I thought, from time to time, with shrill wailings, like the cries of persons in danger or distress. At every step the noise of the dashing waters increased, and I now perceived that I had entered an immense rocky cavern, through the middle of which, headlong as a winter torrent, the flood, to whose roar I had been listening, rushed. Upon its surface too there floated strange, spectre-like shapes, which, as they went by, sent forth those dismal shrieks, as if in fear of some precipice to whose brink they were hurrying.

I saw too plainly that my course must be across that torrent. It was fearful; but in courage lay my only hope. What awaited me on the opposite shore, I knew not; for all there was wrapt in impenetrable gloom, nor could the weak light I held reach half so far. Dismissing however all thoughts but that of pressing onward, I sprang from the rock on which I stood into the flood,—trusting that, with my right hand, I should be able to buffet the current, while, with the other, I might contrive to hold my brand aloft, as long as a glimmer of it remained, to guide me to the shore.

Long and formidable was the struggle I had to maintain. More than once, overpowered by the rush of the waters, I had almost given myself up, as destined to follow those apparitions, that still passed me, hurrying, with mournful cries, to their doom in some invisible gulf before them.

At length, just as my strength was nearly

exhausted, and the last remains of the pine-branch were falling from my hand, I saw, outstretching towards me into the water, a light double balustrade, with a flight of steps between, ascending, almost perpendicularly, from the wave, till they seemed lost in a dense mass of clouds above. This glimpse—for it was no more, as my light expired in giving it—lent new spring to my courage. Having now both hands at liberty, so desperate were my efforts, that after a few minutes' struggle, I felt my brow strike against the stairway, and, in an instant more, my feet were on the steps.

Rejoiced at my rescue from that perilous flood, though I knew not whither the stair-way led, I promptly ascended it. But this feeling of confidence was of short duration. I had not mounted far, when, to my horror, I perceived, that each successive step, as my foot left it, broke away from beneath me,—leaving me in mid-air, with no other alternative than that of mounting still by the same momentary footing, and with the dreadful doubt whether it would even endure my tread.

And thus did I, for a few seconds, continue to ascend, with nothing beneath me but that awful river, in which—so tranquil it had become—I could hear the plash of the falling fragments, as every step in succession gave way under my feet. It was a trying moment, but still worse remained. I now found the balustrade, by which I had held during my ascent, and which had hitherto seemed firm, grow tremulous in my hand,—while the step to which I was about to trust myself, tottered under my foot. Just then, a momentary flash, as if of lightning, broke around, and I saw, hanging out of the clouds, within my reach, a huge brazen ring. Instinctively I stretched forth my arm to seize it, and, at the same instant, both balustrade and steps gave way beneath me, and I was left swinging by my hands in the dark void. As if, too, this massy ring, which I grasped, was by some magic power linked with all the winds in heaven, no sooner had I seized it than, like the touching of a spring, it seemed to give loose to every variety of gusts and tempests, that ever strewed the sea-shore with wrecks or dead; and, as I swung about, the sport of this elemental strife, each new burst of its fury threatened to shiver me, like a storm-sail, to atoms!

Nor was even this the worst;—still holding, I know not how, by the ring, I felt myself caught up, as if by a thousand whirlwinds, and round and round, like a stone-shot in a sling, whirled in the midst of all this deafening chaos, till my brain grew dizzy, and my recollection confused, and I almost fancied myself on that wheel of the infernal world, whose rotations, it is said, Eternity alone can number!

Human strength could no longer sustain such a trial. I was on the point, at last, of losing my hold, when suddenly the violence of the storm moderated;—my whirl through the air gradually ceased, and I felt the ring slowly descend with me, till—happy as a shipwrecked mariner at the first touch of land—I found my feet once more upon firm ground.

At the same moment, a light of the most delicious softness filled the whole air. Music, such as is heard in dreams, came floating at a

distance; and, as my eyes gradually recovered their powers of vision, a scene of glory was revealed to them, almost too bright for imagination, and yet living and real. As far as the sight could reach, enchanting gardens were seen, opening away through long tracts of light and verdure, and sparkling every where with fountains, that circulated, like streams of life, among the flowers. Not a charm was here wanting, that the imagination of poet or prophet, in their pictures of Elysium, ever yet dreamed or promised. Vistas, opening into scenes of indistinct grandeur,—streams, shining out at intervals, in their shadowy course,—and labyrinths of flowers, leading, by mysterious windings, to green, spacious glades, full of splendour and repose. Over all this, too, there fell a light, from some unseen source, resembling nothing that illumines our upper world—a sort of golden moonlight, mingling the warm radiance of day with the calm and melancholy lustre of night.

Nor were there wanting inhabitants for this sunless Paradise. Through all the bright gardens were wandering, with the serene air and step of happy spirits, groups both of young and old, of venerable and of lovely forms, bearing, most of them, the Nile's white flowers on their heads, and branches of the eternal palm in their hands; while, over the verdant turf, fair children and maidens went dancing to aerial music, whose source was, like that of the light, invisible, but which filled the whole air with its mystic sweetness.

Exhausted as I was by the trials I had undergone, no sooner did I perceive those fair groups in the distance, than my weariness, both of frame and spirit, was forgotten. A thought crossed me that she, whom I sought, might be among them; and, notwithstanding the awe, with which that unearthly scene inspired me, I was about to fly, on the instant, to ascertain my hope. But in the act of making the effort, I felt my robe gently pulled, and turning, beheld an aged man before me, whom, by the sacred hue of his garb, I knew to be a Hierophant. Placing a branch of the consecrated palm in my hand, he said, in a solemn voice, "Aspirant of the Mysteries, welcome!"—then, regarding me for a few seconds with grave attention, added, in a tone of courteousness and interest, "The victory over the body hath been gained!—Follow me, young Greek, to thy resting place."

I obeyed in silence,—and the Priest, turning away from this scene of splendour, into a secluded path, where the light faded away, as we advanced, conducted me to a small pavilion, by the side of a whispering stream, where the very spirit of slumber seemed to preside, and, pointing to a bed of dried poppy-leaves within it, left me to repose.

CHAPTER VIII.

Though the sight of that splendid scene which opened upon me, like a momentary glimpse into another world, had, for an instant, reanimated my strength and spirit, so completely had fatigue overmastered my whole frame, that, even had the form of the young Priestess stood before me, my limbs would have sunk in the effort to reach her. No soon-

er had I fallen on my leafy couch, than sleep, like a sudden death, came over me; and I lay, for hours, in the deep, and motionless rest, which not even a shadow of life disturbs.

On awaking I saw, beside me, the same venerable personage, who had welcomed me to this subterranean world on the preceding night. At the foot of my couch stood a statue, of Grecian workmanship, representing a boy, with wings, seated gracefully on a lotus-flower, and having the fore-finger of his right hand pressed to his lips. This action, together with the glory round his brows, denoted, as I already knew, the God of Silence and Light.

Impatient to know what further trials awaited me, I was about to speak, when the Priest exclaimed, anxiously, "Hush!"—and pointing to this statue at the foot of the couch, said—"Let the spell of that Spirit be on thy lips, young stranger, till the wisdom of thy instructors shall think fit to remove it. Not unaptly doth the same god preside over Silence and Light; since it is only out of the depth of contemplative silence, that the great light of the soul, Truth, arises!"

Little used to the language of dictation or instruction, I was now preparing to rise, when the Priest again restrained me; and, at the same moment, two boys, beautiful as the young Genii of the stars, entered the pavilion. They were habited in long garments of the purest white, and bore each a small golden chalice in his hand. Advancing towards me, they stopped on opposite sides of the couch, and one of them, presenting to me his chalice of gold, said, in a tone between singing and speaking,—

"Drink of this cup—Osiris sips

The same in his halls below;

And the same he gives, to cool the lips
Of the Dead, who downward go.

"Drink of this cup—the water within

Is fresh from Lethe's stream;

'Twill make the past, with all its sin,
And all its pain and sorrows, seem
Like a long-forgotten dream!

"The pleasure, whose charms

Are steep'd in wo;

The knowledge, that harms

The soul to know;

"The hope, that, bright

As the lake of the waste,

Allures the sight,

But mocks the taste;

"The love, that binds

Its innocent wreath,

Where the serpent winds,

In venom, beneath;

"All that, of evil or false, by thee

Hath ever been known or seen,

Shall melt away in this cup, and be

Forgot, as it never had been!"

Unwilling to throw a slight on this strange ceremony, I leaned forward, with all due gravity, and tasted the cup; which I had no sooner done than the young cup-bearer, on the other side, invited my attention, and, in his turn, presenting the chalice which he held, sung, with a voice still sweeter than that of his companion, the following strain:—

"Drink of this cup—when Isis led
Her boy, of old, to the beaming sky,
She mingled a draught divine, and said—
'Drink of this cup, thou'lt never die!'

"Thus do I say and sing to thee,
Heir of that boundless heav'n on high,
Though frail, and fall'n, and lost thou be,
Drink of this cup, thou'lt never die!"

Much as I had endeavoured to keep my philosophy on its guard, against the illusions with which, I knew, this region abounded, the young cup-bearer had here touched a spring of imagination, over which, as has been seen, my philosophy had but little control. No sooner had the words, "thou shalt never die," struck on my ear, than the dream of the Garden came fully to my mind, and, starting half-way from the couch, I stretched forth my hands to the cup. Recollecting myself, however, and fearful of having betrayed to others a weakness only fit for my own secret indulgence, with an affected smile of indifference I sunk back again on my couch,—while the young minstrel, but little interrupted by my movement, still continued his strain, of which I heard but the concluding words:—

"And Memory, too, with her dreams shall come,

Dreams of a former, happier day,
When Heaven was still the Spirit's home,
And her wings had not yet fallen away;

"Glimpses of glory, ne'er forgot,

That tell, like gleams on a sunset sea,
What once hath been, what now is not,
But, oh, what again shall brightly be!"

Though the assurances of immortality, contained in these verses, would, at any other moment,—vain and visionary as I thought them,—have sent my fancy wandering into reveries of the future, the effort of self-control I had just made enabled me to hear them with indifference.

Having gone through the form of tasting this second cup, I again looked anxiously to the Hierophant, to ascertain whether I might be permitted to rise. His assent having been given, the young pages brought to my couch a robe and tunic, which, like their own, were of linen of the purest white; and having assisted to clothe me in this sacred garb, they then placed upon my head a chaplet of myrtle, in which the symbol of Initiation, a golden grasshopper, was seen shining out from among the dark leaves.

Though sleep had done much to refresh my frame, something more was still wanting to restore its strength; and it was not without a smile at my own reveries I reflected, how much more welcome than the young page's cup of immortality was the unpretending, but real, repast now set before me,—fresh fruits from the Isle of Gardens in the Nile, the delicate flesh of the desert antelope, and wine from the Vineyard of the Queens at Anthylla, fanned by one of the pages with a palm-leaf, to keep it cool.

Having done justice to these dainties, it was with pleasure I heard the proposal of the Priest, that we should now walk forth together, and

meditate among the scenes without. I had not forgotten the elysium that welcomed me last night,—those enchanting gardens, that mysterious music, and light, and the fair forms I saw wandering about,—as if, in the very midst of happiness, still seeking it. The hope, which had then occurred to me, that, perhaps, among those sparkling groups, might be the maiden I sought, now returned with increased strength. I had little doubt that my guide was about to lead to the same Elysian scene, and that the form, so fit to inhabit it, would again appear before my eyes.

But far different was the region to which he conducted me; nor could the whole world produce a scene more gloomy, or more strange. It had the appearance of a small, solitary valley, inclosed, on every side, by rocks, which seemed to rise, almost perpendicularly, to the very sky;—for it was, indeed, the blue sky that I saw shining between their summits, and whose light, dimmed and half lost, in its descent thus far, formed the melancholy daylight of this nether world.* Down the side of these rocky walls fell a cataract, whose source was upon earth, and on whose waters, as they rolled glassily over the edge above, a gleam of radiance rested, that showed how brilliant was the sunshine they left. From thence, gradually darkening, and broken, in its long descent, by alternate chasms and projections, the stream fell, at last, in a pale and thin mist—the phantom of what it had been on earth—into a small lake that lay at the base of the rock to receive it.

Nothing could be more bleak and saddening than the appearance of this lake. The usual ornaments of the waters of Egypt were not wanting: the lotus here uplifted her silvery flowers, and the crimson flamingo floated over the tide. But they were, neither of them, the same as in the upper world;—the flower had exchanged its whiteness for a livid hue, and the wings of the bird hung heavy and colourless. Every thing wore the same half-living aspect; and the only sounds that disturbed the mournful stillness were the wailing cry of a heron among the sedges, and that din of the waters, in their midway struggle, above.

There was an unearthly sadness in the whole scene, of which no heart, however light, could resist the influence. Perceiving how I was affected by it, "Such scenes," said the Priest, "are best suited to that solemn complexion of mind, which becomes him who approaches the Great Secret of futurity. Behold,"—and, in saying thus, he pointed to the opening over our heads, through which I could perceive a star or two twinkling in the heavens, though the sun had but a short time passed his meridian,—"as from this gloomy depth we can see those stars, which are now invisible to the dwellers upon the bright earth, even so, to the sad and self-humbled spirit, doth many a mystery of

* "On s'étoit même avisé, depuis la première construction de ces demeures, de percer en plusieurs endroits jusqu'au haut les terres qui les couvroient; non pas, à la vérité, pour tirer un jour qui n'auroit jamais été suffisant, mais pour recevoir un air salubre, &c."—*Scythos*.

heaven reveal itself, of which they, who walk in the light of the proud world, know not!"

He now led me towards a rustic seat or alcove, beside which stood an image of that dark Deity, that God without a smile, who presides over the kingdom of the Dead.² The same livid and lifeless hue was upon his features, that hung over every thing in this dim valley; and, with his right hand he pointed directly downwards, to denote that his melancholy kingdom lay there. A plain—*that favourite tree of the genii of death*—stood behind the statue, and spread its branches over the alcove, in which the Priest now, seating himself, signified that I should take my place by his side.

After a long pause, as if of thought and preparation,—"Nobly," said he, "young Greek, hast thou sustained the first trials of Initiation. What remains, though of vital import to the soul, brings with it neither pain nor peril to the body. Having now proved and chastened thy mortal frame, by the three ordeals of Fire, of Water, and of Air, the next task to which we are called is the purification of thy spirit,—the cleansing of that inward and immortal part, so as to render it fit for the reception of the last luminous revelation, when the Veils of the Sanctuary shall be thrown aside, and the Great Secret of Secrets unfolded to thee!—Towards this object, the primary and most essential step is, instruction. What the three purifying elements through which thou hast passed, have done for thy body, instruction will effect for—"

"But that lovely maiden!" I exclaimed, bursting from my silence, having fallen, during his speech, into a deep reverie, in which I had forgotten him, myself, the Great Secret, every thing—but her.

Startled by this profane interruption, he cast a look of alarm towards the statue, as if fearful lest the God should have heard my words. Then, turning to me, in a tone of mild solemnity, "It is but too plain," said he, "that thoughts of the upper world, and of its vain delights, still engross thee too much, to let the lessons of Truth sink profitably into thy heart. A few hours of meditation amid this solemn scenery—of that wholesome meditation, which purifies, by saddening—may haply dispose thee to receive, with reverence, the holy and immortal knowledge that is in store for thee. With this hope, I now leave thee to thy own thoughts, and to that God, before whose calm and mournful eye the vanities of the world, from which thou comest, wither!"

Thus saying, he turned slowly away, and passing behind the statue, towards which, he had pointed during the last sentence, suddenly, and as if by enchantment, disappeared from my sight.

CHAPTER IX.

BEING left to my own solitary thoughts, I had now leisure to reflect, with coolness, on the inconveniences, if not dangers, of the situation into which my love of adventure had hurried me. However ready my imagination was to kindle, in its own ideal sphere, I have ever

² Osiris.

found that, when brought into contact with reality, it as suddenly cooled;—like those meteors, that seem stars in the air, but, the moment they touch earth, are extinguished. Such was the disenchantment that now succeeded to the dreams in which I had been indulging. As long as Fancy had the field of the future to herself, even immortality did not seem too distant a race for her. But when human instruments interposed, the illusion vanished. From mortal lips the promise of immortality seemed a mockery, and imagination herself had no wings that could carry beyond the grave.

Nor was this disappointment the only feeling that occupied me;—the imprudence of the step, which I had taken, now appeared in its full extent before my eyes. I had thrown myself into the power of the most artful priesthood in the world, without a chance of being able to escape from their toils, or to resist any machinations with which they might beset me. It seemed evident, from the state of preparation in which I had found all that wonderful apparatus, by which the terrors and splendours of Initiation are produced, that my descent into the pyramid was not unexpected. Numerous, indeed, and active as were the spies of the Sacred College of Memphis, there could be but little doubt that all my movements, since my arrival, had been tracked; and the many hours I had passed in watching and wandering round the pyramid, betrayed a curiosity which might well inspire these wily priests with the hope of drawing an Epicurean into their superstitious toils.

I well knew their hatred to the sect of which I was Chief; that they considered the Epicureans as, next to the Christians, the most formidable enemies of their craft and power. "How thoughtless, then," I exclaimed, "to have placed myself in a situation, where I am equally helpless against their fraud and violence, and must either seem to be the dupe of their impostures, or submit to become the victim of their vengeance." Of these alternatives, bitter as they were, the latter appeared by far the more welcome. I blushed even to think of the mockeries to which I already had yielded; and the prospect of being put through still further ceremonials, and of being tutored and preached to by hypocrites I despised, appeared to me, in my present temper, a trial of patience, to which the flames and the whirlwinds I had already encountered were pastime.

Often and impatiently did I look up, between those rocky walls, to the bright sky that appeared to rest upon their summits, as, round and round, through every part of the valley, I endeavoured to find an outlet from its gloomy precincts. But in vain I endeavoured;—that rocky barrier, which seemed to end but in heaven, interposed itself every where. Neither did the image of the young maiden, though constantly in my mind, now bring with it the least consolation or hope. Of what avail was it that she, perhaps, was an inhabitant of this region, if I could neither see her smile, nor catch the sound of her voice,—if, while among preaching priests I wasted away my hours, her presence diffused its enchantment elsewhere.

At length exhausted, I lay down by the brink of the lake, and gave myself up to all the melancholy of my fancy. The pale semblance

of daylight, which had hitherto shone around, grew, every moment, more dim and dismal. Even the rich gleam, at the summit of the cascade, had faded; and the sunshine, like the water, exhausted in its descent, had now dwindled into a ghostly glimmer, far worse than darkness. The birds upon the lake, as if about to die with the dying light, sunk down their heads; and, as I looked to the statue, the deepening shadows gave an expression to its mournful features that chilled my very soul.

The thought of death, ever ready to present itself to my imagination, now came, with a disheartening weight, such as I had never before felt. I almost fancied myself already in the dark vestibule of the grave,—separated, for ever, from the world above, and with nothing but the blank of an eternal sleep before me. It had often, I knew, happened that the visitants of this mysterious realm were, after their descent from earth, never seen or heard of;—being condemned, for some failure in their initiatory trials, to pine away their lives in the dark dungeons, with which, as well as with altars, this region abounded. Such, I shuddered to think, might probably be my destiny; and so appalling was the thought, that even the spirit of defiance died within me, and I was already giving myself up to helplessness and despair.

At length, after some hours of this gloomy musing, I heard a rustling in the sacred grove behind the statue; and, soon after, the sound of the Priest's voice—more welcome than I had ever thought such voice could be—brought the assurance that I was not yet, at least, wholly abandoned. Finding his way to me through the gloom, he now led me to the same spot, on which we had parted so many hours before; and, in a voice that retained no trace of displeasure, bespoke my attention, while he should reveal to me some of those divine truths, by whose infusion, he said, into the soul of man, its purification can alone be effected.

The valley had now become so wholly dark, that we could no longer discern each other's faces, as we sat. There was a melancholy in the voice of my instructor that well accorded with the gloom around us; and, saddened and subdued, I now listened with resignation, if not with interest, to those sublime, but, alas, I thought, vain tenets, which, with the warmth of a believer, this Hierophant expounded to me.

He spoke of the pre-existence of the soul,—of its abode, from all eternity, in a place of bliss, of which all that we have most beautiful in our conceptions here is but a dim transcript, a clouded remembrance. In the blue depths of ether, he said, lay that "Country of the Soul,"—its boundary alone visible in the line of milky light, that separates it, as by a barrier of stars, from the dark earth. "Oh, realm of purity! Home of the yet unfallen Spirit!—where, in the days of her primal innocence, she wandered, ere her beauty was soiled by the touch of earth, or her resplendent wings had withered away. Methinks," he cried, "I see at this moment, those fields of radiance,—I look back, through the mists of life, into that luminous world, where the souls that have never lost

their high heavenly rank, still soar, without a stain, above the shadowless stars, and dwell together in infinite perfection and bliss!"

As he spoke these words, a burst of pure, brilliant light, like a sudden opening of heaven, broke through the valley; and, as soon as my eyes were able to endure the splendour, such a vision of loveliness and glory opened upon them, as took even my sceptical spirit by surprise, and made it yield, at once, to the potency of the spell.

Suspended, as I thought, in air, and occupying the whole of the opposite region of the valley, there appeared an immense orb of light, within which, through a haze of radiance, I could see distinctly groups of young female spirits, who, in silent, but harmonious movement, like that of the stars, wound slowly through a variety of fanciful evolutions; and, as they linked and unlinked each other's arms, formed a living labyrinth of beauty and grace. Though their feet seemed to tread along a field of light, they had also wings of the richest hue, which, like rainbows over waterfalls, when played with by the breeze, at every moment reflected a new variety of glory.

As I stood, gazing with wonder, the orb, with all its ethereal inmates, gradually receded into the dark void, lessening, as it went, and growing more bright as it lessened;—till, at length, distant, apparently, as a retiring comet, this little world of Spirits, in one small point of intense radiance, shone its last and vanished. "Go," exclaimed the rapt priest, "ye happy souls, of whose dwelling a glimpse is thus given to our eyes, go, wander, in your orb, through the boundless heaven, nor ever let a thought of this perishable world come to mingle its dross with your divine nature, or tempt you to that earthward fall, by which spirits, as bright, have been ruined!"

A pause ensued, during which, still under the influence of wonder, I sent my fancy wandering after the inhabitants of that orb,—almost wishing myself credulous enough to believe in a heaven, of which creatures, so like all that I most loved on earth, were inmates.

At length, the Priest, with a sigh at the contrast he was about to draw, between the happy spirits we had just seen and the fallen ones of earth, resumed his melancholy History of the Soul. Tracing it, from the first moment of earthward desire, to its final eclipse in the shadows of this world, he dwelt upon every stage of its darkening descent, with a pathos that sent sadness into the very depths of the heart. The first downward look of the Spirit towards earth—the tremble of her wings on the edge of heaven—the giddy slide, at length, down that fatal descent, and the Lethæan cup, midway in the sky, of which, when she has once tasted, Heaven is forgot,—through all these gradations he mournfully traced her fall, to the last stage of darkness, when, wholly immersed in this world, her celestial nature is changed, she can no longer rise above earth, nor remembers her home, but by glimpses so vague, that, mistaking for hope, what is only memory, she believes them to be a light from the Future, not the Past.

"To retrieve this ruin of the once blessed

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Soul—to clear away, from around her, the clouds of earth, and, restoring her lost wings,* facilitate their return to Heaven—such," said the reverend man, "is the great task of our religion, and such the triumph of those divine Mysteries, in which the life and essence of our religion lie. However sunk and changed and clouded may be the Spirit, as long as a single trace of her original light remains, there is yet hope that—"

Here his voice was interrupted by a strain of mournful music, of which the low, distant breathings had been, for some minutes heard, but which now gained upon the ear too thrillingly to let it listen to any more earthly sound. A faint light, too, at that instant broke through the valley,—and I could perceive, not far from the spot where we sat, a female figure, veiled, and crouching to earth, as if subdued by sorrow, or under the influence of shame.

The light by which I saw her, was from a pale, moon-like meteor, which had formed itself in the air as the music approached, and shed over the rocks and the lake a glimmer as cold as that by which the Dead, in their own realm, gaze on each other. The music, too, which appeared to rise directly out of the lake, and to come full of the breath of its dark waters, spoke a despondency in every note which no language could express;—and, as I listened to its tones, and looked upon that fallen Spirit, (for such, the holy man whispered, was the form before us,) so entirely did the illusion of the scene take possession of me, that, with breathless anxiety, I waited the result.

Nor had I gazed long before that form rose slowly from its drooping position:—the air around it grew bright, and the pale meteor overhead assumed a more cheerful and living light. The veil, which had before shrouded the face of the figure, became gradually transparent, and the features, one by one, disclosed themselves through it. Having tremblingly watched the progress of the apparition, I now started from my seat, and half exclaimed "It is she!" In another minute, this veil had, like a thin mist, melted away, and the young Priestess of the Moon stood, for the third time, revealed before my eyes.

To rush instantly towards her was my first impulse—but the arm of the Priest held me firmly back. The fresh light, which had begun to flow in from all sides, collected itself in a glory round the spot where she stood. Instead of melancholy music, strains of the most exalted rapture were heard; and the young maiden, buoyant as the inhabitants of the fairy orb, amid a blaze of light like that which fell upon her in the Temple, ascended into the air.

"Stay, beautiful vision, stay!" I exclaimed, as, breaking from the hold of the Priest, I flung myself prostrate on the ground,—the only mode by which I could express the admiration, even to worship, with which I was filled. But the vanishing spirit heard me not:—receding into the darkness, like that orb, whose track she seemed to follow, her form lessened away, till she was seen no more. Gazing, till

* In the language of Plato, Hierocles, &c. to "restore to the soul its wings," is the main object both of religion and philosophy.

the last luminous speck had disappeared, I suffered myself unconsciously to be led away by my reverend guide, who, placing me once more on my bed of poppy-leaves, left me to such repose as it was possible, after such a scene, to enjoy.

CHAPTER X.

The apparition with which I had been blessed in that Valley of Visions—as the place where I had witnessed these wonders was called—brought back to my heart all the hopes and fancies, in which I had indulged during my descent from earth. I had now seen once more that matchless creature, who had been my guiding star into this mysterious world; and that she was, in some way, connected with the further revelations that awaited me, I saw no reason to doubt. There was a sublimity, too, in the doctrines of my reverend teacher, and even a hope in the promises of immortality held out by him, which, in spite of reason, won insensibly both upon my fancy and my pride.

The Future, however, was now but of secondary consideration:—the Present, and that deity of the Present, woman, were the objects that engrossed my whole soul. For the sake, indeed, of such beings alone did I think immortality desirable, nor, without them, would eternal life have appeared to me worth a prayer. To every further trial of my patience and faith, I now made up my mind to submit without a murmur. Some propitious chance, I fondly persuaded myself, might yet bring me nearer to the object of my adoration, and enable me to address, as mortal woman, her who had hitherto been to me but as a vision, a shade.

The period of my probation, however, was nearly at an end. Both frame and spirit had now been tried; and, as the crowning test of the purification of the latter was that power of seeing into the world of spirits, with which, in the Valley of Visions, I had proved myself to be endowed, there remained now, to perfect my Initiation, but this one night more, when, in the Temple of Isis, and in the presence of her unveiled image, the last grand revelation of the Secret of Secrets was to open upon me.

I passed the morning of this day in company with the same venerable personage, who had, from the first, presided over the ceremonies of my instruction; and who, to inspire me with due reverence for the power and magnificence of his religion, now conducted me through the long range of illuminated galleries and shrines, that extend under the site upon which Memphis and the Pyramids stand, and form a counterpart under ground to that mighty city of temples upon earth.

He then descended with me, still lower, into those winding crypts, where lay the Seven Tables of stone, found by Hermes in the valley of Hebron. "On these tables," said he, "is written all the knowledge of the antediluvian race,—the decrees of the stars from the beginning of time, the annals of a still earlier world, and all the marvellous secrets, both of heaven and earth, which would have been,

"but for this key,
Lost in the Universal Sea."

Returning to the region, from which we had descended, we next visited, in succession, a series of small shrines, representing the various objects of adoration through Egypt, and thus furnishing to the priest an occasion for explaining the mysterious nature of animal worship, and the refined doctrines of theology that lay veiled under its forms. Every shrine was consecrated to a particular faith, and contained a living image of the deity which it adored. Beside the goat of Mendes, with his refulgent star upon his breast, I saw the crocodile, as presented to the eyes of its idolaters at Arsinoë, with costly gems in its loathsome ears, and rich bracelets of gold encircling its feet. Here, floating through a tank in the centre of a temple, the sacred carp of Lepidotum exhibited its silvery scales; while, there, the Isiac serpents trailed languidly over the altar, with that movement which most inspires the hopes of their votaries. In one of the small chapels we found a beautiful child, feeding and watching over those golden beetles, which are adored for their brightness, as emblems of the sun; while, in another, stood a sacred ibis upon its pedestal, so like, in plumage and attitude, to the bird of the young Priestess, that I could gladly have knelt down and worshipped it for her sake.

After visiting these various shrines, and listening to the reflections which they suggested, I was next led by my guide to the Great Hall of the Zodiac, on whose ceiling, in bright and undying colours, was delineated the map of the firmament, as it appeared at the first dawn of time. Here, in pointing out the track of the sun, among the spheres, he spoke eloquently of the analogy that exists between moral and physical darkness—of the sympathy with which all spiritual creatures regard the sun, so as to sadden and droop when he sinks into his wintry hemisphere, and to rejoice when he resumes his own empire of light. Hence, the festivals and hymns, with which most of the nations of the earth are wont to welcome the resurrection of his orb in spring, as an emblem and pledge of the re-ascent of the soul to heaven. Hence the songs of sorrow, the mournful ceremonies,—like those Mysteries of the Night, upon the Lake of Saïs,—in which they brood over his autumnal descent into the shades, as a type of the Spirit's fall into this world of death.

In discourses such as these the hours passed away; and though there was nothing in the light of this sunless region to mark to the eye the decline of day, my own feelings told me that the night drew near:—nor, in spite of my incredulity, could I refrain from a flutter of hope, as that promised moment of revelation approached, when the Mystery of Mysteries was to be made all my own. This consummation, however, was less near than I expected. My patience had still further trials to encounter. It was necessary, I now found, that I should keep watch, during the greater part of the night, in the Sanctuary of the Temple, alone and in darkness,—and thus prepare myself, by meditation, for the awful moment,

when the irradiation from behind the sacred Veils was to burst upon me.

At the appointed hour, we left the Hall of the Zodiac, and proceeded through a line of long marble galleries, where the lamps were more thinly scattered as we advanced, till, at length, we found ourselves in total darkness. Here the Priest, taking me by the hand, and leading me down a flight of steps, into a place where the same deep gloom prevailed, said, with a voice trembling, as if from excess of awe,—“Thou art now in the Sanctuary of our goddess, Isis, and the dark veils, that hang over her image, are before thee!”

After exhorting me earnestly to that train of thought, which best accorded with the spirit of the place where I stood, and, above all, to that full and unhesitating faith, with which alone, he said, the manifestation of such mysteries should be approached, the holy man took leave of me, and reascended the steps;—while, so spell-bound did I feel by that deep darkness, that the last sound of his footsteps died upon my ear, before I ventured to stir a limb from the position in which he had left me.

The prospect of the long watch, now before me, was dreadful. Even danger itself, in an active form, would have been preferable to this sort of safe, but dull, probation, by which patience was the only virtue put to the proof. Having ascertained how far the space around me was free from obstacles, I endeavoured to beguile the time by pacing up and down within those limits, till I became tired of the echoes of my own tread. Finding my way, then, to what I felt to be a massive pillar, and, leaning wearily against it, I surrendered myself to a train of thoughts and feelings, far different from those with which the Hierophant had hoped to inspire me.

“Why,” I again asked, “if these priests possess the secret of life, why are they themselves the victims of death? why sink into the grave with the cup of immortality in their hands? But no, safe boasters, the eternity they so lavishly promise is reserved for another, a future world—that ready resource of all priestly promises—that depository of the airy pledges of all creeds. Another world!—alas, where does it lie? or, what spirit hath ever come to say that Life is there?”

The conclusion, to which, half sadly, half passionately, I arrived, was that, life being but a dream of the moment, never to come again, every bliss that is promised for hereafter should be secured by the wise man here. And, as no heaven I had ever heard of from these visionary priests opened half such certainty of happiness as that smile which I beheld last night,—“Let me,” I exclaimed, impatiently, striking the massy pillar, till it rung, “let me but make that beautiful Priestess my own, and I here willingly exchange for her every chance of immortality, that the combined wisdom of Egypt’s Twelve Temples can offer me!”

No sooner had I uttered these words, than a tremendous peal, like that of thunder, rolled over the Sanctuary, and seemed to shake its walls. On every side, too, a succession of blue, vivid flashes pierced, like so many lanes of light, through the gloom, revealing to me, at intervals, the mighty dome in which I stood—

its ceiling of azure, studded with stars, its colossal columns, towering aloft, and those dark, mysterious veils, which hung, in massy drapery, from the roof to the floor, and covered the rich glories of the Shrine under their folds.

So weary had I grown of my tedious watch, that this stormy and fitful illumination, during which the Sanctuary seemed to rock to its base, was by no means an unwelcome interruption of the monotony under which my impatience suffered. After a short interval, however, the flashes ceased;—the sounds died away, like exhausted thunder, through the abyss, and darkness and silence, like that of the grave, succeeded.

Resting my back once more against the pillar, and fixing my eyes upon that side of the Sanctuary, from which the promised irradiation was to burst, I now resolved to await the awful moment in patience. Resigned and immovable, I had remained thus, for nearly another hour, when, suddenly, along the edges of the mighty Veils, I perceived a thin rim of light, as if from some brilliant object under them;—like that border which encircles a cloud at sunset, when the radiance, from behind, is escaping at its edges.

This indication of concealed glories grew every instant more strong; till, at last, vividly marked as it was upon the darkness, the narrow fringe of lustre almost pained the eye, giving promise of a splendour too bright to be endured. My expectations were now wound to the highest pitch, and all the scepticism, into which I had been cooling down my mind, was forgotten. The wonders that had been presented to me since my descent from earth—that glimpse into Elysium on the first night of my coming—those visitants from the Land of Spirits in the mysterious valley,—all led me to expect, in this last and brightest revelation, such visions of glory and knowledge as might transcend even fancy itself, nor leave a doubt that they belonged less to earth than heaven.

While, with an imagination thus excited, I stood waiting the result, an increased gush of light still more awakened my attention; and I saw, with an intenseness of interest, which made my heart beat aloud, one of the corners of the mighty Veil slowly raised up. I now felt that the Great Secret—whatever it might be—was at hand. A vague hope even crossed my mind—so wholly had imagination resumed her empire—that the splendid promise of my dream was on the point of being realised!

With surprise, however, and—for a moment—with disappointment, I perceived, that the massy corner of the Veil was but raised sufficiently to allow a female figure to emerge from under it,—and then fell again, over its mystic splendours, as dark as before. By the strong light, too, that issued when the drapery was lifted, and illuminated the profile of the emerging figure, I either saw, or fancied that I saw, the same bright features, that had already mocked me so often with their momentary charm, and seemed destined to haunt my heart as unavailing as the fond, vain dream of Immortality itself.

Dazzled as I had been by that short gush of splendour, and distrusting even my senses, when under the influence of a fancy so excited,

I had hardly time to question myself as to the reality of my impression, when I heard the sounds of light footsteps approaching me through the gloom. In a second or two more, the figure stopped before me, and, placing the end of a riband gently in my hand, said, in a tremulous whisper, "Follow, and be silent."

So sudden and strange was the adventure, that for a moment, I hesitated,—fearful lest my eyes should have been deceived as to the object they had seen. Casting a look towards the Veil, which seemed bursting with its luminous secret, I was almost doubting to which of the two chances I should commit myself, when I felt the riband in my hand pulled softly at the other extremity. This movement, at once like a touch of magic, decided me. Without further deliberation, I yielded to the silent summons, and following my guide, who was already at some distance before me, found myself led up the same flight of marble steps, by which the Priest had conducted me into the sanctuary. Arrived at their summit I felt the pace of my conductress quicken, and giving one more look to the Veiled Shrine, whose glories we left burning ineffectually behind us, hastened into the gloom, full of confidence in the belief, that she, who now held the other end of that clue, was one whom I could follow devotedly through the world.

CHAPTER XI.

So rapidly was I hurried along by my unseen conductress, full of wonder at the speed with which she ventured through these labyrinths, that I had but little time to reflect upon the strangeness of the adventure to which I had committed myself. My knowledge of the character of the priests, as well as the fearful rumours that had reached me, of the fate that often attended unbelievers in their hands, awakened a momentary suspicion of treachery in my mind. But, when I recalled the face of my guide, as I had seen it in the chapel, with that divine look, the very memory of which brought purity into the heart, this suspicion all vanished, and I felt shame at having harboured it but an instant.

In the mean while, our course continued uninterrupted, through windings more capriciously intricate than any that I had yet passed, and whose darkness seemed never to have been disturbed by a single glimmer. My conductress still continued at some distance before me, and the clue, to which I clung as if it were the thread of Destiny herself, was still kept, by her speed, at full stretch between us. At length, suddenly stopping, she said, in a breathless whisper, "Seat thyself here," and, at the same moment, led me by the hand to a sort of low car, in which I lost not a moment in placing myself, as desired, while the maiden, as promptly, took her seat by my side.

A sudden click, like the touching of a spring, was then heard, and the car,—which as I had felt in entering it, leaned half-way over a steep descent,—on being loosed from its station, shot down, almost perpendicularly, into the darkness, with a rapidity which, at first, nearly deprived me of breath. The wheels slid smoothly and noiselessly in grooves, and the impetus, which the car acquired in descending, was suf-

ficient, I perceived, to carry it up an eminence that succeeded,—from the summit of which it again rushed down another declivity, even still more long and precipitous than the former. In this manner we proceeded, by alternate falls and rises, till, at length, from the last and steepest elevation, the car descended upon a level of deep sand, where, after running for a few yards, it by degrees lost its motion and stopped.

Here the maiden alighting, again placed the riband in my hands,—and again I followed her, though with more slowness and difficulty than before, as our way led up a flight of damp and time-worn steps, whose ascent seemed to the weary and insecure foot interminable. Perceiving with what languor my guide now advanced, I was on the point of making an effort to assist her progress, when the creak of an opening door above, and a faint gleam of light which, at the same moment, shone upon her figure, apprized me that we were arrived within reach of sunshine.

Joyfully I followed through this opening, and by the dim light, could discern, that we were now in the sanctuary of a vast, ruined temple,—having entered by a passage under the lofty pedestal, upon which an image of the idol of the place once stood. The first movement of the maiden, after replacing the portal under the pedestal, was, without even a look towards me, to cast herself down on her knees, with her hands clasped and uplifted, as if for the purpose of thanksgiving or prayer. But she was unable to sustain herself in this position;—her strength could hold out no longer. Overcome by agitation and fatigue, she sunk senseless upon the pavement.

Bewildered as I was, myself, by the events of the night, I stood for some minutes looking upon her in a state of helplessness and alarm. But, reminded, by my own feverish sensations, of the reviving effects of the air, I raised her gently in my arms, and crossing the corridor that surrounded the sanctuary, found my way to the outer vestibule of the temple. Here, shading her eyes from the sun, I placed her, reclining upon the steps, where the cool wind, then blowing freshly from the north, might play, with free draught, between the pillars over her brow.

It was, indeed,—I now saw, with certainty,—the same beautiful and mysterious girl, who had been the cause of my descent into that subterranean world, and who now, under such strange and unaccountable circumstances, was my guide back again to the realms of day. I looked round, to discover where we were, and beheld such a scene of grandeur, as—could my eyes have wandered to any other object from the pale form reclining at my side—might well have won them to dwell on its splendid beauties.

I was now standing, I found, on the small island in the centre of Lake Mœris; and that sanctuary, where we had emerged from darkness, formed part of the ruins of a temple, which (as I have since learned) was, in the grander days of Memphis, a place of pilgrimage for worshippers from all parts of Egypt. The fair Lake itself, out of whose waters once rose pavilions, palaces, and even lofty pyramids, was still, though divested of many of these

wonders, a scene of interest and splendour such as the whole world could not equal. While the shores still sparkled with mansions and temples, that bore testimony to the luxury of a living race, the voice of the Past, speaking out of unnumbered ruins, whose summits, here and there, rose blackly above the wave, told of times long fled and generations long swept away, before whose giant remains all the glory of the present stood humbled. Over the southern bank of the lake hung the dark relics of the Labyrinth;—its twelve royal palaces, like the mansions of the Zodiac,—its thundering portals and constellated halls, having left nothing behind but a few frowning ruins, which contrasted with the soft groves of olive and acacia around them, seemed to rebuke the luxuriant smiles of nature, and threw a melancholy grandeur over the whole scene.

The effects of the air in reanimating the young Priestess, were less speedy than I had expected;—her eyes were still closed, and she remained pale and insensible. Alarmed, I now rested her head (which had been, for some time, supported by my arm, against the base of a column, with my cloak for its pillow, while I hastened to procure some water from the Lake. The temple stood high, and the descent to the shore was precipitous. But, my Epicurean habits having but little impaired my activity, I soon descended, with the lightness of a desert deer, to the bottom. Here, plucking from a lofty bean-tree, whose flowers stood, shining like gold, above the water, one of those large hollowed leaves, that serve as cups for the Hebæes of the Nile, I filled it from the Lake, and hurried back with the cool draught to the temple. It was not without some difficulty and delay that I succeeded, in bearing my rustic chalice steadily up the steep; more than once did an unlucky slip waste its contents, and as often did I impatiently return to refill it.

During this time, the young maiden was fast recovering her animation and consciousness; and, at the moment when I appeared above the edge of the steep, was just rising from the steps, with her hand pressed to her forehead, as if confusedly recalling the recollection of what had occurred. No sooner did she observe me, than a short cry of alarm broke from her lips. Looking anxiously round, as though she sought for protection, and half audibly uttering the words, "Where is he?" she made an effort, as I approached, to retreat into the temple.

Already, however, I was by her side, and taking her hand gently, as she turned away, "Whom dost thou seek, fair Priestess?" I asked,—for the first time breaking through the silence she had enjoined, and in a tone that might have reassured the most timid spirit. But my words had no effect in calming her apprehension. Trembling, and with her eyes still averted towards the Temple, she continued in a voice of suppressed alarm,—“Where can he be?—that venerable Athenian, that philosopher, who—”

“Here, here,” I exclaimed, anxiously interrupting her,—“behold him still by thy side—the same, the very same who saw thee steal from under the lighted Veils of the Sanctuary, whom thou hast guided by a clue through those

labyrinth below, and who now but waits his command from those lips, to devote himself through life and death to thy service." As I spoke these words, she turned slowly round, and looking timidly in my face, while her own burned with blushes, said, in a tone of doubt and wonder, "Thou!" and hid her eyes in her hands.

I knew not how to interpret a reception so unexpected. That some mistake or disappointment had occurred was evident; but so inexplicable did the whole adventure appear, that it was in vain to think of unravelling any part of it. Weak and agitated, she now tottered to the steps of the temple, and there seating herself, with her forehead against the cold marble, seemed for some moments absorbed in the most anxious thought,—while silent and watchful I waited her decision, with a prophetic feeling, however, that my destiny would be henceforth linked with hers.

The inward struggle by which she was agitated, though violent, was not of long continuance. Starting suddenly from her seat, with a look of terror towards the Temple, as if the fear of immediate pursuit had alone decided her, she pointed eagerly towards the East, and exclaimed, "To the Nile, without delay!"—clasping her hands, when she had spoken, with the most suppliant fervour, as if to soften the abruptness of the mandate she had given, and appealing to me with a look that would have taught Stoics tenderness.

I lost no time in obeying the welcome command. While a thousand wild hopes and wishes crowded upon my fancy, at the prospect which a voyage, under such auspices, presented, I descended rapidly to the shore, and hailing one of the numerous boats that ply upon the Lake for hire, arranged speedily for a passage down the canal to the Nile. Having learned, too, from the boatmen, a more easy path up the rock, I hastened back to the Temple for my fair charge; and without a word, a look, that could alarm, even by its kindness, or disturb that innocent confidence which she now placed in me, led her down by the winding path to the boat.

Every thing looked smiling around us as we embarked. The morning was now in its first freshness, and the path of the breeze might be traced over the Lake, wakening up its waters from their sleep of the night. The gay, golden-winged birds that haunt these shores, were, in every direction, skimming along the Lake; while, with a graver consciousness of beauty, the swan and the pelican were seen dressing their white plumage in the mirror of its wave. To add to the animation of the scene, a sweet tinkling of musical instruments came, at intervals, on the breeze, from boats at a distance, employed thus early in pursuing the fish of these waters, that suffer themselves to be decoyed into the nets by music.

The vessel which I selected for our voyage was one of those small pleasure-boats or yachts,—so much in use among the luxurious navigators of the Nile,—in the centre of which rises a pavilion of cedar or cypress wood, gilded gorgeously, without, with religious emblems, and fitted up, within, for all the purposes of feasting and repose. To the door of this pa-

vilion I now led my companion, and, after a few words of kindness—tempered with as much respectful reserve as the deep tenderness which I felt would admit of—left her in solitude to court that restoring rest, which the agitation of her spirits but too much required.

For myself, though repose was hardly less necessary to me, the ferment in which my thoughts had been kept seemed to render it hopeless. Throwing myself upon the deck, under an awning which the sailors had raised for me, I continued, for some hours, in a sort of vague day-dream,—sometimes passing in review the scenes of that subterranean drama, and sometimes, with my eyes fixed in drowsy vacancy, receiving passively the impressions of the bright scenery through which we passed.

The banks of the canal were then luxuriantly wooded. Under the tufts of the light and towering palm were seen the orange and the citron, interlacing their boughs; while, here and there, huge tamarisks thickened the shade, and, at the very edge of the bank, the willow of Babylon stood bending its graceful branches into the water. Occasionally, out of the depth of these groves, there shone a small temple or pleasure-house;—while, now and then, an opening in their line of foliage allowed the eye to wander over extensive fields, all covered with beds of those pale, sweet roses, for which this district of Egypt is so celebrated.

The activity of the morning hour was visible every where. Flights of doves and lapwings were fluttering among the leaves, and the white heron, which had roosted all night in some date-tree, now stood sunning its wings upon the green bank, or floated, like living silver, over the flood. The flowers, too, both of land and water, looked freshly awakened;—and, most of all, the superb lotus, which had risen with the sun from the wave, and was now holding up her chalice for a full draught of his light.

Such were the scenes that now passed before my eyes, and mingled with the reveries that floated through my mind, as our boat, with its high, capacious sail, swept over the flood. Though the occurrences of the last few days appeared to me one series of wonders, yet by far the most miraculous wonder of all was, that she, whose first look had sent wild-fire into my heart,—whom I had thought of ever since with a restlessness of passion, that would have dared any thing on earth to obtain its object,—was now sleeping sacredly in that small pavilion, while guarding her, even from myself, I lay calmly at its threshold.

Meanwhile, the sun had reached his meridian. The busy hum of the morning had died gradually away, and all around was sleeping in the hot stillness of noon. The Nile-geese, folding her splendid wings, was lying motionless on the shadow of the acamores in the water. Even the nimble lizards upon the bank seemed to move more languidly, as the light fell upon their gold and azure hues. Overcome as I was with watching, and weary with thought, it was not long before I yielded to the becalming influence of the hour. Looking fixedly at the pavilion,—as if once more to assure my senses, that I was not already in a dream, but that the young Egyptian was really

there,—I felt my eyes close as I looked; and in a few minutes sunk into a profound sleep.

NOTES.

Page 316.—For the importance attached to dreams by the ancients, see *Jortin*, Remarks on Ecclesiastical History, vol. i. p. 90.

Page 316.—“*The Pillar of Pillars*”—more properly, perhaps, “*The column of the pillars.*” v. *Abdallatif*, Relation de l’Égypte, and the notes of *M. de Sacy*. The great portico round this column (formerly designated Pompey’s, but now known to have been erected in honour of Dioclesian) was still standing, *M. de Sacy* says, in the time of Saladin. v. *Lord Valentia’s Travels*.

Page 316.—Ammianus thus speaks of the state of Alexandria in his time, which was, I believe, as late as the end of the fourth century;—“*Ne nunc quidem in eadem urbe Doctrinae variae silent, non apud nos exaruit, Musica nec Harmonia conticuit.*” Lib. 22.

Page 317.—From the character of the features of the Sphinx, and a passage in Herodotus, describing the Egyptians as *μελαγχρόες και αυστηράς*, Volney, Bruce, and a few others, have concluded that the ancient inhabitants of Egypt were negroes. But this opinion is contradicted by a host of authorities. See *Cassini’s* notes upon *Brownie’s Travels*, for the result of Blumenbach’s dissection of a variety of mummies. Denon, speaking of the character of the heads represented in the ancient sculpture and painting of Egypt, says, “*Celle des femmes ressemble encore à la figure des jolies femmes d’aujourd’hui : de la rondeur, de la volupé, le nez petit, les yeux longs, peu ouverts,*” &c. &c. He could judge, too, he says, from the female mummies, “*que leurs cheveux étoient longs et lisses, que le caractère de tête de la plupart tenoit du beau style.*”—“*Je rapportai,*” he adds, “*une tête de vieille femme qui étoit aussi belle que celles de Michel Ange, et leur ressembloit beaucoup.*”

In a “*Description générale de Thèbes*” by *Messrs. Jollois et Desvilliers*, they say, “*Toutes les sculptures Égyptiennes, depuis les plus grands colosses de Thèbes jusqu’aux plus petites idoles ne rappelant en aucune manière les traits de la figure des nègres; outre que les têtes des momies des catacombes de Thèbes, présentent des profils droits.*” See also *M. Jomard’s* “*Description of Syene and the Catacombs.*” *Baron Larrey*, on the “*conformation physique*” of the Egyptians, &c.

De Pauw, the great depreciator of every thing Egyptian, has, on the authority of a passage in Ælian, presumed to affix to the countrywomen of Cleopatra the stigma of complete and unredeemed ugliness. The following line of Euripides, however, is an answer to such charges:—

Ναυαυ μὲν αἰδὲ καλλιστάρωνται ποτα.

In addition to the celebrated instances of Cleopatra, Rhodope, &c. we are told, on the authority of Manetho (as given by Zoega from Georgius Syncellus), of a beautiful queen of Memphis, Nitocris, of the sixth dynasty, who, in addition to other charms and perfections, was

(rather inconsistently with the negro hypothesis) *ἑταῖρα τῆς ἡρώς*.

See, for a tribute to the beauty of Egyptian women, Montesquieu’s Temple de Gnide.

Page 318.—“*Among beds of lotus flowers.*” v. *Strabo*.

Page 318.—“*Isle of the golden Venus.*”—“*On trouve une île appelée Venus-Dorée, ou le champ d’or, avant de remonter jusqu’à Memphis.*” *Voyages de Pythagore*.

Page 319.—For an account of the table of Emerald, v. *Lettres sur l’Origine des Dieux d’Égypte*. De Pauw supposes it to be a modern fiction of the Arabs. Many writers have fancied that the art of making gold was the great secret that lay hid under the forms of Egyptian theology. “*La science Hermétique,*” says the Benedictine, Pernetz, “*l’art sacerdotal étoit la source de toutes les richesses des Rois d’Égypte, et l’objet de ces mystères si cachés sous le voile du leur prétendu Religion.*” *Fables Égyptiennes*. The hieroglyphs, that formerly covered the pyramids, are supposed by some of these writers to relate to the same art. See *Matus liber, Rupelle*.

Page 319.—“*By reflecting the sun’s rays,*” says Clarke, speaking of the Pyramids, “*they appeared white as snow.*”

Page 319.—For Bubastis, the Diana of the Egyptians, v. *Jablonski*, lib. 3. c. 4.

Page 319.—“*The light coracle,*” &c.—v. *Amaillon*, “*Histoire de la Navigation et du Commerce des Égyptiens sous les Ptolémées.*” See also, for a description of the various kinds of boats used on the Nile, *Maillet*, tom. i. p. 98.

Page 320.—v. *Maurice*, Appendix to “*Ruins of Babylon.*” Another reason, he says, for their worship of the Ibis, “*founded on their love of geometry, was (according to Plutarch) that the space between its legs, when parted asunder, as it walks, together with its beak, forms a complete equilateral triangle.*” From the examination of the embalmed birds, found in the Catacombs of Saccara, there seems to be no doubt that the Ibis was the same kind of bird as that described by Bruce, under the Arabian name of Abou Hannes.

Page 320.—“*The sistrum,*” &c.—“*Isis est genius,*” says *Serrius*, “*Ægypti, qui per sistrum motum, quod gerit in dextra, Nili accessus recessusque significat.*”

Page 320.—“*The ivy encircled it,*” &c.—The ivy was consecrated to Osiris. v. *Diodor. Sic.* l. 10.

Page 320.—“*The small mirror.*”—“*Quelques unes,*” says *Dupuis*, describing the processions of Isis, “*portent des miroirs attachés à leurs épaules, afin de multiplier et de porter dans tous les sens les images de la Déesse.*” *Origine des Cultes*, tom. 8. p. 847. A mirror, it appears, was also one of the emblems in the mysteries of Bacchus.

Page 320.—“*There is, to the north of Memphis,*” &c.—“*Tout prouve que la territoire de Sakkarah étoit la Necropolis au sud de Memphis, et le faubourg oppose à celui-ci, où sont les pyramides de Gizeh, une autre Ville des*

Morts, qui terminoit Memphis au nord." *De-mon*.

There is nothing known with certainty as to the site of Memphis, but it will be perceived that the description of its position given by the Epicurean corresponds, in almost every particular, with that which M. Maillet (the French consul, for many years, at Cairo) has left us. It must be always borne in mind, too, that of the distances between the respective places here mentioned, we have no longer any accurate means of judging.

Page 321.—"Pyramid beyond pyramid."—"Multas olim pyramidas fuisse e ruinis arguitur." *Zoega*—*Vansleb*, who visited more than ten of the small pyramids, is of opinion that there must have originally been a hundred in this place.

See, for the lake to the northward of Memphis, *Shaw's Travels*, p. 302.

Page 321.—"The Theban beetle."—"On voit en Egypte, après la retraite du Nil et la fécondation des terres, le limon couvert d'une multitude de scarabées. Un pareil phénomène a dû sembler aux Egyptiens le plus propre à peindre une nouvelle existence." *M. Jomard*.

—Partly for the same reason, and partly for another, still more fanciful, the early Christians used to apply this emblem to Christ. "Bonus ille scarabeus meus," says St. Augustine "non est tantum de causâ quod unigenitus, quod ipsemet sui auctor mortalium speciem induerit, sed quod in hac nostrâ fœce scæe volutaverit et ex hac ipsa nasci voluerit."

Page 322.—"Enshrined within a case of crystal."—"Les Egyptiens ont fait aussi, pour conserver leurs morts, des caisses de verre." *De Pauw*.—He mentions, in another place, a sort of transparent substance, which the Ethiopians used for the same purpose, and which was frequently mistaken by the Greeks for glass.

Page 322.—"Among the emblems of death."—"Un prêtre, qui brise la tige d'une fleur, des oiseaux qui s'envolent sont les emblems de la mort et de l'âme qui se sépare du corps." *Dexon*.

Theseus employs the same image in the *Phædra*:—

Οὐκ ἔστιν ὅτι τὴν ἐν ἡμῶν ἀνθρώπων
Πύλον ἐν δόξῃ πικρὴν ὀφθαλμοῖς μὴ.

Page 322.—"The singular appearance of a Cross so frequently recurring among the hieroglyphics of Egypt, had excited the curiosity of the Christians at a very early period of ecclesiastical history; and as some of the Priests, who were acquainted with the meaning of the hieroglyphics, became converted to Christianity, the secret transpired. 'The converted heathens,' says *Socrates Scholasticus*, 'explained the symbol, and declared that it signified Life to Come.'" *Clarke*.

Lipsius, therefore, erroneously supposes the Cross to have been an emblem peculiar to the Christians. See, on this subject, *L'Histoire des Juifs*, liv. 9. c. 16.

It is singular enough that while the Cross was held sacred among the Egyptians, not only the custom of marking the forehead with the

sign of the Cross, but baptism and the consecration of the bread in the Eucharist were imitated in the mysterious ceremonies of Mithra. *Tertull. de Proscriptione Hereticorum*.

Zoega is of opinion that the Cross found (for the first time, it is said) on the destruction of the temple of Serapis, by the Christians, could have not been the cross ansata; as nothing is more common than this emblem on all the Egyptian monuments.

Page 322.—"Stood shadowless."—"It was an idea entertained among the ancients that the Pyramids were so constructed ("mechanical construction," says *Ammianus Marcellinus*) as never to cast any shadow.

Page 323.—"Rhodope."—From the story of Rhodope, *Zoega* thinks, "videntur Arabes ansam arripuisse ut in una ex pyramidibus, genii loco, habitare dicerent mulierem nudam insignis pulchritudinis que aspectu suo homines insanire faciat." *De Usu Obeliscorum*. See also *L'Egypte de Murtadi par Vattier*.

Page 323.—"The Gates of Oblivion."—"Apud Memphim anexas quasdam portas, que Lethes et Cocyt (hoc est oblivionis et lamentationis) appellerent aperiri, gravem asperumque edentes sonum." *Zoega*.

Page 323.—"A pile of lifeless bodies."—"See, for the custom of burying the dead upright ("post funis stantia busto corpora," as *Statius* describes it), *Dr. Clarke's* preface to the 2d section of his fifth volume. They used to insert precious stones in the place of the eyes. "Les yeux étoient formés d'émeraudes, de turquoises," &c.—*v. Masoudy*, quoted by *Quatremere*.

Page 324.—"It seemed as if every echo."—"See, for the echoes in the pyramids, *Plutarch*, de *Placitis Philosophis*.

Page 324.—"Pale phantom-like shapes."—"Ce moment heureux (de l'Autopsia) étoit préparé par des scènes effrayantes, par des alternatives, de crainte et de joie, de lumière et des ténèbres, par la lueur des éclairs, par le bruit terrible de la foudre, qu'on imitoit, et par des apparitions de spectres, des illusions magiques, qui frappoient les yeux et les oreilles tout ensemble." *Dupuis*.

Page 324.—"Serpents of fire."—"Ces considérations me portent à penser que, dans les mystères, ces phénomènes étoient beaucoup mieux exécutées et sans comparaison plus terribles à l'aide de quelque composition pyrique, qui est restée cachée, comme celle du feu Grégeois." *De Pauw*.

Page 325.—"The burning of the reed-beds of Ethiopia."—"Il n'y a point d'autre moyen que de porter le feu dans ces forêts de roseaux, qui répandent alors dans tout le pays une lumière aussi considérable que celle du jour même." *Maillet*, tom. I. p. 63.

Page 325.—"The sound of torrents."—"The Nile, *Pliny* tells us, was admitted into the Pyramid.

Page 325.—"I had almost given myself up."—"On exerçoit," says *Dupuis*, "les recipientes, pendant plusieurs jours, à traverser, à la nage, une grande étendue d'eau. On les y

jettoit et ce n'étoit que avec peine qu'ils s'en retiroient. On appliquoit le fer et le feu sur leurs membres. On les faisoit passer à travers les flammes."

The aspirants were often in considerable danger, and Pythagoras, we are told, nearly lost his life in the trials. v. *Recherches sur les Initiations*, par Robin.

Page 326.—For the two cups used in the mysteries, see *L'Histoire des Juifs*, liv. 9. c. 16.

Page 326.—"Osiris."—Osiris, under the name of Serapis, was supposed to rule over the subterranean world; and performed the office of Pluto, in the mythology of the Egyptians. "They believed," says Dr. Pritchard, "that Serapis presided over the region of departed souls, during the period of their absence, when languishing without bodies, and that the dead were deposited in his palace. *Analysis of the Egyptian Mythology*.

Page 326.—"To cool the lips of the dead."—"Frigidam illam aquam post mortem, tanquam Hebes poculum, expetitam." *Zoega*.—The Lethe of the Egyptians was called Ameles. See *Dupuis*, tom. 5. p. 651.

Page 327.—"A draught dicine."—*Diodor. Sicul.*

Page 327.—"Grasshopper, symbol of initiation."—*Hor. Apoll.*—The grasshopper was also consecrated to the sun as being musical.

Page 327.—"Isle of gardens."—The isle Antirrhodus near Alexandria. *Maillet*.

Page 327.—"Vineyard at Anthylla."—See *Athen. Deipnos*.

Page 327.—"We can see those stars."—"On voyoit en plein jour par ces ouvertures les étoiles, et même quelques planètes en leur plus grande latitude septentrionale; et les prêtres avoient bientôt profité de ce phénomène pour observer à diverses heures la passage des étoiles." *Séthos*.—*Strabo* mentions certain caves or pits, constructed for the purpose of astronomical observations, which lay in the Zoopolitan prefecture, beyond Heliopolis.

Page 328.—"A plantain."—This tree was dedicated to the Genii of the Shades, from its being an emblem of repose and cooling airs. "Cui imminet musse folium, quod ab Iside infera genitrix ei addictis manu geri solitum, unbram requiemque et auras frigidas subindigitare videtur." *Zoega*.

Page 329.—"He spoke of the pre-existence of the soul," &c.—For a full account of the doctrines which are here represented as having been taught to the initiated in the Egyptian mysteries, the reader may consult *Dupuis*, *Pritchard's Analysis of the Egyptian Mythology*, &c. &c. "L'on découvroit l'origine de l'ame, sa chute sur la terre, à travers les sphères et les éléments, et son retour au lieu de sa origine . . . c'étoit ici la partie la plus métaphysique, et que ne pourroit guère entendre le commun des Initiés, mais dont on lui donnoit le spectacle par des figures et des spectres allégoriques." *Dupuis*.

Page 329.—"Those fields of radiance."—See *Beausobre*, liv. 3. c. 4. for the "terre bienheureuse et lumineuse" which the Manicheans

supposed God to inhabit. Plato, too, speaks (in *Phaed.*) of a "pure land lying in the pure sky (*τὸν γὰρ καθάρην ἐν καθάρῳ κισσῶν οὐρανῷ*), the abode of divinity, of innocence, and of life."

Page 329.—"Tracing it from the first moment of earthward desire."—In the original construction of this work, there was an episode introduced here, (which I have since published in another form,) illustrating the doctrine of the fall of the soul by the Oriental fable of the Loves of the Angels.

Page 330.—"Restoring her lost wings."—*Damascius* in his *Life of Isidorus*, says, "Ex antiquissimis Philosophis Pythagoram et Platonem Isidorus ut Deos coluit, et eorum animas alatas esse dixit quas in locum supercelestem inque campum veritatis et pratum elevatas, divinis putavit ideis pasci." *Apud Phot. Bibliothec.*

Page 330.—"A pale, moonlike meteor."—*Apuleius*, in describing the miraculous appearances exhibited in the mysteries, says, "Nocte mediâ vidi solem candidum coruscantem lumine." *Metamorphos. lib. 11*.

Page 330.—"So entirely did the illusion of the scene," &c.—In tracing the early connection of spectacles with the ceremonies of religion, Voltaire says, "Il y a bien plus; les véritables grandes tragédies, les représentations imposantes et terribles, étoient les mystères sacrés, qu'on célébroit dans les plus vastes temples du monde, en présence des seuls Initiés; c'étoit là que les habits, les décorations, les machines étoient propres au sujet; et le sujet étoit la vie présente et la vie future." *Des divers changemens arrivés à l'art tragique*.

To these scenic representations in the Egyptian mysteries, there is evidently an allusion in the vision of Ezekiel, where the Spirit shows him the abominations which the Israelites learned in Egypt:—"Then said he unto me, 'Son of man, hast thou seen what the ancients of the house of Israel do in the dark, every man in the chambers of his imagery.'" Chap. 8.

Page 330.—"The seven tables of stone."—"Bernard, Comte de la Marche Trévise, instruit par la lecture des livres anciens, dit qu'Hermès trouva sept tables dans la vallée d'Hebron, sur lesquelles étoient gravés les principes des arts libéraux." *Fables Egyptiennes*. See *Jablonski de stelis Herm.*

Page 331.—"Beside the goat of Mendes."—For an account of the animal worship of the Egyptians, see *De Pauw*, tom. 2.

Page 331.—"The Isiac serpents."—"On augroit bien des serpens Isiaques, lorsqu'ils goudoient l'offrande et se traignoient lentement autour de l'autel." *De Pauw*.

Page 331.—"Hence the festivals and hymns," &c.—For an account of the various festivals at the different periods of the sun's progress, in the spring, and in the autumn, see *Dupuis* and *Pritchard*.

Page 331.—"The mysteries of the night."—v. *Athenag. Leg. pro. Christ.* p. 133.

Page 331.—"A peal like that of thunder."—See, for some curious remarks on the mode of

imitating thunder and lightning in the ancient mysteries, *De Pauca*, tom. 1. p. 323. The machine with which these effects were produced on the stage was called a cernuoscope.

Page 332.—“*Windings, capriciously intricate.*”—In addition to the accounts which the ancients have left us of the prodigious excavations in all parts of Egypt,—the fifteen hundred chambers under the Labyrinth—the subterranean stables of the Thebaid, containing a thousand horses—the crypts of Upper Egypt passing under the bed of the Nile, &c. &c.—the stories and traditions current among the Arabs still preserve the memory of those wonderful substructions. “Un Arabe,” says Paul Lucas, “qui étoit avec nous, m’assura qu’étant entré autrefois dans le Labyrinthe, il avoit marché dans les chambres souterraines jusqu’en un lieu où il y avoit une grande place environnée de plusieurs niches qui ressembloit à de petites boutiques, d’où l’on entroit dans d’autres allées et dans des chambres, sans pouvoir en trouver la fin.” In speaking, too, of the arcades along the Nile, near Cosseir, “Ils me dirent même que ces souterrains étoient si profondes qu’il y en avoient qui alloient à trois journées de là, et qu’ils conduisoient dans un pays où l’on voyoit de beaux jardins, qu’on y trouvoit de belles maisons,” &c. &c.

See also in *M. Quatremère’s Mémoires sur l’Egypte*, tom. 1. p. 142, an account of a subterranean reservoir, said to have been discovered at Kais, and of the expedition undertaken by a party of persons, in a long narrow boat, for the purpose of exploring it. “Leur voyage avoit été de six jours, dont les quatre premiers furent employés à pénétrer les bords; les deux autres à revenir au lieu d’où ils étoient partis: Pendant tout cet intervalle ils ne purent atteindre l’extrémité du bassin. L’émir Ala-eddin-Tamboga, gouverneur de Behnesa, écrivit ces détails au sultan, qui en fut extrêmement surpris.”

Page 333.—“*A small island in the centre of Lake Mæris.*”—The position here given to Lake Mæris, in making it the immediate boundary of the city of Memphis to the south, corresponds exactly with the site assigned to it by Maillet: “Memphis avoit encore à son midi un vaste réservoir, par où tout ce qui peut servir à la commodité et à l’agrément de la vie lui étoit voituré abondamment de toutes les parties de l’Egypte. Ce lac qui la terminoit de ce côté-là,” &c. &c. Tom. 2. p. 7.

Page 333.—“*Ruins rising blackly above the wave.*”—On voit sur la rive orientale des antiquités qui sont presque entièrement sous les eaux.” *Belzoni*.

Page 333.—“*Its thundering portals.*”—“*Quorundam autem domorum (in Labyrintho) talis est situs, ut adaperientibus foris tonitruum intus terribile existat.*” *Pliny*.

Page 333.—“*Leaves that serve as cups.*”—*Strabo*. According to the French translator of *Strabo*, it was the fruit of the *faba Egyptiaca*, not the leaf, that was used for this purpose. “*La κάλαμος*,” he says, “devoit s’entendre de la capsule ou fruit de cette plante, dont les Egyptiens se servoient comme d’un vase,

imaginant que l’eau du Nil y devenoit délicieuse.”

Page 334.—“*The fish of these waters,*” &c. —*Ælian*, lib. 6. 32.

Page 334.—“*Pleasure boats or yachts.*”—Called *Thalamages*, from the pavilion on the deck. v. *Strabo*.

Page 334.—“*Covered with beds of those pale, sweet roses.*”—As April is the season for gathering these roses (See *Malte-brun’s Economical Calendar*), the Epicurean could not, of course, mean to say that he saw them actually in flower.

Page 334.—“*The lizards upon the bank.*”—“L’or et l’azur brillent en bandes longitudinales sur leur corps entier, et leur queue est du plus beau bleu celeste.”—*Sonnini*.
(To be continued.)

From the New Monthly Magazine.

EDITH.

THE woods—oh! solemn are the mighty woods
Of the great western world, when day declines,
And louder sounds the roll of distant floods,
More deep the rustling of the ancient pines;
When dimness gathers on the stilly air,
And mystery seems o’er every leaf to brood,
Awful it is for human heart to bear
The gloom and burden of the solitude!

Yet, in that hour, mid those green wastes there sate

One young and fair, and oh! how desolate!
But undismay’d;—while sank the crimson light,
And the high cedars darken’d with the night.
Alone she sate;—though many lay around,
They, pale and silent on the dewy ground,
Were sever’d from her need and from her wo,
Far as death severs life. O’er that wild spot
Combat had raged, and brought the valiant low,
And left them, with the history of their lot,
Unto the forest oaks. A fearful scene
For her whose home of days had been
Midst the fair halls of England!—but the love
Which fill’d her soul was strong to cast out fear,

And by its might upborne all else above,
She shrank not—mark’d not that the dead were near.

Of him alone she thought, whose languid head
Faintly upon her wedded bosom fell,
Memory of aught but him on earth was fled,
While heavily she felt his life-blood well
Fast o’er her garments forth, and vainly bound
With her torn robe and hair the streaming wound,

Yet hoped, still hoped!—Oh! from such hope
How long

Affection wooes the whispers that deceive,
E’en when the pressure of dismay grows strong,
And we, that weep, watch, tremble,—ne’er believe

The blow indeed can fall!—So bow’d she there
Over the dying, while unconscious prayer
Fill’d all her soul. Now pour’d the moonlight down,

Veining the pine-stems through the foliage brown,

And fire-flies, kindling up the leafy place,
 Cast fitful radiance o'er the warrior's face,
 Whereby she caught its changes:—to her eye
 The eye that faded look'd through gathering
 haze,
 Whence love, o'ermastering mortal agony,
 Lifted a long, deep, melancholy gaze,
 When voice was not:—that fond sad meaning
 pass'd—
 She knew the fulness of her wo at last!
 One shriek the forests heard—there mute she
 lay,
 And cold, yet clasping still the precious clay
 To her scarce-heaving breast. O Love and
 Death!
 Ye have sad meetings on this changeable earth,
 Many and sad!—but airs of heavenly breath
 Shall melt the links which bind you, for your
 birth
 Is far apart!

Now light of richer hue
 Than the moon sheds, came flushing mist and
 dew;
 The pines grew red with morning; fresh winds
 play'd,
 Bright-colour'd birds with splendour cross'd
 the shade,
 Flitting on flower-like wings; glad murmurs
 broke
 From reed, and spray, and leaf, the living
 strings
 Of Earth's Æolian Lyre, whose music woke
 Into young life and joy all happy things.
 And she too woke from that long dreamless
 trance,
 The widow'd Edith;—fearfully her glance
 Fell, as in doubt, on faces dark and strange,
 And dusky forms:—a sudden sense of change
 Flash'd o'er her spirit, even ere memory swept
 The tide of anguish back with thoughts that
 slept;
 Yet half instinctively she rose, and spread
 Her arms, as missing somewhat lost or fled,
 Then faintly sank again.—The forest-bough
 With all its whispers waved not o'er her now;
 Where was she?—Midst the people of the wild,
 By the red Hunter's fire:—an aged Chief,
 Whose home look'd sad—for therein play'd no
 child—
 Had borne her, in the stillness of her grief,
 To that lone cabin of the woods, and there,
 Won by a form so desolately fair,
 Or touch'd with thoughts from some past sor-
 row sprung,
 O'er her low couch an Indian matron hung,
 While in grave silence, yet with earnest eye,
 The ancient Warrior of the Waste stood by,
 Bending in watchfulness his proud grey head,
 And leaning on his bow.—

And life return'd,
 Life, but with all its memories of the Dead,
 To Edith's heart; and well the sufferer learn'd
 Her task of meek endurance, well she wore
 The chasten'd grief that humbly can adore
 Midst blinding tears.—But unto that old pair,
 Ev'n as a breath of Spring's awakening air,
 Her presence was; or as a sweet wild tune,
 Bringing back tender thoughts, which all too
 soon
 Depart with childhood.—Sadly they had seen
 A daughter to the Land of Spirits go,

And ever from that time, her fading mien,
 And voice, like winds of summer, soft and low,
 Had haunted their dim years; but Edith's face
 Now look'd in holy sweetness from her place,
 And they again seem'd parents.—Oh! the joy,
 The rich, deep blessedness,—though Earth's
 alloy,
 Fear that still bodes, be there,—of pouring
 forth
 The heart's whole power of love, its wealth and
 worth
 Of strong affections, in one healthful flow
 On something all its own!—that kindly glow
 Which to shut inward is consuming pain,
 Gives the glad soul its flowering time again,
 When, like the sunshine, freed.—And gentle
 cares
 Th' adopted Edith meekly gave for theirs,
 Who lov'd her thus:—her spirit dwelt, the
 while,
 With the Departed, and her patient smile
 Spoke of farewells to earth; yet still she pray'd
 E'en o'er her soldier's lowly grave, for aid
 One purpose to fulfil, to leave one trace
 Brightly recording that her dwelling-place
 Had been among the wilds; for well she knew
 The secret whisper of her bosom true,
 Which warn'd her hence.

And now, by many a word
 Link'd unto moments when the heart was
 stirr'd;
 By the sweet mournfulness of many a hymn,
 Sung when the woods at eve grew hush'd and
 dim;
 By the persuasion of her fervent eye,
 All eloquent with child-like piety;
 By the still beauty of her life she strove
 To win for Heaven, and heaven-born truth, the
 love
 Pour'd out on her so freely. Nor in vain
 Was that soft breathing influence to enchain
 The soul in gentle bonds: by slow degrees
 Light follow'd on, as when a summer-breeze
 Parts the deep masses of the forest-shade,
 And lets the sunbeam through: her voice was
 made
 Ev'n such a breeze; and she, a lowly guide
 By faith and sorrow raised and purified,
 So to the Cross her Indian fosterers led,
 Until their prayers were one:—When morning
 spread
 O'er the blue lake, and when the sunset's glow
 Touch'd into golden bronze the cypress-bough,
 And when the quiet of the Sabbath-time
 Sank on her heart, though no melodious chime
 Waken'd the wilderness, their prayers were
 one:
 —Now might she pass in hope, her work was
 done.

And she was passing from the woods away;
 The broken flower of England might not stay
 Amidst those alien shades; her eye was bright
 Ev'n yet with something of a starry light,
 But her form wasted, and her fair young cheek
 Wore oft and patiently a fatal streak,
 A rose whose root was Death. The parting
 sigh
 Of Autumn through the forests had gone by,
 And the rich maple o'er her wanderings lone
 Its crimson leaves in many a shower had strown,
 Flushing the air; and Winter's blast had been

Amidst the pines; and now a softer green
Fringed their dark boughs, for Spring again
had come,

The sunny Spring!—but Edith to her home
Was journeying fast. Alas! we think it sad
To part with life, when all the earth looks glad
In her young lovely things, when voices break
Into sweet sounds, and leaves and blossoms
wake!

Is it not brighter then, in that far clime
Where graves are not, nor blights of change-
ful Time,

If *here* such glory dwell with passing blooms,
Such golden sunshine rest around the tombs?

So thought the dying one!—'twas early day,
And sounds and odours with the breezes' play,
Whispering of spring-time through the cabin-
door,

Unto her couch Life's farewell sweetness bore;
Calmly she smiled, and raising her faint head,
"My Father!" to the grey-hair'd chief she said,
"Know'st thou that I depart?"—"I know, I
know,"

He answered mournfully, "that thou must go
To thy beloved, my Daughter!"—"Sorrow not
For me, kind Mother!" with meek smiles once
more

She murmur'd, but with pain; "one happy lot
Awaits us, friends! upon the better shore,
For we have pray'd together in one trust,
And lifted our frail spirits from the dust,
To God, who gave them. Lay me by mine
own,

Under the cedar-shade: where he is gone,
Thither I go. There will my sisters be,
And the dead parents, lisping at whose knee
My childhood's prayer was learn'd; the Sa-
viour's prayer,

Which now ye know—and I shall meet you
there.

Father, and gentle Mother!—ye have bound
The bruised reed, and mercy shall be found
By mercy's children." From the matron's eye
Dropp'd tears, her sole and passionate reply;
But Edith felt them not; for now a sleep,
Solemnly beautiful—a stillness deep
Fell on her settled face. Then sad and slow,
And mantling up his stately head in wo,
"Thou'rt passing hence," he sang, that war-
rior old,
In sounds like those by plaintive waters roll'd:—

"Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side,
And the hunter's hearth away;
For the days of flowers, for the summer's pride,
Daughter! thou canst not stay.

"Thou'rt journeying to thy spirit's home,
Where the skies are ever clear;
The corn-month's golden hours will come,
But they shall not find thee here.

"And we shall miss thy voice, my bird!
Under our lonely pine;
Music shall midst the leaves be heard,
But not a song like thine!

"A breeze that roves o'er stream and hill,
Telling of winter gone,
Hath such sweet falls;—yet caught we still
A farewell in its tone.

"But thou, my bright one! thou shalt be
Where farewell sounds are o'er;

Thou, in the eyes thou lov'st, shalt see
No fear of parting more.

"The mossy grave thy tears have wet,
And the wind's wild moanings by,
Thou with thy kindred shalt forget,
Midst flowers—not such as die.

"The shadow from thy brow shall melt,
The sorrow from thy strain;
But where thine earthly smile hath dwelt,
Our hearts shall thirst in vain.

"Dim will our cabin be, and lone,
When thou, its light, art fled;
Yet hath thy step the pathway shown
Unto the happy dead.

"And we will follow thee, our guide!
And join that shining band;
Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side—
Go to the better land!"

—The song had ceased—the listeners caught
no breath—
That lovely sleep had melted into death."

F. H.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Article "Cotton Manufacture," in the Sup-
plement to the Encyclopædia Britannica.*

2. *A Compendious History of the Cotton Manu-
facture. By Richard Guest. 4to. pp. 70.
Manchester. 1823.*

3. *History, Gazetteer, Directory, &c. of Lan-
cashire. By Edward Baines. 2 vols. 8vo.
pp. 1401. Liverpool. 1825.*

THE rapid growth and prodigious magnitude
of the cotton manufacture of Great Britain,
are, beyond all question, the most extraordi-
nary phenomena in the history of industry.
Our command of the finest wool, and of inex-
haustible supplies of iron-ore and coal, natu-
rally attracted our attention to the woollen ma-
nufacture, and paved the way for that supe-
riority in it, to which we have long since at-
tained. But when we undertook the cotton
manufacture, we had comparatively few faci-
lities for its prosecution, and had to struggle
with the greatest difficulties. The raw mate-
rial was produced at an immense distance from
our shores; and in Hindostan and China, where
the manufacture had been carried on from the
remotest antiquity, the inhabitants had attained
to such perfection in the arts of spinning and
weaving, that the lightness and delicacy of
their finest cloths emulated the web of the
gossamer, and seemed to set competition at
defiance. Such, however, has been the ascen-
dancy we have derived from the stupendous
discoveries and inventions of Hargraves, Ark-
wright, Crompton, Cartwright, and others, that
we have overcome all these difficulties—that
neither the extreme cheapness of labour in
Hindostan, nor the perfection to which the
natives had previously attained, has enabled
them to withstand the competition of those
who buy their cotton, and who, after carrying

* This tale is founded on incidents related
in an American book, entitled "Sketches of
Connecticut."

it five thousand miles to be manufactured, carry back the goods to them. This is the greatest triumph of mechanical genius. And what, perhaps, is most extraordinary, our superiority is not the late result of a long series of successive discoveries and inventions. On the contrary, it has been accomplished in a very few years. Little more than half a century has elapsed since the British cotton manufacture was in its infancy: and it *now* forms the principal support and bulwark of the country, affording an advantageous field for the accumulation and employment of millions upon millions of capital, and of thousands upon thousands of workmen! The skill and genius by which these astonishing results have been achieved, have been one of the main sources of our power. They have contributed, in no common degree, to raise the British nation to the high and conspicuous place she now occupies. Nor is it too much to say that it was the wealth and energy derived from the cotton manufacture, that bore us triumphantly through the late dreadful contest; at the same time that it gives us strength to sustain burdens that would have crushed our fathers, and could not be supported by any other people.

Under these circumstances, it may justly excite our astonishment, that so few attempts have been made to trace the rise and progress of this great branch of industry—to mark the successive steps in its advancement, the solidity of the foundations on which it rests, and the influence which it has already had, and must continue to have, on the number and condition of the people. To enter fully into the discussion of these topics, would, we are aware, infinitely exceed the limits within which we must confine ourselves; but we hope to be excused for briefly touching on a few of those that seem most important.

The precise period when the cotton manufacture was introduced into England is not known; but it is most probable that it was some time in the early part of the 17th century. The first authentic mention is made of it by Lewis Roberts, in his "Treasure of Traffic," published in 1641, where it is stated, "The town of Manchester, in Lancashire, must be also herein remembered, and worthily for their encouragement commended, who buy the yarne of the Irish in great quantity, and weaving it, returne the same again into Ireland to sell: Neither doth their industry rest here, for they buy cotton wool in London, that comes first from Cyprus and Smyrna, and at home worke the same, and perfect it into fustians, vermilions, dimities, and other such stuffes, and then return it to London, where the same is vended and sold, and not seldom sent into forrain parts, who have means, at far easier termes, to provide themselves of the said first materials."—(Orig. Ed. p. 32.) It is true, indeed, that mention is frequently made by previous writers, and in acts of the legislature passed at a much earlier period,* of "Manchester cottons,"

"cotton velvets," "fustians," &c.; but it is certain that these articles were *wholly composed of wool*, and had most probably been denominated cottons, from their having been prepared in imitation of some of the cotton fabrics imported from India and Italy.

From the first introduction of the cotton manufacture into Great Britain, down to the comparatively late period of 1773, the warp, or transverse threads of the web, only were of cotton; the warp, or longitudinal threads, consisting wholly of linen yarn, principally imported from Germany and Ireland. In the first stage of the manufacture, the weavers, dispersed in cottages throughout the country, furnished themselves, as well as they could, with the warp and weft for their webs, and carried them to market when they were finished. But, about 1760, a new system was introduced. The Manchester merchants began about that time to send agents into the country, who employed weavers, whom they supplied with foreign or Irish linen yarn for warp, and with raw cotton, which was first to be carded and spun, by means of a common spindle or distaff, in the weaver's own family, and then used for weft. A system of domestic manufacture was thus established; the junior branches of the family being employed in the carding and spinning of the cotton, while its head was employed in weaving, or in converting the linen and cotton yarn into cloth. This system, by relieving the weaver from the necessity of providing himself with linen yarn for warp, and raw cotton for weft, and of seeking customers for his cloth when finished, and enabling him to prosecute his employment with greater regularity, was an obvious improvement on the system that had been previously followed. But it is at the same time clear, that the impossibility of making any considerable division among the different branches of a manufacture so conducted, or of prosecuting them on a large scale, added to the interruption given to the proper business of the weavers, by the necessity of attending to the cultivation of the patches of ground which they generally occupied, opposed invincible obstacles to its progress, so long as it was conducted in this mode.

During the earlier part of last century, the weavers of cotton, as well as those of wool, &c. were accustomed to throw the shuttle containing the weft from hand to hand, through the meshes of the web; and when the cloth exceeded three feet in width, two men were required for one loom—one to throw the shuttle from right to left, and the other from left to right. But in 1738, a person of the name of John Kay, a native of Bury, in Lancashire, invented a new method of casting the shuttle, by an extremely simple and effectual mechanical contrivance, technically denominated a *picking peg*. This contrivance enabled a weaver to perform, on an average, twice the quantity of work he had previously been accustomed to perform, even on the narrowest webs; at the same time that it enabled him to weave cloth of any width without any assistance.

length," &c. This proves incontestably, that what were then called cottons, were made wholly of wool.

* In an act of the 5th and 6th of Edward VI. (1552,) entitled, for the true making of WOOLEN cloth, it is ordered, "That all cottons called Manchester, Lancashire, and Cheshire cottons, full wrought for sale, shall be in

The picking peg was first introduced into the manufacture of woollens; and it was not till after a lapse of nearly twenty years that it was made use of in the cotton manufacture; the latter being, at the time when this admirable little instrument was invented, so limited in its extent as hardly to excite any attention. In 1760, Robert Kay, of Bury, a son of John's, invented the *drop-box*, a contrivance by means of which a weaver can at pleasure use any one of three shuttles; and can thereby produce a fabric of various colours almost with the same facility that he can weave a common calico.

Previously to the year 1760, the cotton stuffs manufactured in England had been used wholly for home consumption. But about that period, the Manchester merchants began to export them, in considerable quantities, to Germany and the West Indies. There were, however, very serious obstacles to the extension of the trade. It was easy to import whatever supplies of linen-yarn might be required for warp; but no additional supplies of cotton-yarn could be procured for well, except by the employment of an additional number of spinners at home. In consequence, the price of yarn rose with every extension of the manufacture; and this rise not only operated as a check to its farther increase, but tended to contract the limits to which it had already attained. Under such circumstances, it is next to certain, that, unless the processes of carding and spinning had been facilitated, the manufacture could never have made any considerable progress, but must have continued to languish in the state of insignificance in which it was at the period in question.

But, at this epoch, improvements began to be attempted in the process of carding. The first was made, as almost all the improvements in the cotton manufacture have been, by a person in humble life,—James Hargraves, a carpenter at Blackburn, in Lancashire. This illiterate, but most ingenious and inventive person, adapted the stock-cards used in the woollen manufacture to the carding of cotton, and greatly improved them. In consequence, a workman was enabled to execute about double the work, and with greater ease, than by means of hand cards—the only instrument previously in use. Hargraves' inventions were soon succeeded by the cylindrical cards, or carding engine. The inventor of this valuable machine is unknown, but it was first used by Mr. Peel, the grandfather of the late Secretary for the Home Department. Mr. Peel's carding engine was constructed, with the assistance of Hargraves, as early as 1762. Sir Richard Arkwright added, at a subsequent period, many improvements to the carding engine; and his apparatus for taking off the cotton from the cards, and giving continuity to the fleece, is the most perfect that can well be imagined.

But the tedious and expensive method of spinning by the hand, was the grand obstacle in the way of the extension and improvement of the manufacture. Insurmountable, however, as this obstacle must, at first sight, have appeared, it was completely overcome by the unparalleled ingenuity, talent, and perseverance of a few self-taught individuals. Hargraves, to whom we have already alluded,

seems to have led the way in this career of discovery. In 1767, he had constructed a machine called a *spinning-jenny*, which enabled a spinner to spin eight threads with the same facility that one had been previously spun; and the machine was subsequently brought to such perfection as to enable a little girl to work no fewer than from eighty to one hundred and twenty spindles!

With the exception of Sir Richard Arkwright, perhaps, there is no individual to whom the manufactures of this country are so largely indebted as Hargraves. Never was the maxim—*c'est le premier pas qui coûte*—more completely verified than on this occasion. It is true that his machine was of very inferior powers to those by which it was immediately followed. But it is not, perhaps, too much to say, that it was one great cause of their being introduced. No sooner had it been seen what a simple mechanical contrivance could effect, than the attention of the most ingenious individuals was immediately drawn to the subject; and the path was opened, by following which so many splendid inventions and discoveries have been made.

But however much Hargraves' inventions may have tended to enrich others, to himself they were productive only of bankruptcy and ruin. The moment the intelligence transpired that he had invented a machine by which the spinning of cotton was greatly facilitated, an ignorant and infuriated mob, composed chiefly of persons engaged in that employment, broke into his house, and destroyed his machine; and some time after, when experience had completely demonstrated the superiority of the jenny, the mob again resorted to violence, and not only broke into Hargrave's house, but into the houses of most of those who had adopted his machines, which were every where prescribed. In consequence of this persecution, Hargraves removed to Nottingham, where he took out a patent for his invention. But he was not, even there, allowed to continue in the peaceable enjoyment of his rights. His patent was invaded, and he found it necessary to apply to the courts for redress. A numerous association was in consequence formed to defeat his efforts; and being, owing to a want of success in an attempt to establish himself in business, unable to contend against the wealth and influence of the powerful combination arrayed against him, he was obliged to give up the unequal contest, and to submit to see himself robbed of the fruits of his ingenuity. He soon after fell into a state of extreme poverty; and, to the indelible disgrace of his age and country, was permitted to end his days, even after the merit of his invention had been universally acknowledged, in the workhouse at Nottingham!*

The invention of the spinning-jenny has been ascribed by Mr. Guest, in his very measure, prejudiced, and superficial work on the History of the Cotton Manufacture,† to a per-

* See the case of Richard Arkwright and Company, in 1762.

† Mr. Baines has taken almost all his statements with respect to the history of the cotton manufacture from Guest—a circumstance that

son of the name of Highs, or Hayes, a reed-maker in Bolton. But he has not produced a little of evidence to show that Hargraves knew any thing of Highs; and as he is admitted on all hands to have been the first who made the invention public, we do not see the shadow of a ground for attempting to deprive him of the honour of the discovery.

The jenny was applicable only to the spinning of cotton for weft, being unable to give to the yarn that degree of firmness and hardness which is required in the longitudinal threads or warp. But this deficiency was soon after supplied by the invention of the *spinning-frame*—that wonderful piece of machinery which spins a vast number of threads of any degree of fineness and hardness,—leaving to man merely to feed the machine with cotton, and to join the threads when they happen to break. It is not difficult to understand the principle on which this machine is constructed, and the mode of its operation. It consists of two pairs of rollers, turned by means of machinery. The lower roller of each pair is furrowed, or fluted longitudinally, and the upper one is covered with leather, to make them take a hold of the cotton. If there were only one pair of rollers, it is clear that a carding of cotton, passed between them, would be drawn forward by the revolution of the rollers, but it would merely undergo a certain degree of compression from their action. No sooner, however, has the carding or *roving*, as it is technically termed, begun to pass through the first pair of rollers, than it is received by the second pair, which are made to revolve with (as the case may be) three, four, or five times the velocity of the first pair. By this admirable contrivance, the roving is drawn out into a thread of the desired degree of tenuity—a twist being given to it by the adaptation of the spindle and fly of the common flax-wheel to the machinery.

Such is the principle on which Sir Richard Arkwright constructed his famous spinning-frame. It is obvious that it is radically and completely different from the previous methods of spinning either by the common hand-wheel or distaff, or by the jenny, which is only a modification of the common wheel. Spinning by rollers was an entirely original idea; and it is difficult which to admire most—the profound and fortunate sagacity which led to so great a discovery, or the consummate skill and address by which it was so speedily perfected and reduced to practice.

The extraordinary individual to whom we are indebted for this great and signal invention, was born at Preston, in Lancashire, in 1732.—He was the youngest of thirteen children, and was bred to the trade of a barber. But the *res angusta domi* could not repress the native vigour of his mind, or extinguish the desire he felt to emerge from his low situation. In the year 1760, he had established himself in Bolton-le-Moors, where he exchanged the trade of a barber for that of an itinerant hair-merchant; and having discovered a valuable chemical process for dyeing hair, he was in consequence enabled to amass a little property. It is unfor-

tunate that very little is known of the steps by which he was led to those inventions that raised him to affluence, and have immortalised his name. Residing in a district where a considerable manufacture of linen goods, and of linen and cotton mixed, was carried on, he had ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with the various processes that were then in use; and being endowed with a most original and inventive genius, and having sagacity to perceive what was likely to prove the most advantageous pursuit in which he could embark, his attention was naturally drawn to the improvement of the method of spinning practised in his neighbourhood. He stated that he accidentally derived the first hint of his great invention from seeing a red-hot iron bar elongated, by being made to pass between rollers;* and though there is no mechanical analogy between that operation and his process of spinning, it is not difficult to imagine, that by reflecting upon it, and placing the subject in different points of view, it might lead him to his invention. The precise era of the discovery is not known; but it is most probable, that the felicitous idea of spinning by rollers had occurred to his mind as early as the period when Hargraves was engaged in the invention of the jenny, or almost immediately after. Not being himself a practical mechanic, Arkwright employed a person of the name of John Kay, a watchmaker at Warrington, to whom we shall afterwards have to refer, to assist him in the preparation of the parts of his machine. Having made some progress towards the completion of his inventions, he applied, in 1767, to Mr. Atherton, of Liverpool, for pecuniary assistance, to enable him to carry them into effect; but this gentleman declined embarking his property in what appeared so hazardous a speculation, though he is said to have sent him some workmen to assist in the construction of his machine; the first model of which was set up in the parlour of the house belonging to the Free Grammar School at Preston.

His inventions being at length brought into a pretty advanced state, Arkwright, accompanied by Kay, and a Mr. Smalley, of Preston, removed to Nottingham, in 1768, in order to avoid the attacks of the same lawless rabble, that had driven Hargraves out of Lancashire. Here his operations were at first greatly fettered by a want of capital. But Mr. Strutt, of Derby, a gentleman of great mechanical skill, and largely engaged in the stocking manufacture,† having seen Arkwright's inventions, and

* See the account of the life of Sir Richard Arkwright, in the article Derbyshire, in the Beauties of England and Wales.—Vol. iii. p. 518. The statements in this account are of the highest authority, inasmuch as we have reason to believe it was furnished by Mr. Strutt, the son of Sir Richard Arkwright's first partner.

† This was the justly celebrated Mr. Jedediah Strutt. He was the son of a farmer, and was born in 1726. His father paid but little attention to his education; but, under every disadvantage, he acquired an extensive knowledge of science and literature. He was the first individual who succeeded in adapting the

deducts considerably from the value of his work.

satisfied himself of their extraordinary value, immediately entered, conjointly with his partner, Mr. Need, into partnership with him. The command of the necessary funds being thus obtained, Sir Richard Arkwright erected his first mill, which was driven by horses, at Nottingham, and took out a patent for spinning by rollers, in 1769. But as the mode of working the machinery by horse-power was found too expensive, Sir Richard built a second factory, on a much larger scale, at Cromford, in Derbyshire, in 1771; the machinery of which was turned by a water-wheel, after the manner of the famous silk mill erected by Sir Thomas Lombe. Having made several additional discoveries and improvements in the processes of carding, roving, and spinning, he took out a fresh patent for the whole in 1775;* and thus completed a series of machinery so various and complicated, yet so admirably combined, and well adapted to produce the intended effect, in its most perfect form, as to excite the astonishment and admiration of every one capable of appreciating the ingenuity displayed, and the difficulties overcome.

The vast importance of the discoveries, for which Sir Richard Arkwright had taken out patents, became very speedily known; and it is not surprising that every effort should have been made to have them set aside, and Sir Richard deprived of the profit and honour to be derived from them. But after a pretty attentive consideration of the various proceedings relative to this subject, we have no hesitation in saying, that we see no good grounds for crediting the statement made in the Court of King's Bench in 1785, and recently repeated by Mr. Guest in his work on the Cotton Manufacture, which ascribes the invention of spinning by rollers to Higgs or Hayes, from whom Arkwright is said to have learned it; and we shall now briefly state our reasons for holding this opinion.

Sir Richard Arkwright's first patent for spinning by rollers, which is by far the most important, or rather, indeed, the essential part of his inventions, was obtained, as we have previously stated, in 1769. The success which attended this method of spinning very soon excited the strongest desire, on the part of the Lancashire manufacturers, to participate in the advantages to be derived from so admirable an invention; and, in 1772, they entered into a combination, and raised an action to

have the patent set aside, on the ground that Sir Richard Arkwright was not the original inventor. But the evidence brought forward at the trial was quite insufficient to support this allegation. A verdict was accordingly given in Sir R. A.'s favour; and he retained, without farther opposition of any sort, the exclusive enjoyment of the patent, until the expiration of the fourteen years.

The second patent taken out by Sir Richard Arkwright, in 1775, for additional inventions in the carding and preparation of the cotton for spinning, was not attempted to be disturbed for about six years. In 1781, however, it was contested by a powerful combination, consisting chiefly of the same persons who had attacked his former patent, and a verdict was obtained against him, not on the ground of prior invention, but on the ground that he had not given a sufficiently distinct description of the machinery in the specification. Sir Richard admitted that he had purposely expressed himself with some obscurity, in the view of preventing foreigners from pirating his inventions. On any other principle, indeed, his conduct would be inexplicable; for, as his inventions were fully known to hundreds of workmen in his own employment, and as he had sold the privilege of using them to great numbers of individuals in different parts of the country, it is impossible to suppose that he could either have expected or intended to conceal his inventions after the expiration of his patent. In consequence of the result of this trial, Sir Richard Arkwright and his partners prepared a *Case*, setting forth the value of the inventions, and the circumstances which had led to the indistinctness complained of in the specification, which they at one time intended to lay before Parliament, as the foundation of an application for an act for their relief. But this intention was subsequently abandoned: and in a new trial, which took place in the Court of Common Pleas, on the 17th of February, 1785, Lord Loughborough, the presiding judge, having expressed himself favourably with respect to the sufficiency of the specification, a verdict was given for Sir Richard Arkwright.

In consequence of these conflicting verdicts, the whole matter was brought, by a writ of *scire facias*, before the Court of King's Bench, to have the validity of the patent finally settled. It is of importance to observe, that, on the two previous trials, no objection had been made to the patent on the ground of priority of invention, but solely on the ground of want of distinctness in the specification. But on this third trial, which took place before Mr. Justice Buller and a special jury, on the 25th of June, 1785, the patent was contested on both grounds — on that of prior invention, as well as on that of imperfect specification. In support of the former, Higgs or Hayes, the reed-maker at Bolton, was, for the first time, brought forward. He stated, that he had invented a machine for spinning by rollers, previously to 1768; that he had employed the watchmaker, Kay, to whom we have already referred, to make a model of that machine; and Kay was brought forward to prove that he had communicated that model to Sir Richard Arkwright; and that that was the real source of all his pro-

stocking-frame to the manufacture of ribbed stockings. The manufacture of these stockings, which he established at Derby, was conducted on a very large scale,—first by himself and his partner Mr. Need, and subsequently by his sons; until about 1805, when they withdrew from this branch of business.

* See the excellent article on the "Cotton Manufacture," in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, (Vol. III. p. 393.) written by Mr. Dugald Bannatyne, of Glasgow; the Case of Richard Arkwright and Company, in 1782; the account of Sir Richard Arkwright in Atkin's Biographical Dictionary; the History, Gazetteer, &c. of Lancashire, by Edward Baines, Vol. II. p. 434, &c.

tended inventions. Having no idea that any attempt was to be made to overturn the patent on this new ground, Sir Richard's counsel were not prepared with evidence to repel this statement; but it was stated by Mr. Sergeant Adair, on a motion for a new trial on the 10th of November of the same year, that he was furnished with affidavits contradicting, in the most pointed manner, the evidence that had been given by Kay and others, with respect to the originality of the invention. The Court, however, refused to grant a new trial, on the ground, that whatever might be the fact, as to the question of originality, the deficiency in the specification was enough to sustain the verdict.

But, independently altogether of the statements made on the motion for a new trial, the improbability of the story told by Higgs and Kay seems glaring and obvious. Higgs states in his evidence, that he had accused Arkwright of getting possession of his invention by means of Kay so early as 1769, or about that period. Where, then, it may be asked, was this Mr. Higgs in 1772, when the trial to set aside Sir Richard Arkwright's first patent took place? and where was he at the two trials in 1781, and in February, 1785? Living in Lancashire, associating with manufacturers, and in the habit, as he declares in his evidence, of making machines for them, he could not fail to be speedily informed with respect to the vast importance and value of the invention Sir Richard Arkwright had purloined from him. It is impossible but he must have been acquainted with the efforts that were making by the Lancashire manufacturers to set aside the patents: And is it to be supposed that if he had really been the inventor, he would have remained for sixteen years a passive spectator of what was going forward? that he would have allowed Sir Richard Arkwright to accumulate a princely fortune by means of his inventions, while he remained in a state of poverty? or that he would have withheld his evidence when the manufacturers attempted to wrest from Sir R. A. what he had so unjustly appropriated? A single hint from Higgs or Kay would, had their story been well founded, have sufficed to force Sir Richard Arkwright to give them a share of his profits, or would have furnished the manufacturers with the means they were so anxious to obtain, of procuring the immediate dissolution of the patents. But it has never been alleged that Sir Richard Arkwright took any sort of pains to conciliate these persons: on the contrary, he treated Higgs with the most perfect indifference; and not only dismissed Kay from his service, but even threatened to prosecute him on a charge of felony! And can any one imagine for a moment that persons with so many and such overpowering temptations to speak out, and with no inducement of any sort to be silent, should have gone about for more than twice the period of a Pythagorean novitiate, with so important a secret closely pent up in their bosoms? We confess that such a supposition seems to us altogether absurd and incredible; and we believe our readers will agree with us in thinking that it is infinitely more consistent with probability to suppose that the story of Higgs and Kay had been ma-

nufactured for the occasion, than that it was really true.

The improbability of the statements made on this subject, by Guest, in his History of the Cotton Manufacture, appears still more obvious, from what has been already remarked, of his attributing to Higgs the invention not only of the spinning frame, but also of the jenny, which had been universally ascribed to Hargraves. But no weight can be attached to such rash and ill-considered statements. It would be next to a miracle, had two methods of spinning, both very ingenious, but radically different in their first principles, been invented nearly at the same time by the same individual.

It appears from a communication from Mr. Charles Wyatt to his brother, in the Repertory of Arts for 1817, and which has been reprinted by Mr. Kennedy, in an interesting article on the Rise and Progress of the Cotton Trade in the Manchester Memoirs (2d Series, Vol. III. p. 135.) as well as from the distinct reference to them in the *Case* printed by Sir Richard Arkwright and Company in 1782, that attempts had been made in the early part of last century to spin cotton by means of machinery. But these attempts proved ruinous to the parties by whom they were made; and all knowledge of the machinery by which they attempted to effect their purpose, has been long since lost. Mr. Kennedy says he had seen a specimen of yarn spun about 1741, by the late Mr. Wyatt of Birmingham; but he expresses his opinion that no competent judge would say that it was spun by a similar machine to that of Sir Richard Arkwright. It was not indeed alleged at either of the trials that took place with respect to the validity of Sir Richard's patent, nor has it ever been alleged since, that he had borrowed any thing whatever from these remote attempts. If he was really indebted for any thing to them, it must have been merely for the knowledge of the fact that such attempts had been made; and this might have stimulated him to turn his attention to the subject.

We have access to know that none of Sir Richard Arkwright's most intimate friends, and who were best acquainted with his character, ever had the slightest doubt with respect to the originality of his invention. Some of them indeed could speak to the circumstances from their own personal knowledge, and their testimony was uniform and consistent. Such also seems to be the opinion now generally entertained among the principal manufacturers of Manchester. In proof of this, we may again refer to Mr. Kennedy's valuable paper in the Manchester Memoirs. Mr. K. is one of the most eminent and intelligent cotton manufacturers in the Empire; and it is of importance to remark, that although he was resident in Manchester in 1775, when the last trial for setting aside Sir Richard's patent took place, and must, therefore, have been well acquainted with all the circumstances connected with it, he does not insinuate the smallest doubt as to his being the real inventor of the spinning frame, nor even so much as once alludes to Higgs.

On their first introduction, Sir Richard Ark-
2 X

wright's machines were reckoned by the lower classes as even more adverse to their interests than those of Hargraves; and reiterated attacks were made on the factories built for them.* But how extraordinary soever it may appear, it was amongst the manufacturers that the greatest animosity existed against Sir Richard Arkwright; and it required all that prudence and sagacity for which he was so remarkable, to enable him to triumph over the powerful combination that was formed against him. After the Lancashire manufacturers had failed in their attempts to get his patent set aside in 1772, they unanimously refused to purchase his yarn; and when his partners, Messrs. Strutt and Need, had commenced a manufacture of calicoes, the manufacturers strenuously opposed a bill to exempt calicoes from a discriminating duty of 3d. a-yard laid on them, over and above the ordinary duty of 3d., by an old act of Parliament. Luckily, however, the manufacturers failed of their object; and in 1774, an act of Parliament was obtained (14 Geo. III. cap. 72.) for the encouragement of the cotton manufacture, in which fabrics made of cotton are declared to have been *lately* introduced, and are allowed to be used as "a lawful and laudable manufacture," the duty of 6d. the square yard on such cottons as are printed or stained being at the same time reduced to 3d. But this disgraceful spirit of animosity, which must, had it been successful, have proved as injurious to the interests of the manufacturers as to those of Sir Richard Arkwright, did not content itself with actions in the courts of law, or a factious opposition to useful measures in Parliament, but displayed itself in a still more striking and unjustifiable manner. For it is a fact, that a large factory, erected by Sir Richard Arkwright at Birkacre, near Chorley, in Lancashire, was destroyed by a mob, collected from the adjacent country, in the presence of a powerful body of police and military, without any one of the civil authorities requiring them to interfere to prevent so scandalous an outrage!

Fortunately, however, not for himself only, but for his country and the world, every corner of which has been benefited by his inventions, Sir Richard Arkwright triumphed over every opposition. The same ingenuity, skill, and good sense which had originally enabled him to invent his machine and get it introduced,

* Dornier Rasbotham, Esq., a magistrate near Bolton, printed some time about the period referred to, a sensible address to the weavers and spinners, in which he endeavoured to convince them that it was for their interest to encourage inventions for abridging labour. The result has shown the soundness of Mr. Rasbotham's opinion. It is doubtful whether 30,000 persons were employed in all the branches of the cotton manufacture in 1767; whereas, in consequence of those very inventions which the workmen endeavoured to destroy, there are now nearly 1,000,000 engaged in its different departments! There is, in fact, no idea so groundless and absurd, as that which supposes that an increased facility of production can under any circumstances be injurious to the labourers.

enabled him to overcome the various combinations and difficulties with which he had subsequently to contend.

Sir Richard Arkwright never enjoyed good health. During the whole of his splendid and ever memorable career of invention and discovery, he was labouring under a very severe asthmatic affection. A complication of disorders at length terminated his truly useful life, in 1792, at his works, at Cromford, in the sixtieth year of his age. He was high sheriff of Derbyshire in 1786; and having presented a congratulatory address to his Majesty on his escape from the attempt on his life, by Margaret Nicholson, received the honour of knighthood. No man ever better deserved his good fortune, or has a stronger claim on the respect and gratitude of posterity. His inventions have opened a new and boundless field of employment; and while they have conferred infinitely more real benefit on his native country than she could have derived from the absolute dominion of Mexico and Peru, they have been *universally* productive of wealth and enjoyments.

"The originality and comprehensiveness of Sir Richard Arkwright's mind," says Mr. Bannatyne, "was perhaps marked by nothing more strongly than the judgment with which, although new to business, he conducted the great concerns his discovery gave rise to, and the systematic order and arrangement which he introduced into every department of his extensive works. His plans of management, which must have been entirely his own, as no establishment of a similar nature then existed, were universally adopted by others; and after long experience, they have not yet, in any material point, been altered or improved."

The *mule jenny*, so called from its being a compound of the jenny and the spinning frame, was invented by Mr. Samuel Crompton, of Bolton-le-Moors, in 1775. It did not, however, come into general use until the dissolution of Sir Richard Arkwright's second patent, ten years afterwards. The yarn produced by the spinning-frame, though well fitted for warp, was of too firm and hard a texture to render it suitable for weft, which was in consequence generally spun upon Hargraves' jenny. But the introduction of the mule almost entirely superseded Hargraves' invention, and forms an important era in the history of the cotton manufacture. All sorts of wuffs, from the lowest to the highest numbers, are now spun by means of this machine; and as a specimen of the perfection to which spinning, by its means, was speedily carried, we may mention that Mr. John Pollard, of Manchester, spun in 1792, on the mule, no fewer than 278 hanks of yarn, forming a thread of 233,520 yards, or upwards of 132 miles in length, from a single pound of raw cotton!

Mr. Crompton did not take out any patent for his invention, which indeed he only perfected by slow degrees. In 1812, however, he was advised to apply to Parliament for a reward. His claim being entertained, a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed

* Supplement to *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. iii. p. 385.

ed to investigate the matter, before whom evidence was brought to prove that there were upwards of *four millions* of spindles employed on Mr. Crompton's principle; that two-thirds of the steam engines for spinning cotton turned mules; and that the value of the buildings, machinery, &c. employed on the same principle, amounted to from *three to four millions* sterling. In consequence of this report, the House of Commons, as a mark of the national gratitude to an individual whose inventions had so powerfully contributed to extend what had now become the principal manufacture of the country, voted Mr. Crompton a reward of —£5000! To make any lengthened commentary on such a proceeding would be superfluous. Had the House of Commons refused to recognise Mr. Crompton's claim for remuneration, they would, whatever might otherwise have been thought of the proceeding, have at least acted consistently. But to admit the principle of the claim, to enter upon an elaborate investigation with respect to the merit and extensive application of the invention, and then to vote so contemptible a pittance to the inventor, are proceedings which evince the most extraordinary inconsistency, as well as the most inconceivable niggardiness, on the part of those who have never been particularly celebrated for their parsimonious disposition, towards individuals whose genius and inventions have alone enabled Parliament to meet the immense expenses the country has had to sustain.

The mule was originally wrought by the hand; but in 1792 Mr. William Kelly, of Glasgow, discovered a mode of working it by machinery, for which he took out a patent. But this patent was almost immediately invaded; and, though the undisputed inventor of the machine, Mr. Kelly chose rather to submit to the invasion of his rights than to involve himself in the litigation that would have been necessary to secure them. Previously to Mr. Kelly's invention, the mule contained only 144 spindles, but, with the assistance of the mechanism now in use, one individual is enabled to work at the same moment two mules containing each from 300 to 400 spindles!

From the period when Sir Richard Arkwright's second patent was cancelled, the progress of the cotton manufacture has been rapid beyond all precedent. The improvements made on the steam-engine by the genius of Watt, relieved the spinners from the necessity under which they had, in the first instance, been placed, of building factories in inconvenient situations merely for the sake of a waterfall; and enabled them to raise them in the centre of an industrious population, where all the processes necessary in the manufacture might be brought together and carried on, as it were, almost in the same work-shop.

The *power-loom*, invented by the Rev. Mr. Cartwright, a clergyman of Kent, is one of the most ingenious, efficient, and we will add, supereminently useful machines that has ever been constructed. Mr. Cartwright states, in a very interesting letter addressed by him to Mr. Bannatyne, of Glasgow, that the idea of constructing a power-loom was excited in his mind by being in company with some Manchester gentlemen at Matlock, in 1774, who remarked

that so many cotton-mills would be erected, and so much yarn spun, that it would be impossible to procure hands to weave it. Mr. Cartwright replied that Mr. Arkwright must, in that case, set his wits to work to invent a weaving-mill. The Manchester gentlemen all declared that that was impracticable; but Mr. C. denied that there could be any greater difficulty in inventing a machine to weave cotton than to spin it; and meditating afterwards on the subject of this conversation, he succeeded in constructing a loom, all the movements of which were performed by means of machinery! Mr. C. took out a patent for his invention in 1787.

The progress of power-loom weaving was not at first so rapid as might have been expected. This arose partly from the imperfections that originally attached to the machine, but chiefly from the circumstance of its being necessary to dress the webs from time to time after they were put into the looms, which made it impossible for one person to do more than attend to one loom. But a beautiful machine, invented by Mr. Thomas Johnson of Bradbury, for warping and dressing the yarn used as warps, has completely obviated this difficulty; and, at this moment, a boy or girl, of from twelve to fourteen years of age, can with ease attend to two power-looms—and can, by their means, produce three times as much well-woven cloth, as could be produced by the best hand weaver! During the last ten years, the number of power-looms has increased with astonishing rapidity. According to Mr. Baines, there were, in 1818, in Manchester, Stockport, and the immediate vicinity, about 2000 power-looms; in 1821 they had increased to 5732; and in July 1825, in the parish of Manchester alone, they amounted to upwards of 20,000! There are now, probably, about 45,000 power-looms in Great Britain, employed in the weaving of cotton only, exclusive of those that are employed in the weaving of wool; and of these, there are supposed to be about 8000 in Scotland. We have not, indeed, the slightest doubt, that weaving by machinery is destined, and at no distant period, entirely to supersede weaving by the hand. There are no limits to the powers and resources of genius: the various processes carried on in the weaving mills will be constantly receiving new improvements; and the race of weavers—a race that has always been proverbial for poverty and want of forethought—will be changed to machine-makers, a business which requires a better education, and is, in many respects, better calculated to raise the character and improve the habits of those engaged in it.

It is justly observed by Mr. Bannatyne, that though it is, in most cases, possible to point out, with tolerable precision, the period when any considerable improvement was introduced into the spinning or weaving of cotton, it is not

* This machine is now known by the name of Ratcliffe's Dressing Machine, from the exertions made by Mr. Ratcliffe of Stockport to have it made effective—but Mr. R. has no claim to the invention.

† Baines's History, Gazetteer, &c. of Lancashire, vol. ii. p. 134.

possible to exhibit, in a similar manner, the constant progress that has been going on in the better construction of the different parts of the machinery, and in the skill and dexterity of the workmen. But the operation of this gradual progress is such that it has frequently been found, that the quantity of work performed by a machine that had been considered perfect, has, in a few years, been doubled or tripled. And, as the same causes continue to operate, it is reasonable to suppose that a succession of improvements will follow for an indefinite period.

The effect of the different improvements that have been made in the spinning of cotton has been so great, that yarn of No. 100, which sold in 1786, after Sir Richard Arkwright's second patent had been cancelled, and when its price had already been greatly reduced, at 28s., has since fallen so low as 3s. or 4s.^{1*} And these improvements in the process of spinning, combined with those that have been made in the processes of weaving, bleaching, &c. by proportionally lowering the price of cotton goods, and extending the demand for them, in a degree that could hardly have been conceived possible, have been the real and only cause of the astonishing increase of the manufacture. It appears from the custom-house returns, that

the total quantity of cotton-wool annually imported into Great Britain, on an average of the five years ending with 1765, amounted to only 1,170,881 lbs. The accounts of the imports of cotton from 1720 to 1770 have not been preserved; but until the last two or three years of that period the manufacture increased very slowly, and was of very trifling amount. Dr. Percival of Manchester, who had the best means of being accurately informed on such a subject, states, that the entire value of all the cotton goods manufactured in Great Britain, at the accession of his late majesty in 1760, was estimated to amount to only £200,000 a-year, and the number of persons employed was quite inconsiderable! but after the invention of the jenny and the spinning-frame, the quantity of cotton imported, the value of the goods manufactured, and the number of persons employed, increased in a geometrical proportion. The imports from 1771 to 1775 amounted, on an average, to 4,764,589 lbs.; and from that period to the dissolution of Sir Richard Arkwright's second patent in 1785, the annual average imports had increased to 7,470,845 lbs. The subjoined official account of the quantity of cotton wool imported and exported from 1781 to the present period, sets the progress of the manufacture in a very striking point of view:—

Cotton-wool Imported and Exported from 1781 to 1825.

Years.	Imported.	Exported.	Years.	Imported.	Exported.
	<i>lbs.</i>	<i>lbs.</i>		<i>lbs.</i>	<i>lbs.</i>
1781	5,198,778	96,788	1804	61,367,329	503,171
1782	11,828,039	421,229	1805	59,682,406	804,243
1783	9,735,663	177,626	1806	58,176,283	651,867
1784	11,482,083	201,845	1807	74,925,306	2,176,943
1785	18,400,384	407,496	1808	43,605,982	1,644,867
1786	19,475,020	323,153	1809	92,812,282	4,351,105
1787	23,250,268	1,073,381	1810	132,488,935	8,787,109
1788	20,467,436	853,146	1811	91,576,535	1,266,867
1789	32,576,023	297,837	1812	63,025,936	1,740,912
1790	31,447,605	844,154	1813	50,966,000	
1791	28,706,675	363,442	1814	60,060,239	6,282,437
1792	34,907,497	1,485,465	1815	99,306,343	6,780,392
1793	19,040,929	1,171,566	1816	93,920,055	7,105,034
1794	24,358,567	1,349,950	1817	124,912,968	8,155,442
1795	26,401,340	1,193,737	1818	177,282,158	15,159,453
1796	32,126,357	694,962	1819	149,739,820	16,622,960
1797	23,354,371	609,058	1820	144,818,100	7,410,602
1798	31,880,641	601,139	1821	123,977,400	16,305,892
1799	43,379,278	844,671	1822	135,420,100	20,220,064
1800	56,010,732	4,416,610	1823	191,402,503	9,310,403
1801	56,004,305	1,860,872	1824	149,380,122	13,229,505
1802	60,345,600	3,730,480	1825	228,005,291	18,004,953*
1803	53,812,284	1,561,053			

It would be very desirable to be able to form a tolerably accurate estimate of the present value of the cotton manufacture, and of the number of persons employed in its different departments; but the data on which such estimates are founded being necessarily very loose, it is impossible to arrive at any thing like preci-

sion. Perhaps, however, the following calculations are not very wide of the mark.

In 1817, Mr. Kennedy, in his paper, to which we have already referred, estimated the number of persons employed in the spinning of cotton in Great Britain, at 110,763; the aid they derived from steam-engines as equal to

duce as much yarn, in a given time, as 200 could have done fifty years ago!—*Manchester Memoirs*, Second Series, vol. iii. p. 132.

* The last three years include the imports into, and exports from, Ireland, which, however, are of comparatively trifling importance.

* Supplement to Encyclopædia Britannica, vol. iii. p. 338.

† "I may observe," says Mr. Kennedy, speaking of these improvements, "that their united effects amount to this,—that the labour of one person, aided by them, can now (1817) pro-

the power of 20,768 horses; and the number of spindles in motion at 6,645,833. Mr. Kennedy farther estimated the number of hanks of yarn annually produced at 3,987,500,000; and the quantity of coal consumed in their production at 500,479 tons. We subjoin Mr. Kennedy's Statement for the year 1817:—

Raw cotton converted into yarn in the United Kingdom,	110,000,000lbs.
Loss in spinning estimated at 1½oz. per lb.	10,312,500
Quantity of yarn produced, Number of hanks, taking the average at 40 per lb.	99,687,500lbs.
Number of spindles employed, each spindle being supposed to produce two hanks per day, at 300 working days in the year,	3,987,500,000
Number of persons employed in spinning, supposing each to produce 120 hanks per day,	6,645,833
Horse-power employed, equal in number to	110,763
Four ounces and a-half of coal estimated to produce one hank of No. 40; and 180lbs. of coal per day, equal to one horse power.	20,768

But the cotton manufacture has increased since 1817, as evinced by the increased importation of the raw material, in the proportion of from 20 to 25 per cent. Mr. Huskisson stated, in his place in the House of Commons, in March 1824, that he believed the total value of the cotton goods annually manufactured in Great Britain amounted to the prodigious sum of about *thirty-three and a-half millions*; and we shall certainly be within the mark if we estimate their present value at *thirty-six millions*!

The average annual quantity of cotton-wool imported, after deducting the exports, may be taken at about 140 millions of pounds weight. It is supposed, that of this quantity about ten millions of pounds are used in a raw or unmanufactured state, leaving a balance of 130 millions for the purposes of manufacturing, the cost of which may be taken, on an average, at 1s. 4½d. per lb. Deducting, therefore, from the total value of the manufactured goods, or 36 millions, the value of the raw material amounting to nine millions, there remains 27 millions; which, of course, forms the fund whence the wages of the persons employed in the various departments of the manufacture, the profits of the capitalists, the sums required to repair the wear and tear of buildings, machinery, &c., the expense of coals, &c. &c., must all be derived. If, then, we had any means of ascertaining how this fund is distributed, we should be able, by averaging wages and profits, to form a pretty accurate estimate of the number of labourers, and the quantity of capital employed. But here, unfortunately, we have only probabilities and analogies to guide us. It may, however, be confidently assumed, in the first place, that in consequence of the extensive employment of highly-valuable machinery in all the departments of the cotton manufacture, the proportion which the profits

of capital, and the sum to be set aside to replace its wear and tear, bears to the whole value of the manufacture, must be much larger than in any other department of industry. We have heard this proportion variously estimated, at from a fourth to a half of the total value of the manufactured goods, exclusive of the raw material; and as the weight of authority seems to be pretty much divided on the subject, we shall take an intermediate proportion. Assuming, therefore, that the profits of the capital employed in the cotton manufacture, the wages of superintendence, &c., the sum required to replace the wear and tear of machinery, buildings, &c., and to furnish coals, &c., amount together to *twelve twenty-sevenths* of the value of the manufactured goods, exclusive of the raw material, or to *twelve millions*; a sum of *fifteen millions* will remain as the wages of the spinners, weavers, bleachers, &c. &c., engaged in the manufacture; and taking, inasmuch as a large proportion of children under sixteen years of age are employed, the average rate of wages at only £20 a-year, we shall have (dividing 15 millions by 20) 750,000 as the total number of persons directly employed in the different departments of the manufacture.

We should mistake, however, if we supposed that this number, great as it certainly is, comprised the whole number of persons to whom the cotton manufacture furnishes subsistence, exclusive of the capitalists. Of the sum of twelve millions set apart as the profit of the capitalists, and the sum required to furnish coals, and to replace the wear and tear of machinery, &c., a large proportion must annually be laid out in paying the wages of engineers, machine-makers, iron-founders, smiths, joiners, masons, bricklayers, &c. It is not easy to say what this proportion may amount to; but taking it at a *third*, or four millions, and supposing the rate of wages of each individual to average £30 a-year, the total number employed in the various capacities alluded to will be (four millions divided by 30) 133,000; and a sum of *eight millions* sterling will remain to cover the profits of the capital employed in the various branches of the manufacture, the expense of purchasing materials to repair the different parts of the machinery and buildings as they wear out, coal, &c. The account will, therefore, stand as under:—

Total value of every description of cotton goods annually manufactured in Great Britain.	£36,000,000.
Raw material, 130,000,000lbs. at 1s. 4½d. per lb.	£9,000,000
Wages of 705,000 weavers, spinners, bleachers, &c. at £20 a-year each	15,000,000
Wages of 133,000 engineers, machine-makers, smiths, masons, joiners, &c. at £30 a-year each	4,000,000
Profits of the manufacturers, wages of superintendence, sums to purchase the materials of machinery, coals, &c.	8,000,000
	£36,000,000

The capital employed may be estimated as follows:—

Capital employed in the purchase of the raw material	£9,000,000
Capital employed in payment of wages	19,000,000
Capital invested in spinning-mills, power, and hand-loom, workshops, warehouses, &c.	37,000,000
	£65,000,000

Now this sum of 65 millions, supposing the interest of capital, inclusive of the wages of superintendence, &c. to amount to 10 per cent., will yield a sum of £6,500,000; which, being deducted from the eight millions of profits, &c. leaves £1,500,000 to purchase materials to repair the waste of capital, the coals necessary in the employment of the steam-engines, to effect insurances, &c.

If we are nearly right in these estimates, it will follow—allowance being made for old and infirm persons, children, &c. dependent on those who are actually employed in the various departments of the cotton manufacture, and in the construction, repairs, &c. of the machinery and buildings, required to carry it on—that it must furnish, on the most moderate computation, subsistence for from 1,000,000 to 1,100,000 persons! And for this new and most prolific source of wealth, we are indebted partly and principally, as we have already shown, to the extraordinary genius and talent of a few individuals; but, in a great degree, also, to that security of property and freedom of industry which give confidence and energy to all who embark in industrious undertakings, and to that universal diffusion of intelligence which enables those who carry on any work, to press every power of nature into their service, and to avail themselves of productive capacities, of which a less instructed people would be wholly ignorant.

The effect that the sudden opening of so vast and profitable a field for the employment of capital and labour, has had on the population of the different towns of Lancashire, and Lanarkshire, the districts where the cotton manufacture is principally carried on, has been most striking. In 1774, for example, the parish of Manchester is estimated to have contained 41,032 inhabitants—a number which was swelled in 1821 to 133,788, having more than tripled in the space of 47 years! The population of Preston, in 1780, is said not to have exceeded 6,000, but it is stated by Mr. Baines to have amounted to 30,000 in 1825. In like manner, the population of Blackburn has increased from 11,980 in 1801, to 21,940 in 1821; that of Bolton has increased in the same period, from 17,416, to 39,616; that of Wigan, from 10,989 to 17,716, &c. But the progress of Liverpool is the most extraordinary, and can be matched only by the progress of one or two cities in the United States. Liverpool is not properly one

of the seats of the cotton manufacture; but it is, notwithstanding, mainly indebted to it for the unparalleled rapidity of its growth. It is the grand emporium of the cotton district—the port where almost all the raw cotton, and the various foreign articles required for the employment and subsistence of the persons engaged in the manufacture, are imported, and from whence the finished goods are exported to other countries. It has, therefore, become a place of vast trade, and is now, in that respect, second only to London. In 1700, according to the best accounts that can be obtained, the population of Liverpool amounted to only 5,145; in 1750 it had increased to 18,450; in 1770 it amounted to 34,050. The cotton manufacture now began rapidly to extend, and, in consequence, the population of Liverpool had increased in 1801 to 77,653, and in 1821 it amounted to 118,972. The progress of population in Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire has been equally striking. In 1780, the city of Glasgow contained only 42,832 inhabitants; in 1801, that number had increased to 83,769; and, in 1821, it amounted to 147,043. The growth of Paisley is similar. In 1782, it contained, inclusive of the Abbey Parish, only 17,700 inhabitants; in 1801 it contained 31,179; and in 1821 it contained about 46,000.

Since the repeal of the absurd system of Irish protecting duties in 1823, the cotton manufacture has begun to make a very considerable progress in Ireland. This is proved by a statement laid before the House of Commons, which shows that the number of yards of cotton goods, manufactured chiefly from yarn sent from England, exported from Ireland to Great Britain, in 1822, amounted to 4,6687; in 1823, to 556,646; in 1824, to 3,840,699; and in 1825, it amounted to no less than 6,418,645;—having increased in a nearly *twelvefold* proportion in two years, by the abolition of duties that were intended to protect the industry of Ireland!

For a very long period the woollen manufacture was the great staple of the country. But the progress of improvement in the spinning and manufacturing of cotton since 1770, being so much more rapid than any that has taken place in the woollen manufacture, the value of the former is now vastly greater than that of the latter. It appears, from the accounts of the declared or real values of the different sorts of exported commodities obtained by the Custom-house, that the exports of cotton goods, including yarn, amount, on an average, to about seventeen millions sterling, or to nearly half the value of the whole manufacture; and form of themselves about *two-thirds* of the total value of all the wove fabrics exported from the empire. We subjoin a statement, compiled from papers printed by order of the House of Commons:—

Statement of the Official, and the Declared or Real, Values of the Cotton Manufactured Goods, Cotton Yarn, Woollen, and Silk Manufactures, and the Totals of all other articles of British Produce and Manufactures, Exported from Great Britain to all parts of the World (except Ireland) in each of the Thirteen Years, 1814—1826:—

Years.	Cotton Manufacture	Cotton Yarn.	MANUFACTURES.			Total of Wove Fabrics	Total of all Other Articles.
			Woollen.	Linen.	Silk.		
	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.
Official Values.							
1814	16,630,365	1,119,850	4,931,670	1,524,457	173,348	24,439,684	8,760,896
15	21,699,505	808,853	7,122,570	1,590,074	224,873	31,445,876	10,266,126
16	16,355,124	1,380,846	5,586,364	1,553,367	161,874	25,023,215	9,751,305
17	20,357,147	1,125,257	5,676,920	1,943,194	152,374	29,255,253	9,980,144
18	21,627,936	1,296,776	6,344,100	2,153,309	167,559	31,589,683	10,373,844
19	16,876,206	1,585,753	4,602,270	1,547,352	126,809	24,738,390	8,185,185
20	20,704,600	2,222,153	4,363,973	1,935,186	118,370	29,144,283	8,673,753
1	21,630,493	1,898,695	5,500,922	2,303,443	136,402	31,478,955	8,715,938
2	24,566,920	2,353,217	5,943,612	2,594,783	141,007	35,599,539	7,958,950
3	24,117,549	2,425,419	5,539,789	2,654,098	141,320	34,878,175	8,266,291
4	27,170,107	2,984,329	6,136,092	3,283,403	159,648	39,733,579	8,296,457
5	26,597,574	2,897,706	5,929,342	2,709,772	150,815	38,285,209	8,167,812
6	21,445,565	3,748,526	5,041,585	2,056,760	106,738	32,399,174	7,932,830
Declared Values.							
1814	17,393,796	2,791,249	6,372,494	1,701,384	530,020	28,788,940	14,658,432
15	19,124,062	1,674,022	9,338,142	1,777,563	622,120	32,535,905	17,117,340
16	13,072,757	2,628,448	7,844,855	1,452,667	480,522	25,479,252	14,849,630
17	14,178,922	2,014,182	7,163,472	1,703,632	408,523	25,467,827	14,869,292
18	16,643,579	2,385,305	8,143,193	1,949,815	491,175	29,621,067	15,567,182
19	12,388,833	2,516,783	5,986,807	1,391,245	376,798	22,660,467	11,588,029
20	13,843,569	2,826,643	5,583,430	1,653,804	374,114	24,273,570	11,290,109
1	13,786,957	2,307,830	6,461,567	1,981,465	373,938	24,911,759	10,914,223
2	14,534,253	2,700,437	6,488,523	2,192,772	381,455	26,297,429	9,579,468
3	13,751,415	2,625,947	5,634,137	2,005,574	350,880	24,457,952	10,233,172
4	15,240,006	3,135,496	6,011,534	2,442,440	442,582	27,272,059	10,301,350
5	15,034,138	3,206,729	6,193,775	2,130,705	266,677	26,862,024	11,221,749
6	10,522,357	3,491,268	4,982,898	1,489,647	168,453	20,652,623	10,195,015

Previously to 1790, the supply of raw cotton for the British manufacture was principally derived from the West Indies and the Levant.—But, after the termination of the American war, cotton began to be cultivated in Carolina and Georgia, and has succeeded so well that it now forms one of the most valuable productions of the United States. American cotton is generally known by the names of *Sea Island* and *Upland*. The former is the finest cotton imported into Britain. It grows on small sandy islands contiguous to the shore, and on the low grounds bordering on the sea. The *Upland* grows at a distance from the coast, and is so very difficult to separate from the seed, that it was for a considerable period not worth cultivating. But the genius of a Mr. Whitney, who invented a machine which separates the wool from the seed with the utmost facility, has done for the planters of Carolina and Georgia what the genius of Arkwright did for the manufacturers of Lancashire. Before Mr. Whitney's invention, in 1793, very little upland cotton was cultivated, and not a single pound was exported from the United States.—No sooner, however, had Mr. Whitney's machine been constructed, than the cultivation of this species of cotton became the principal object of the agriculturists of Carolina and Georgia; and the quantity exported has increased to upwards of 100 millions of pounds weight! Mr. Whitney took out a patent for his inven-

tion, and sold the right to use it to the state of South Carolina for 50,000 dollars. In Georgia, and some of the other states, he had to struggle with a powerful combination, who endeavoured to deprive him of the profits to be derived from his invention; and a considerable period elapsed before he succeeded in making his patent effectual.

Having finished this brief, and necessarily very imperfect sketch of the rise, progress, and present magnitude of the cotton manufacture, we shall now take leave to submit a few observations with respect to the probability of our preserving our ascendancy in it, and its influence on the condition and morals of the people.

It is obvious, that a great deal of conjecture must always insinuate itself into our reasonings with respect to the future state of any branch of manufacturing industry. They are all liable to be affected by so many contingent and unforeseen circumstances, that it is impossible to predicate, with any thing like certainty, what may be their condition a few years hence. But abstracting from the effect of national struggles and commotions, which can neither be foreseen nor calculated, we do not think that there is any thing in our state, or in that of the different commercial and manufacturing countries of the world, that should lead us to anticipate that the gloomy forebodings of those who contend that the cotton manufacture

of England has reached its zenith, and that it must now begin to decline, will be realized.—The natural capabilities we possess for carrying on the business of manufacturing, are, all things considered, decidedly superior to those of any other people. But the superiority to which we have already arrived is perhaps the greatest advantage in our favour. Our master manufacturers, engineers, and artisans, are more intelligent, skilful, and enterprising, than those of any other country; and the extraordinary inventions they have already made, and their familiarity with all the principles and details of the business, will not only enable them to perfect the processes already in use, but can hardly fail to lead to the discovery of others.—Our establishments for spinning, weaving, printing, bleaching, &c. are infinitely more complete and perfect than any that exist elsewhere; the division of labour in them is carried to an incomparably greater extent; the workmen are trained from infancy to industrious habits, and have attained that peculiar dexterity and sleight of hand in the performance of their separate tasks, that can only be acquired by long and unremitting application to the same employment. Why, then, having all these advantages on our side, should we not keep the start we have already gained? Every other people that attempts to set up manufactures, must obviously labour under the greatest difficulties as compared with us.—Their establishments cannot, at first, be sufficiently large to enable the division of employments to be carried to any considerable extent, at the same time that expertness in manipulation and in the details of the various processes, can only be attained by slow degrees. It appears, therefore, reasonable to conclude, that such new beginners having to stand the competition of those who have already arrived at a very high degree of perfection in the art, must be immediately driven out of every market equally accessible to both parties; and that nothing but the aid derived from restrictive regulations and prohibitions will be effectual to prevent the total destruction of their establishments in the countries where they are set up.

But it is said, that great as these advantages certainly are, they are counterbalanced by still greater drawbacks; that the advantage of obtaining the raw material of the manufacture from their own citizens, and without having to pay the expense of conveying it to a distant country, will, in the end, enable the nascent manufactures of America to obtain an ascendancy over ours; and that the high price of provisions in this country, and our high taxes, by raising the wages we pay to our workmen considerably above the level of those of the Continental states, lay us under a disadvantage with which neither our great capital, nor the superior skill and intelligence of our artisans, can enable us permanently to contend.

In so far, however, as respects America, we do not think that there is the smallest probability of her ever becoming a dangerous rival of ours in manufacturing industry, or that the fact of her being possessed of the raw material, is a circumstance of any importance. The Americans are possessed of such vast tracts of fertile, and hitherto unoccupied land, that agri-

cultural employments must continue, for a very long period, to form decidedly the most beneficial mode in which they can employ their capital and industry: and it may be supposed, that, according as a knowledge of the sound principles of public economy is more generally diffused, the people and their rulers will see the folly of attempting to force the premature establishment of manufactures; and will become more and more disposed to follow the just and liberal policy of allowing every individual to prosecute his own interest in his own way. But, assuming that the Americans should persevere in the erroneous policy, on which they have lately been acting, of forcing the establishment of manufactures, what is the amount of the advantage they will gain from the possession of the raw material? It is clear, that if manufactures are ever to be successfully carried on in America, it can only be in the Northern States; for no one can imagine that manufactured goods produced by slave labour will ever be able to come successfully into competition with similar goods produced by free labour: And if cotton has to be exported from Georgia and Carolina to a distant part of the Union, the difference between the cost of its conveyance to Massachusetts, or Connecticut, and Great Britain, must be altogether inappreciable, as compared with the ultimate cost of the manufactured goods. We, therefore, entertain no fears whatever of the competition of America. There are insuperable obstacles to her becoming a manufacturing nation for a very long series of years; and when she does become one, the advantage she will derive from possessing the raw material, will be hardly worth mentioning, and will go but a very short way indeed, to balance the peculiar sources of our superiority.

But it is on the competition of our Continental neighbours, assisted by our high wages and taxes, that those who anticipate the decline of our manufacturing and commercial prosperity, lay the greatest stress. It is idle, it is said, for us to deceive ourselves, by trusting to the superior magnitude of our capital, and the greater proficiency to which we have already attained in the manufacture. These advantages, it is admitted, may insure our ascendancy for a while; but it is affirmed that they are not of a description that can be monopolized; that the French, and other Continental nations, have already made, and are continuing to make, considerable progress in the manufacture; and that our comparatively high wages and taxes must ultimately give them a superiority over us. As these statements have been repeatedly advanced, and have made a considerable impression, we shall examine them a little minutely.

In the first place, then, we have to observe, that we very much doubt whether wages are really higher in England than in France. That wages, estimated by the day, are higher in the former, is, we believe, true; but the question really at issue, is not, whether the wages paid to workmen employed for a given period are higher in France than in England, but,—whether the wages or sums paid for executing a particular piece of work are higher? Now, this is obviously a radically different question

from the former. A very competent judge of such matters, the late Arthur Young, gave it as his opinion, that an Essex labourer, at 2s. 6d. a day, was decidedly cheaper than a Tipperary labourer at 5d. And, upon the same principle, though a French manufacturer were able to hire his workmen, by the day or the week, for some 20 or 30 per cent. less than an English manufacturer pays to his, yet, as the British labourers, from their better training, the greater subdivision of employments among them, and their industrious habits, are able to execute a decidedly greater quantity of work in a given space of time than the French labourers, the wages or price of labour may really be lower in this country than in France. We do not, however, pretend to form an accurate estimate of the comparative price of labour in the two countries; but we have been assured, by gentlemen of great experience, and intimately acquainted with the state of industry in both countries, that although the French workmen may equal, or even surpass the English in jewellery, and in the manufacture of fancy articles and trinkets, and, generally, in all those departments in which labour is light, and into which machinery has not been largely introduced, they are very inferior to them in others; and that the English cotton, woollen, and hardware manufacturers, and machine makers, got any quantity of work cheaper, and at the same time incomparably better executed than it could be done in France.

It is not, therefore, from loose and ill-digested statements about the low rate of wages in France, as compared with their rate in England, that any accurate estimate can be formed of the real price of labour in the two countries. But admitting, for the sake of illustration, for we believe the fact to be otherwise, that labour is really cheaper in France than in England, it will not require any very elaborate argument to show that this circumstance cannot, of itself, lay our cotton manufacturers under any disadvantage as compared with those of France or any other country.

We admit that it seems at first sight sufficiently paradoxical to affirm, that an increase of wages has a tendency to reduce the price of all that class of commodities, which, like cottons, and many other species of manufactured goods, are produced chiefly by the aid of machinery. But the paradox is only in appearance; and a very small degree of attention will serve to convince any one at all familiar with such investigations, that the proposition is as undeniable as it is important.

Some commodities are almost entirely the produce of manual labour, while others, as cotton twist, for example, are almost entirely the produce of the labour of fixed capital, or machinery; and it is, therefore, plain, that nearly the whole of the first class, or their value, must go to the labourer as his wages, and that of the second to the manufacturer, as his profits. Suppose, to illustrate what has now been stated, that a manufacturer has a machine worth £10,000, calculated to last for a considerable number of years, and which can manufacture goods with the assistance of but little manual labour. In this case, it is quite

clear that the goods produced by the machine really form the profit of the capital expended in its construction; and their value, or price rated in money, must, therefore, vary with every variation in the rate of profit. If profits are 10 per cent. then the goods annually produced by the machine must, supposing the value of money not to alter, sell for £1,000, exclusive of a small additional sum to replace the wear and tear of the engine. Should profits rise to 15 per cent. the price of the goods produced by the machine must rise to £1,500, for otherwise the manufacturer would not obtain the common and average rate of profit.—And if, on the other hand, profits should fall to 5 per cent. the price of the goods must, for the same reason, fall to £500. If, therefore, it can be shown that a rise of wages reduces the rate of profits, it necessarily follows that it must also reduce the value and price of all such commodities as are chiefly produced by the aid of fixed capital or machinery.

But it is clear that every rise of wages, which is not accompanied by an increased productiveness of industry, must proportionally lower the rate of profit. Profits and wages, though most commonly paid, or estimated in money, are parts of, and really make up between them, all that portion of the produce of industry that remains after rent is deducted or set aside;—and it is as clear as the sun at noon-day, that when the portion of the produce of industry, or its value, going to the labourer is increased, the portion remaining to the capitalist, or its value, must be diminished. The introduction of money obscures, but it does not in the slightest degree affect, the relation of profits and wages. So long as the productiveness of industry remains the same, the one must always vary inversely as the other,—that is, profits must fall when wages rise, and rise when wages fall.

This principle shows conclusively, that, instead of our high wages laying our cotton manufacturers under any disadvantage as compared with foreigners, their effect must be distinctly and completely the reverse. High wages cause low profits; and as the principal part of the value of cottons and other commodities chiefly produced by the agency of machinery, consists of profits, it must be comparatively low when wages are high. Suppose, for example, that two pretty durable machines, of equal power and goodness, and which can perform their work with but little manual labour, are erected, the one in France, and the other in England; and suppose, farther, that the machines cost £20,000 each, and that the common and average rate of net profit in France is six, and in England only five per cent.: it is plain that the goods produced, or the work performed by the French machine will have to sell for, or be worth, £1,200, whereas the goods produced, or the work performed by the English machine, will only sell for, or be worth, £1,000; for such are the sums which will yield the proprietors of these machines the customary rate of profit accruing to those who carry on industrious undertakings in the countries to which they respectively belong,—a regard to their own interest not allowing them to take less than this rate; and

the competition of their neighbours not allowing them to obtain more.

Nor is this the only advantage, in point of cheapness, that would be enjoyed by the English manufacturers. For, inasmuch as one description of machinery is, for the most part, largely employed in the production of another, it is most probable that, in the event of one of the machines being made in England and the other in France, the English one would not cost so much as £20,000, and that its produce might, on that account, be sold for even less than £1,000.

The effect of a rise of wages on the price of those commodities that are chiefly produced by means of manual labour, is different. It raises their value, or price, proportionally to the extent to which the rise of wages exceeds the fall of profit on the capital employed in their production. And hence it follows, that a country where wages are high and profits low, has a decided advantage over a country where wages are low and profits high, in the cheaper rate at which she can afford to sell all those articles that are chiefly produced by means of machinery; while the latter has an equal advantage over the former, in the cheaper rate at which she can afford to sell the articles chiefly produced by the immediate labour of the hand. And such, in point of fact, is the exact relative condition of Great Britain and the Continental States. The bulk of our exports consists of cotton and woollen stuffs and yarn, hardware, and other articles, in the production of which machinery is very largely employed: whereas the bulk of the exports of France, Germany, &c. consists of the products of their soil, jewellery, fancy articles, and coarse manufactured goods, principally the product of manual labour. The idea that high wages can ever be injurious to the commerce of a country, is, therefore, quite imaginary.—They tend, indeed, to give its industry a peculiar bias and direction, but that is all. If, on the one hand, they raise the value of certain descriptions of commodities, and check their exportation, on the other hand they proportionally lower the value of other descriptions, and fit them the better for the foreign market.

Our manufacturers may, therefore, be of good cheer. The advantages they enjoy over the manufacturers of the Continent, in the possession of the various natural and acquired facilities for conducting the business of manufacturing already enumerated, would, supposing other things to be equal, give them a decided superiority in all equally accessible markets: and if it be really true that the price of labour in Great Britain is higher than on the Continent, that circumstance must, by lowering the rate of profit, lower the price, and consequently increase the demand for cotton and other articles principally produced by the agency of machinery.*

The taxes imposed on manufactured goods

* See, for a farther illustration of this principle, Mr. Ricardo's *Principles of Political Economy and Taxation*, p. 34, 1st edit. and Mr. McCulloch's *Principles of Political Economy*, p. 320.

being commonly drawn back on exportation, have no direct influence on the price of such of them as are destined for a foreign market: And, except in so far as taxes may affect the rate of wages, their indirect operation on manufacturing industry is unimportant.

There is one way, indeed, in which it is but too probable that high taxes, and high wages caused by them, will be deeply injurious,—that is, by reducing the rate of profit, and tempting capitalists to transfer their stocks to other countries. This, however, cannot under any circumstances, affect the cotton manufacturers more than it must affect the agriculturists, and all who are engaged in industrious undertakings; while from the superior facilities which we enjoy for the prosecution of the cotton manufacture, it is probable that it will be less affected by an efflux of capital, should it ever take place to an injurious extent, than most other businesses.

Although, therefore, we do not pretend to cast the horoscope of the cotton manufacture, we are happy to say that we see no good grounds for supposing that it is built on an insecure foundation, or that it is destined progressively to languish and decline. At the same time, however, it is most certainly true, that nothing should be omitted on our part, that may in any degree serve to give it additional stability and vigour. And we are quite sure, that nothing can be so effectual for that purpose as the establishment of a perfectly liberal commercial system. By excluding the equivalents which foreigners have to give in exchange for our products, we hinder them from becoming our customers and consequently force them to manufacture for themselves. The adoption of an exclusive system is, in all cases, injurious; but it is pre-eminently so in the case of a country which has greatly outstripped its neighbours in the career of manufacturing industry. Great Britain ought to open her ports, under moderate duties, imposed for the *sake of revenue only*, to all the products of all the countries of the world. It would be a contradiction and an absurdity to suppose, that the freest competition could have any injurious operation on those branches of industry in which we have a superiority. On the contrary, our sales of domestic produce must necessarily be extended, precisely as we extend our purchases of that which is foreign; while, by acting on a system thus productive of mutual advantage, we should take from foreigners all motive to endeavour to rival us in those branches in which we have a superiority, and would teach them to exert their efforts to perfect themselves in those in which the advantage is already on their side.

Besides the idea of insecurity a variety of pernicious consequences have been supposed to flow from the extension of the manufacturing system. The golden age of England is said to have been that which preceded the invention of the jenny and the spinning frame. Manufactures were then dispersed over the country, and were carried on in single families, who, in addition to their other sources of emolument, generally possessed a small patch of ground, sufficient to keep a cow, and serve as a garden. It is unnecessary, we are told, to endeavour to prove by argument, how incomparably more

favourable such a state of things must be to the health and morals of the people than the present system, where crowds of children, and of persons of both sexes, are perpetually immured in the contagious atmosphere of cotton-mills, and are early initiated into every species of vice!

But in general there is a very wide difference between conclusions drawn from appearances only, and those which are deduced from a careful examination of facts. And, however extraordinary it may appear to those who have learned to judge of the condition of the population from the "Deserted Village," or the equally philosophical, though less poetical, diatribes of the Laureate, we scruple not to affirm, that the Health, Morals, and Intelligence of the population have all gained by the establishment of the present manufacturing system.

With respect, in the first place, to the question of Health: it is proved, by the returns made under the population acts, that the average mortality in England and Wales, in 1780, was one in every 40 of the population: But notwithstanding the extraordinary increase, in the intermediate period, of what we have been in the habit of considering unhealthy employments, the average mortality in 1810 amounted to only one in every 52, and, in 1820, to only one in every 58 of the entire population. This diminution of mortality has been going on gradually since 1750, and has been owing to a variety of causes:—partly to the greater prevalence of cleanliness and sobriety among the poor, and the improvements that have been made in their diet, dress, and houses—partly to the drainage of bogs and marshes,—and partly, and since 1800 chiefly perhaps, to the discoveries in medical science, and the extirpation of the small-pox. But to whatever causes the increase of healthiness that has taken place may have been owing, there is abundant evidence to show, that it has not been in any degree counteracted, but that, on the contrary, it has been greatly promoted, by the extension of manufactures. Had their extension been unfavourable to health, the improvement must have been decidedly less in the towns where manufactures are principally carried on, than in the country: But the very reverse is the case. It appears from an elaborate and valuable paper of Dr. Percival, an intelligent physician, who resided long in Manchester, that the proportion of deaths to the whole population of the town, in 1770 amounted to about one in every 28. But though the population of the town has been nearly quadrupled since 1770, and myriads of cotton mills have been erected, the average rate of mortality is now reduced to about one in every 45! In 1750, the entire population of Lancashire, amounted to only 257,040; in 1801, it had increased to 672,565, and the deaths that year amounted to 19,363, being rather more than one in every 34; but as 1801 was, owing to the scarcity of that year, a season of unusual mortality, let us compare the population with the deaths in 1802, amounting to 16,570, and we shall have one in every 40 as the proportion of deaths to the entire population. But in 1820, when the population had increased to the prodigious amount of 1,052,859, and when what are called unhealthy employ-

ments had been multiplied to an almost inconceivable extent, the deaths only amounted to one in every 55 of the entire population!

These facts are decisive with respect to the credit to be attached to the statements so often rung in our ears, as to the unhealthiness of manufactures. But the same thing may be set in a still clearer point of view, by comparing Lancashire and Westmoreland together. The former may be said, almost without a metaphor, to be one immense workshop; for it contains, besides an infinity of populous villages, the large manufacturing and commercial towns of Manchester, Liverpool, Bolton, Preston, Blackburn, Bury, Warrington, Wigan, &c.; whereas the latter is almost exclusively an agricultural county, and besides being entirely destitute of large towns and great manufacturing establishments, it is chiefly occupied by a class of small proprietors, who, it is said, preserve, in a pre-eminent degree, all the simplicity and purity of the old English manners. But, notwithstanding this vast difference in the circumstances of the two counties, the proportion of deaths to the whole population in Westmoreland is only about five per cent. less than in Lancashire! The baptisms are in Westmoreland, to the whole population, as one to 35, the deaths as one to 54, and the marriages as one to 154; while, in Lancashire, the baptisms are, to the whole population, as one to 32, the deaths as one to 55, and the marriages as one to 126.*

Amidst a vast deal of exaggeration, there certainly was some foundation for the complaints with respect to the privations imposed on children under sixteen years of age employed in cotton mills. And though we are decidedly adverse to all interference on the part of government as to the terms of the contract between workmen and their employers, still we think that the legislature acted right in interfering to limit the number of hours during which children should be kept at work. It is for the public advantage that those who are unable, from their immature years, to protect themselves, should be protected by the legislature. But no farther interference ought, on any account, to be either attempted or tolerated. If any particular business or process be peculiarly noxious, no one who has attained to the years of discretion will engage in it unless he obtains comparatively high wages. And this circumstance will always prevent such employments from being carried to a greater extent than is required for the general advantage of society.

With respect, in the second place, to the state of Morals in the manufacturing districts; this is a point as to which it is much more difficult to obtain accurate information, than as to the state of health. We have no doubt however, were the means of making a correct estimate equally accessible in both cases, that it would be found that the morals of the people have been as much improved, during the last 50 years, as their health. It is admitted on all hands, that crimes of violence have greatly diminished since the accession of his late Majes-

* Baines' History, Gazetteer, &c of Lancashire, vol i p 141.

ty; and the increased sobriety and cleanliness of the people—habits which cannot easily be strengthened without improving morality, are invariably assigned as prominent causes of the late increase of healthiness. There is, to say the least, as much moral restraint evinced in the intercourse between the sexes in Lancashire, as in most agricultural districts of England. The latter, indeed, would be but an indifferent standard of comparison, if we suppose that the morality of other districts bears any considerable resemblance to that of a purely agricultural district in Norfolk, where, we are told by the Reverend Mr. Brereton, there were 77 births in a given period, of which 23 only were legitimate!^{*} No such picture of profligacy, or any thing approaching to it, can be exhibited in any quarter of Lancashire.

In comparing the state of morals in the manufacturing districts, as Lancashire in England, and Lanarkshire in Scotland, with their state in the agricultural districts it must not be forgotten that the former are exposed to a most prolific source of crime and demoralization, from which the latter are comparatively exempted—we allude to the excessive influx of Irish labourers that has taken place of late years. These miserable creatures, without property, without connexions, and most frequently ignorant in the extreme, are in all respects decidedly more profligate and immoral than the native inhabitants—And the only thing to be wondered at is, that, notwithstanding the vast influx of Irish poor into Manchester and Glasgow, the morals and habits of the people should have been so greatly improved. We are satisfied, that had it not been for this influx, the inhabitants of these cities would have had but little to fear, in comparing themselves with those of any agricultural district in the empire, with respect to health, and nothing with respect to morality.

With respect in the *third* place to the Intelligence of the manufacturing population: we apprehend our readers would deem it a mere waste of labour were we to set about making any lengthened statements to prove their infinite superiority in this respect over the peasantry of the country. This, indeed, is only what every unprejudiced inquirer would *a priori* have anticipated would be the case. The elementary instruction of the lower classes in towns and villages is, generally speaking, preferable to the elementary instruction of the same classes in the country. But it is in after-life that the superior advantages of the former for acquiring a greater extent of information, are chiefly observable. The peasantry dispersed over a wide extent of country, are without the means of assembling, except on some rare occasions, for the purposes either of amusement or instruction. But, by working together, the workmen in manufacturing establishments have, what the agriculturists almost uniformly want, constant opportunities of discussing all topics of interest and importance. They are thus gradually trained to habits of

thinking and reflection; their intellects are sharpened by the collision of conflicting opinions; and a small contribution from each individual enables them to establish lectureships and libraries, and to obtain a large supply of the cheaper class of periodical publications. But whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the *cause*, there can be no doubt of the *fact*, that the intelligence of the workmen employed in manufactures has increased according as their numbers have increased, and as their employments have been more and more subdivided—And this circumstance would of itself go far to account for the more rapid increase of healthiness and of better morals amongst them. Nine-tenths of the evils that afflict the mass of society have their source in ignorance; and when it has been shown that the intelligence of any class of people has increased, it is next to certain that their condition in other respects must at the same time have improved.

It has sometimes been objected to manufactures, that when any thing occurs to give them a check, or to throw the immense population dependent on them out of employment, or when, owing to a scarcity, a sudden rise takes place in the price of provisions, the public tranquillity, and the security of property, are apt to be endangered. It is said that demagogues, and those mock orators so frequently to be met with in the manufacturing districts, take advantage of the feverish excitement generated in the public mind by these circumstances, to vilify the institutions of the country; and represent the public distress as proceeding not from accidental and uncontrollable causes, but from measures adopted by government, or the master manufacturers, on purpose to advance their own interests at the expense of the workmen, and thus occasion outrages which can only be repressed by the employment of a large military force, and by the adoption of measures that are not always very consistent with the principles of a free government. Now, we do not mean to say, that, though exaggerated, there is not a great deal of truth in this statement. At the same time, however, we think it would not be difficult to show that, even in a political point of view, the establishment of manufactures, on a great scale, is most decidedly advantageous. That the population dependent on them is most commonly turbulent, inflammable, and apt to be misled, is true; but, on the other hand, men seldom entertain a just sense of their own importance, or acquire a knowledge of their rights, or are able to defend them with courage and effect, until they have been congregated into masses. An agricultural population, thinly distributed over the surface of a country, and without any point of reunion, rarely opposes any vigorous resistance to the most oppressive and arbitrary measures. But such is not the case with the population of towns. Their inhabitants are all actuated by the same spirit; they derive courage from their numbers and union; the bold animate the timid; the resolute confirm the wavering; the redress of an injury done to a single citizen, becomes, in some measure, the business of the whole body; they take their measures in common, and prosecute them with a vigour and resolution that generally makes the boldest

* Brereton on the Administration of the Poor Laws, p. 50.

minister pause in an unpopular career.* Where, in point of fact, has private independence and public freedom been best secured, and most rigidly protected? Is it in agricultural France, Spain, or Poland, or in manufacturing and commercial England, Holland, and the United States? There is no struggle to be compared, either for duration, for the sacrifices it imposed on the weaker party, or for its beneficial consequences, to the struggle made by the Hollanders to emancipate themselves from the blind and brutal despotism of Old Spain. And it was mainly to the efforts of our manufacturers and merchants—for the agricultural population sided almost entirely with the House of Stuart—to their wealth, patriotism, and zeal, that we are indebted for our free constitution, and consequently for the high and conspicuous place we now hold among the nations of the earth.

It should also be remembered, that the violent and unjustifiable proceedings of which the manufacturing population have occasionally been guilty, may be expected to disappear, according as they become more intelligent. Hitherto, the higher classes have been strangely indifferent to the effect that might be produced by the better education of their inferiors. Latterly, indeed, considerable efforts have been made, and with the best success, to instruct workmen in the principles of mechanical philosophy, and in a knowledge of the arts. But this, though an important, is not by any means the most important class of subjects, with respect to which they stand in need of instruction. We do not object to giving them lectures on Hydraulics and Hydrodynamics; but we see no reason why such subjects should be taught, to the exclusion of others. If we would really improve the condition of the lower classes—if we would give them better habits, as well as make them more expert workmen—we ought to endeavour to make them acquainted with the principles that must determine their condition in life. The poor ought to be taught, that they are in a great measure the architects of their own fortune; that what others can do for them is trifling indeed, compared with what they can do for themselves; that they are infinitely more interested in the preservation of the public tranquillity than any other class of society; that mechanical inventions and discoveries are always supremely advantageous to them; and that their real interests can only be effectually promoted by their displaying greater prudence and forethought. Such subjects ought to form a prominent part of every well digested system of public instruction. And if they were clearly explained, and enforced with that earnestness which their vast importance requires, we should have the best attainable security for the maintenance of the public tranquillity, and the well-being and comfort of the community.

But we must hasten to a close. The remarks we have now made are, we hope, sufficient to prove that the charges brought against manufactures are quite untenable; and that,

consequently, they are in every way worthy of, and ought in all cases to receive, equal favour and protection as agriculture. No doubt, there are disadvantages incident to them, as there are to every pursuit in which man can engage. But the good of which they are productive infinitely outweighs these disadvantages. "They infuse," to use the words of Mr. Malthus, whose leanings, it ought to be observed, are all on the side of agriculture, "fresh life and activity into all classes of the state, afford opportunities to the inferior orders to rise by personal merit and exertion, and stimulate the higher orders to depend for distinction upon other grounds than mere rank and riches. They excite invention, encourage science and the useful arts, spread intelligence and spirit, inspire a taste for conveniences and comforts among the labouring classes, and, above all, give a new and happier structure to society, by increasing the proportion of the *middle classes*—that body on which the liberty, public spirit, and good government of every country must always mainly depend."

From the Literary Gazette.

THE WHITE SHIP.

"STRIKE the sails again, and drop
Your anchor by the shore;
Our purple cup has yet to make
A few glad circles more.
Fair sister, seat thee by my side—
Another health to thee:
Yon sky shall lose its rival blush,
Ere we pass o'er the sea.
I call on thee, thou minstrel young,
To praise the ruby tide:"
Thus spoke the young Prince Henry,
And soon the song replied:—

SONG.

Deep, deep, drain the cup,
Or leave its wealth untasted—
Deep, deep, drain the cup,
Or its best gift is wasted.
Drink not of the purple wine
For a moment's gladness—
Flashing wit and careless laugh
Are but transient madness:—
There's sparkling light floats on the bowl,
There's flashing mirth within it:
But its deep forgetfulness
Is the best spell in it.
Drain the red wine till it be
Leth to life's sorrow;
'Tis something to forget to-day
That there must come to-morrow.

'Twas sad; for aye have lute and bard
Held prophecy of tone;
But, like the shadow of a bird,
Soon was the sadness flown.
And redder, redder grew the sky,
And redder grew the brine—
The lighter rose the laugh and song,
The gayer past the wine.
'Twas like a court of fairy land,
Held by the silver main—

* For some rather striking remarks on this subject, see Miller on the Government of England, vol. iv. p. 133.

The young prince, and his sister fair,
Their gay and gallant train.

The first star is upon the east,
The last upon the west,
And both are, but one tinge more pale,
Mirror'd on ocean's breast.
No cloud is on the face of heaven,
No ruffle on the deep,
And there is but such gentle wind
As o'er the lute might sweep.

The last wine-cup is drained, and now,
Fair ship, they crowd to thee.
Ah! these are but unsteady hands
To guide thee o'er the sea.
But still it was a gallant sight
To see her breast the tide;
The queen-like countess on the deck,
The royal youth beside:
And all was bright, as the White Ship
Cut through the sparkling spray;
Though still her shadow, omen like,
Dark on the waters lay.

One long, wild shriek—that hidden rock!
The ship has perished there:—
“Back with you all, out with the boat,
Save England's royal heir.”
“Pause, on your lives!” Back sprung the
prince
Upon the shattered deck:
“My sister!” Safely in his arms
He bore her from the wreck.

Cold, pale, the morning slowly broke;
Upheld upon the mast,
Two, only two, remained to tell
What in that night had past.
The one was master of that ship,
That fair ship nothing now—
O never more he'll set her sails,
Or guide her stately prow!
He thought but of his royal freight:
“Is he among the dead?”—
“I saw,” the other said, “the wave
Close o'er Prince Henry's head.”—
“And who shall to our native shore
The dismal tidings bear;
“And tell the king he has no son,
The throne it has no heir?”
“Not I, not I, my noble prince,
At least I'll share thy grave:”
The master loosed his hold and plunged
Beneath the fated wave.

Wo was in merry England,
A deep and lasting wo—
A father wept above the sea,
His children slept below.

L. E. L.

From the *Edinburgh Review*.

Memoirs of Zehir-ed-din Muhammed Baber, Emperor of Hindustan, written by himself, in the Jaghatui Turki, and translated, partly by the late John Leyden, Esq. M. D. partly by William Erskine, Esq. With Notes and a Geographical and Historical Introduction: together with a Map of the Countries between the Oxus and Jaxartes, and a Memoir

regarding its Construction, by Charles Waddington, Esq. of the East India Company's Engineers. London, 1826.

This is a very curious, and admirably edited work. But the strongest impression which the perusal of it has left on our minds is the boundlessness of authentic history, and, if we might venture to say it, the uselessness of all history which does not relate to our own fraternity of nations, or even bear, in some way or other, on our own present or future condition.

We have here a distinct and faithful account of some hundreds of battles, sieges, and great military expeditions, and a character of a prodigious number of eminent individuals,—men famous in their day, over wide regions, for genius or fortune—poets, conquerors, martyrs—founders of cities and dynasties—authors of immortal works—ravagers of vast districts abounding in wealth and population. Of all these great personages and events, nobody in Europe, if we except a score or two of studious Orientalists, has ever heard before; and it would not, we imagine, be very easy to show that we are any better for hearing of them now. A few curious traits, that happen to be strikingly in contrast with our own manners and habits, may remain on the memory of a reflecting reader—with a general confused recollection of the dark and gorgeous phantasmagoria. But no one, we may fairly say, will think it worth while to digest or develop the history, or be at the pains to become acquainted with the leading individuals, and fix in his memory the series and connexion of events. Yet the effusion of human blood was as copious—the display of talent and courage as imposing—the perversion of high moral qualities, and the waste of the means of enjoyment as unsparing, as in other long-past battles and intrigues and revolutions, over the details of which we still pore with the most unwearied attention; and to verify the dates or minute details of which, is still regarded as a great exploit in historical research, and among the noblest employments of human learning and sagacity.

It is not perhaps very easy to account for the eagerness with which we still follow the fortunes of Miltiades, Alexander, or Cæsar—of the Bruce and the Black Prince, and the interest which yet belongs to the fields of Marathon and Pharsalia, of Crecy and Bannockburn, compared with the indifference, or rather reluctance, with which we listen to the details of Asiatic warfare—the conquests that transferred to the Moguls the vast sovereignties of India, or raised a dynasty of Manchew Tartars to the Celestial Empire of China. It will not do to say, that we want something nobler in character; and more exalted in intellect, than is to be met with among those murderous Orientals—that there is nothing to interest in the contentions of mere force and violence; and that it requires no very fine-drawn reasoning to explain why we should turn with disgust from the story, if it had been preserved, of the savage affrays which have drenched the sands of Africa or the rocks of New Zealand—through long generations of murder—with the blood of their brutish population. This may

be true enough of Madagascar or Dahomy; but it does not apply to the case before us. The nations of Asia generally—at least those of its great states—were undoubtedly more polished than those of Europe, during all the period that preceded their recent connexion. Their warriors were as brave in the field, their statesmen more subtle and politic in the cabinet—in the arts of luxury, and all the elegancies of civil life, they were immeasurably superior; in ingenuity of speculation—in literature—in social politeness—the comparison is still in their favour.

It has often occurred to us, indeed, to consider what the effect would have been on the fate and fortunes of the world, if, in the fifteenth century, when the germs of their present civilization were first disclosed, the nations of Europe had been introduced to an intimate and friendly acquaintance with the great polished communities of the East, and had been thus led to take *them* for their masters in intellectual cultivation, and their models in all the higher pursuits of genius, polity, and art. The difference in our social and moral condition, it could not perhaps be easy to estimate; but one result, we conceive, would unquestionably have been, to make us take the same deep interest in their ancient story, which we now feel, for similar reasons, in that of the sterner barbarians of early Rome, or the more imaginative clans and colonies of immortal Greece. The experiment, however, though there seemed clearer than once to be some openings for it, was not made. Our Crusading ancestors were too rude themselves to estimate or to feel the value of the refinement which presented itself to their passing gaze, and too entirely occupied with war and bigotry, to reflect on its causes or effects; and the first naval adventurers who opened up India to our commerce, were both too few and too far off to communicate to their brethren at home any taste for the splendours which might have excited their own admiration. By the time that our intercourse with those regions was enlarged, our own career of improvement had been prosperously begun; and our superiority in the art, or at least the discipline, of war, having given us a signal advantage in the conflicts to which that extending intercourse immediately led, naturally increased the aversion and disdain with which almost all races of men are apt to regard strangers to their blood and dissenters from their creed. Since that time, the genius of Europe has been steadily progressive, whilst that of Asia has been at least stationary, and most probably retrograde; and the descendants of the feudal and predatory warriors of the West have at last attained a decided predominance over those of their elder brothers in the East, to whom, at that period, they were unquestionably inferior in elegance and ingenuity, and whose hostilities were then conducted on the same system with our own. *They*, in short, have remained nearly where they were; while *we*, beginning with the improvement of our governments and military discipline, have gradually outstripped them in all the lesser and more ornamental attainments in which they originally excelled.

This extraordinary fact of the stationary or

degenerate condition of the two oldest and greatest families of mankind—those of Asia and Africa, has always appeared to us a sad obstacle in the way of those who believe in the general progress of the race, and its constant advancement towards a state of perfection. Two or three thousand years ago, those vast communities were certainly in a happier and more prosperous state than they are now; and in many of them we know that their most powerful and flourishing societies have been corrupted and dissolved, not by any accidental or extrinsic disaster, like foreign conquest, pestilence, or elemental devastation, but by what appeared to be the natural consequences of that very greatness and refinement which had marked and rewarded their earlier exertions. In Europe, hitherto, the case has certainly been different: For though darkness did fall upon its nations also, after the lights of Roman civilization were extinguished, it is to be remembered that they did not burn out of themselves, but were trampled down by hosts of invading barbarians, and that they blazed out anew, with increased splendour and power, when the dullness of that superincumbent mass was at length vivified by their contact, and animated by the fermentation of that heaven which had all along been secretly working in its recesses. In Europe certainly there has been a progress: And the more polished of its present inhabitants have not only regained the place which was held of old by their illustrious masters of Greece and Rome, but have plainly outgone them in the most substantial and exalted of their improvements. Far more humane and refined than the Romans—far less giddy and turbulent and treacherous than the Greeks, they have given a security to life and property that was unknown to the earlier ages of the world—exalted the arts of peace to a dignity with which they were never before invested; and, by the abolition of domestic servitude, for the first time extended to the bulk of the population those higher capacities and enjoyments which were formerly engrossed by a few. By the invention of printing, they have made all knowledge, not only accessible, but imperishable; and by their improvements in the art of war, have effectually secured themselves against the overwhelming calamity of barbarous invasion—the risk of subjugation by mere numerical or animal force; whilst the alternations of conquest and defeat amongst civilized communities, who alone can now be formidable to each other, though productive of great local and temporary evils, may be regarded on the whole as one of the means of promoting and equalising the general civilization. Rome polished and enlightened all the barbarous nations she subdued—and was herself polished and enlightened by her conquest of elegant Greece. If the European parts of Russia had been subjected to the dominion of France, there can be no doubt that the loss of national independence would have been compensated by rapid advances both in liberality and refinement; and if, by a still more disastrous, though less improbable contingency, the Moscovite hordes were ever to overrun the fair countries to the south-west of them, it is equally certain that the invaders would speedily be softened and

informed by the union, and be infected more certainly than by any other sort of contact, with the arts and the knowledge of the vanquished.

All these great advantages, however—this apparently irrepressible impulse to improvement—this security against backsliding and decay, seems peculiar to Europe,* and not capable of being communicated, even by her, to the prevailing races of the ancient world; and it is really extremely difficult to explain, upon what are called philosophical principles, the causes of this superiority. We should be very glad to ascribe it to our greater political freedom:—and no doubt, as a secondary cause, this is among the most powerful; as it is to the maintenance of that freedom that we are indebted for the self-estimation, the feeling of honour, the general equity of the laws, and the substantial security both from sudden revolution and from capricious oppression, which distinguish our quarter of the globe. But we cannot bring ourselves to regard this freedom as a mere accident in our history, that is not itself to be accounted for, as well as its consequences: And when it is said that our greater stability and prosperity is owing to our greater freedom, we are immediately tempted to ask, by what that freedom has itself been produced? In the same way we might ascribe the superior mildness and humanity of our manners, the abated ferocity of our wars, and generally our respect for human life, to the influence of a religion which teaches that all men are equal in the sight of God, and inculcates peace and charity as the first of our duties. But, besides the startling contrast between the profligacy, treachery, and cruelty of the Eastern Empire after its conversion to the true faith, and the simple and heroic virtues of the heathen republic, it would still occur to inquire, how it has happened that the nations of European descent have alone embraced the sublime truths, and adopted into their practice the mild precepts, of Christianity, while the people of the East have uniformly rejected and disclaimed them, as alien to their character and habits—in spite of all the efforts of the apostles, fathers, and martyrs, in the primitive and most effective periods of their preaching? How, in short, it has happened that the sensual and sanguinary creed of Mahomet has superseded the pure and pacific doctrines of Christianity in most of those very regions where it was first revealed to mankind, and first established by the greatest of existing governments? The Christian revelation is no doubt the most precious of all Heaven's gifts to the benighted world. But it is plain, that there was a greater aptitude to embrace and to profit by it in the

European than in the Asiatic race. A free government, in like manner, is unquestionably the most valuable of all human inventions—the great safeguard of all other temporal blessings, and the mainspring of all intellectual and moral improvement:—But such a government is not the result of a lucky thought or happy casualty; and could only be established among men who had previously learned both to relish the benefits it secures, and to understand the connexion between the means it employs and the end at which it aims.

We come then, though a little reluctantly, to the conclusion, that there is a natural and inherent difference in the character and temperament of the European and the Asiatic races—consisting, perhaps, chiefly in a superior capacity of patient and persevering thought in the former—and displaying itself, for the most part, in a more sober and robust understanding, and a more reasonable, principled, and inflexible morality. It is this which has led us, at once to temper our political institutions with prospective checks and suspicious provisions against abuses, and, in our different orders and degrees, to submit without impatience to those checks and restrictions—to extend our reasonings by repeated observation and experiment, to larger and larger conclusions—and thus gradually to discover the paramount importance of discipline and unity of purpose in war, and of absolute security to person and property in all peaceful pursuits—the folly of all passionate and vindictive assertion of supposed rights and pretensions, and the certain recoil of long-continued injustice on the heads of its authors—the substantial advantages of honesty and fair dealing over the most ingenious systems of trickery and fraud;—and even—though this is the last and hardest, as well as the most precious, of all the lessons of reason and experience—that the toleration even of religious errors is not only prudent and merciful in itself, and most becoming a fallible and erring being, but is the surest and speediest way to compose religious differences, and to extinguish that most formidable bigotry, and those most pernicious errors, which are fed and nourished by persecution. It is the want of this knowledge, or rather of the capacity for attaining it, that constitutes the palpable inferiority of the Eastern races; and, in spite of their fancy, ingenuity, and restless activity, condemns them, it would appear irretrievably, to vices and sufferings, from which nations in a far ruder condition are comparatively free. But we are wandering too far from the magnificent Baber and his commentators,—and must now leave these vague and general speculations for the facts and details that lie before us.

Zehir-ed-din Muhammed, surnamed Baber, or the Tiger, was one of the descendants of Zengiskhan and of Tamerlane; and though inheriting only the small kingdom of Ferghana in Bucharina, ultimately extended his dominions by conquest to Delhi and the greater part of Hindostan; and transmitted to his famous descendants, Akber and Aurengzebe, the magnificent empire of the Moguls. He was born in 1482, and died in 1530. Though passing the greater part of his time in desperate military expeditions, he was an educated and accom-

* When we speak of Europe, it will be understood that we speak, not of the land, but of the people—and include, therefore, all the settlements and colonies of that favoured race, in whatever quarter of the globe they may now be established. Some situations seem more, and some less, favourable to the preservation of the original character. The Spaniards certainly degenerated in Peru—the Dutch perhaps in Batavia;—but the English remain, we trust, unimpaired in America.

plished man; an elegant poet; a minute and fastidious critic in all the niceties and elegancies of diction; a curious and exact observer of the statistical phenomena of every region he entered; a great admirer of beautiful prospects and fine flowers; and, though a devoted Mahometan in his way, a very resolute and jovial drinker of wine. Good-humoured, brave, munificent, sagacious, and frank in his character, he might have been a Henry IV. if his training had been in Europe;—and even as he is, is less stained, perhaps, by the Asiatic vices of cruelty and perfidy than any other in the list of her conquerors. The work before us is a faithful translation of his own account of his life and transactions, written, with some considerable blanks, up to the year 1508, in the form of a narrative—and continued afterwards, as a journal, till 1529. It is here illustrated by the most intelligent, learned, and least pedantic notes we have ever seen annexed to such a performance; and by two or three introductory dissertations, more clear, masterly, and full of instruction than any it has ever been our lot to peruse on the history or geography of the East. The translation was begun by the late very learned and enterprising Dr. Leyden. It has been completed, and the whole of the valuable commentary added by Mr. W. Erskine, on the solicitation of the Hon. Mountstewart Elphinstone and Sir John Malcolm, the two individuals in the world best qualified to judge of the value or execution of such a work. The greater part of the translation was finished and transmitted to this country in 1817, but was only committed to the press in the course of last year.

The preface contains a learned account of the Turki language, (in which these memoirs were written,) the prevailing tongue of Central Asia, and of which the Constantinopolitan Turkish is one of the most corrupted dialects,—some valuable corrections of Sir Wm. Jones's notices of the Institutes of Taimur,—and a very clear explanation of the method employed in the translation, and the various helps by which the great difficulties of the task were relieved. The first Introduction, however, contains much more valuable matters: It is devoted to an account of the great Tartar tribes, who, under the denomination of the Turki, the Moghul, and the Mandshur races, may be said to occupy the whole vast extent of Asia, north of Hindostan and part of Persia, and westward from China. Of these, the Mandshurs, who have long been the sovereigns of China, possess the countries immediately to the north and east of that ancient empire—the Turki the regions immediately to the north and westward of India and Persia Proper, stretching round the Caspian, and advancing, by the Constantinopolitan tribes, considerably to the south-east of Europe. The Moghuls lie principally between the other two. These three tribes speak, it would appear, totally different languages—the name of Tartar or Tatar, by which they are generally designated in Europe, not being acknowledged by any of them, and appearing to have been appropriated only to a small clan of Moghuls. The Huns, who desolated the declining empire under Attila,* are thought by

Mr. Erskine to have been of the Moghul race; and Zengiskhan, the mighty conqueror of the thirteenth century, was certainly of that family. Their princes, however, were afterwards blended, by family alliances, with those of the Turki; and several of them, reigning exclusively over conquered tribes of that descent, came gradually, though of proper Moghul ancestry, to reckon themselves as Turki sovereigns. Of this description was Taimur Beg, or Tamerlane, whose family, though descended from Zengis, had long been settled in the Turki kingdom of Samarkand; and from him the illustrious Baber, the hero of the work before us, a decided Turki in language, character, and prejudices, was lineally sprung. The relative condition of these enterprising nations, and their more peaceful brethren in the south, cannot be more clearly or accurately described than in the words of Mr. Erskine:—

“The whole of Asia may be considered as divided into two parts by the great chain of mountains which runs from China and the Birman Empire on the east, to the Black Sea and the Mediterranean on the west. From the eastward, where it is of great breadth, it keeps a north-westerly course, rising in height as it advances, and forming the hill countries of Assam, Bootan, Nepal, Siringar, Tibet, and Ladak. It encloses the valley of Cashmir, near which it seems to have gained its greatest height, and thence proceeds westward, passing to the north of Peshawer, and Kabul, after which it appears to break into a variety of smaller ranges of hills that proceed in a westerly and south-westerly direction, generally terminating in the province of Khorasan. Near Herat, in that province, the mountains sink away; but the range appears to rise again near Meshed, and is by some considered as resuming its course, running to the south of the Caspian and bounding Mazenderan, whence it proceeds on through Armenia, and thence into Asia Minor, finding its termination in the mountains of ancient Lycia. This immense range, which some consider as terminating at Herat, while it divides Bengal, Hindustan, the Penjab, Afghanistan, Persia, and part of the Turkish territory, from the country of the Moghul and Turki tribes, which, with few exceptions, occupy the whole extent of country from the borders of China to the sea of Azof, may also be considered as separating, in its whole course, nations of comparative civilization, from uncivilized tribes. To the south of this range, if we perhaps except some parts of the Afghan territory, which, indeed, may rather be held as part of the range itself than south of it, there is no nation which, at some period or other of its history, has not been the seat of a powerful empire, and of all those arts and refinements of life which attend a numerous and wealthy population, when protected by a government

supposed name of this famous barbarian was truly only the denomination of his office. It is known that he succeeded his uncle in the government, though there were children of his alive. It is probable, therefore, that he originally assumed authority in the character of their guardian; and the word *Atalik*, in Tartar, signifies guardian, or *quasi pater*.

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* The learned translator conceives that the
Vol. XI.—No. 64.

that permits the fancies and energies of the human mind to follow their natural bias. The degrees of civilization and of happiness possessed in these various regions may have been extremely different; but many of the comforts of wealth and abundance, and no small share of the higher treasures of cultivated judgment and imagination, must have been enjoyed by nations that could produce the various systems of Indian philosophy and science, a drama so polished as the *Sakontala*, a poet like Ferdousi, or a moralist like Sadi. While to the south of this range we every where see flourishing cities, cultivated fields, and all the forms of a regular government and policy, to the north of it, if we except China and the countries to the south of the *Sirr* or *Jaxartes*, and along its banks, we find tribes who, down to the present day, wander over their extensive regions as their forefathers did, little if at all more refined than they appear to have been at the very dawn of history. Their flocks are still their wealth, their camp their city, and the same government exists of separate chiefs, who are not much exalted in luxury or information above the commonest of their subjects around them."

These general remarks are followed up by an exact and most luminous geographical enumeration of all the branches of this great northern family,—accompanied with historical notices, and very interesting elucidations of various passages, both in ancient and modern writers. The following observations are of more extensive application:—

"The general state of society which prevailed in the age of Baber, within the countries that have been described, will be much better understood from a perusal of the following Memoirs, than from any prefatory observations that could be offered. It is evident, that, in consequence of the protection which had been afforded to the people of *Miwerahnaher* by their regular governments, a considerable degree of comfort, and perhaps still more of elegance and civility, prevailed in the towns. The whole age of Baber, however, was one of great confusion. Nothing contributed so much to produce the constant wars, and eventual devastation of the country, which the Memoirs exhibit, as the want of some fixed rule of *Succession to the Throne*. The ideas of regal descent according to primogeniture, were very indistinct, as is the case in all Oriental, and, in general, in all purely despotic kingdoms. When the succession to the crown, like every thing else, is subject to the will of the prince, on his death it necessarily becomes the subject of contention;—since the will of a dead king is of much less consequence than the intrigues of an able minister, or the sword of a successful commander. It is the privilege of liberty and of law alone to bestow equal security on the rights of the monarch and of the people. The death of the ablest sovereign was only the signal for a general war. The different parties at court, or in the haram of the prince, espoused the cause of different competitors, and every neighbouring potentate believed himself to be perfectly justified in marching to seize his portion of the spoil. In the course of the Memoirs, we shall find that the grandees of the court, while they take their place by the side of the

candidate of their choice, do not appear to believe that fidelity to him is any very necessary virtue. The nobility, unable to predict the events of one twelvemonth, degenerate into a set of selfish, calculating, though perhaps brave partizans. Rank, and wealth, and present enjoyment, become their idols. The prince feels the influence of the general want of stability, and is himself educated in the loose principles of an adventurer. In all about him he sees merely the instruments of his power. The subject, seeing the prince consult only his pleasures, learns on his part to consult only his private convenience. In such societies, the steadiness of principle that flows from the love of right and of our country can have no place. It may be questioned whether the prevalence of the Mahomedan religion, by swallowing up civil in religious distinctions, has not a tendency to increase this indifference to country, wherever it is established."

"That the fashions of the East are unchanged, is, in general, certainly true; because the climate and the despotism, from the one or other of which a very large proportion of them arises, have continued the same. Yet one who observes the way in which a Mussulman of rank spends his day, will be led to suspect that the maxim has sometimes been adopted with too little limitation. Take the example of his Pipe and his Coffee. The *Kallim*, or *Hakka*, is seldom out of his hand; while the coffee-cup makes its appearance every hour, as if it contained a necessary of life. Perhaps there are no enjoyments the loss of which he would feel more severely; or which, were we to judge only by the frequency of the call for them, we should suppose to have entered from a more remote period into the system of Asiatic life. Yet we know that the one (which has indeed become a necessary of life to every class of Mussulmans) could not have been enjoyed before the discovery of America; and there is every reason to believe, that the other was not introduced into Arabia from Africa, where coffee is indigenous, previously to the sixteenth century;" and what marks the circumstance more strongly, both of these habits have forced their way, in spite of the remonstrances of the rigorists in religion. Perhaps it would have been fortunate for Baber had they prevailed in his age, as they might have diverted him from the immoderate use first of wine, and afterwards of deleterious drugs, which ruined his constitution, and hastened on his end."

The *Yâzi*, or institution of Chengiz are often mentioned.

"They seem," says Mr. Erskine, "to have been a collection of the old usages of the Moghul tribes, comprehending some rules of state and ceremony, and some injunctions for the punishment of particular crimes. The punishments were only two—death and the *bastinado*; the number of blows extending from seven to seven hundred. There is something very Chinese in the whole of the Moghul system of punishment, even princes advanced in years, and in command of large armies, being punished by

* La Roque, *Traité Historique de l'Origine et du Progrès du Café*, &c. Paris, 1716, 12mo.
† D'Herbelot, *Biblioth. Orient. Art. Turk.*

bastinado with a stick by their fathers' orders." Whether they received their usage in this respect from the Chinese, or communicated it to them is not very certain. As the whole body of their laws or customs was formed before the introduction of the Mussulman religion, and was probably in many respects inconsistent with the Koran, as, for instance, in allowing the use of the blood of animals, and in the extent of toleration granted to other religions, it gradually fell into decay."

The present Moghul tribes, it is added, punish most offences by fines of cattle. The art of war in the days of Baber had not been very greatly matured; and though matchlocks and unwieldy cannon had been recently introduced from the West, the arms chiefly relied on were still the bow and the spear, the sabre and the battle-axe. Mining was practised in sieges, and cavalry seems to have formed the least considerable part of the army.

There is a second Introduction, containing a clear and brief abstract of the history of those regions from the time of Tamerlane to that of Baber,—together with an excellent Memoir on the annexed map, and an account of the hills and rivers of Bokara, of which it would be idle to attempt any abstract.

As to the Memoirs themselves, we have already said that we think it in vain to recommend them as a portion of History with which our readers should be acquainted,—or consequently to aim at presenting them with any thing in the nature of an abstract, or connected account of the events they so minutely detail. All that we propose to do, therefore, is, to extract a few of the traits which appear to us the most striking and characteristic, and to endeavour, in a very short compass, to give an idea of whatever curiosity or interest the work possesses. The most remarkable thing about it, or at least that which first strikes us, is the simplicity of the style, and the good sense, varied knowledge, and reasonable industry of the royal author. It is difficult, indeed, to believe that it is the work of an Asiatic and a sovereign. Though copiously, and rather diffusely written, it is perfectly free from the ornamental verbosity, the eternal metaphor, and puerile exaggerations of most Oriental compositions; and though savouring so far of royalty as to abound in descriptions of dresses and ceremonies, is yet occupied in the main with concerns greatly too rational and humble to be much in favour with monarchs. As a specimen of the adventurous life of the chieftains of those days, and of Baber's manner of describing it, we may pass at once to his account of his being besieged in Samarkand, and the particulars of his flight after he was obliged to abandon it:—

"During the continuance of the siege, the rounds of the rampart were regularly gone, once every night, sometimes by Kâsim Beg, and sometimes by other Begs and captains. From the Firozeh gate to the Sheikh-Zâdeh gate, we were able to go along the ramparts on horseback; every where else we were obliged to go on foot. Setting out in the beginning

of the night, it was morning before we had completed our rounds.

"One day Sheibâni Khan made an attack between the Iron gate and that of the Sheikh-Zâdeh. As I was with the reserve, I immediately led them to the quarter that was attacked, without attending to the Washing-green gate or the Needlemakers' gate. That same day, from the top of the Sheikh-Zâdeh's gateway, I struck a palish white-coloured horse an excellent shot with my cross-bow: it fell dead the moment my arrow touched it: but in the meanwhile they had made such a vigorous attack, near the Camel's-Neck, that they effected a lodgment close under the rampart. Being hotly engaged in repelling the enemy where I was, I had entertained no apprehensions of danger on the other side, where they had prepared and brought with them twenty-five or twenty-six scaling ladders, each of them so broad, that two and three men could mount abreast. He had placed in ambush, opposite to the city wall, seven or eight hundred chosen men with these ladders, between the Ironsmiths' and Needlemakers' gates, while he himself moved to the other side, and made a false attack. Our attention was entirely drawn off to this attack; and the men in ambush no sooner saw the works opposite to them empty of defenders, by the watch having left them, than they rose from the place where they had lain in ambush, advanced with extreme speed, and applied their scaling-ladders all at once between the two gates that have been mentioned, exactly opposite to Muhammed Mazid Terkhan's house. The Begs who were on guard had only two or three of their servants and attendants about them.—Nevertheless Kuch Beg, Muhammed Kâli Kochin, Shah Süfi and another brave cavalier, boldly assailed them, and displayed signal heroism. Some of the enemy had already mounted the wall, and several others were in the act of scaling it, when the four persons who have been mentioned arrived on the spot, fell upon their sword in hand, with the greatest bravery, and dealing out furious blows around them, drove the assailants back over the wall, and put them to flight. Kuch Beg distinguished himself above all the rest; and this was an exploit for ever to be cited to his honour. He twice during this siege performed excellent service by his valour.

"It was now the season of the ripening of the grain, and nobody had brought in any new corn. As the siege had drawn out to great length, the inhabitants were reduced to extreme distress, and things came to such a pass, that the poor and meaner sort were forced to feed on dogs' and asses' flesh. Grain for the horses becoming scarce, they were obliged to be fed on the leaves of trees; and it was ascertained from experience, that the leaves of the mulberry and blackwood answered best. Many used the shavings and raspings of wood, which they soaked in water, and gave to their horses. For three or four months Sheibâni Khan did not approach the fortress, but blockaded it at some distance on all sides, changing his ground from time to time.

{ Hist. de Timur Bec, vol. iii. pp. 227, 263, 326, &c.

* Kara-ighaj.

"The ancients have said, that in order to maintain a fortress, a head, two hands, and two feet are necessary. The head is a captain, the two hands are two friendly forces that must advance from opposite sides; the two feet are water and stores of provision within the fort. I looked for aid and assistance from the princes my neighbours; but each of them had his attention fixed on some other object. For example, Sultan Hüssain Mirza was undoubtedly a brave and experienced monarch, yet neither did he give me assistance, nor even send an ambassador to encourage me."

He is obliged, in consequence, to evacuate the city, and moves off privately in the night. The following account of his flight, we think, is extremely picturesque and interesting:—

"Having entangled ourselves among the great branches of the canals of the Soghd, during the darkness of the night, we lost our way, and after encountering many difficulties, we passed Khwâjeh Didâr about dawn. By the time of early morning prayers, we arrived at the hillock of Karbogh, and passing it on the north below the village of Kheretek, we made for Ilân-ûti. On the road, I had a race with Kamber Ali and Kâsim Beg. My horse got the lead. As I turned round on my seat to see how far I had left them behind, my saddle-girth being slack, the saddle turned round, and I came to the ground right on my head. Although I immediately sprang up and mounted, yet I did not recover the full possession of my faculties till the evening, and the world, and all that occurred at the time, passed before my eyes and apprehension like a dream, or a phantasy, and disappeared. The time of afternoon prayers was passed ere we reached Ilân-ûti, where we alighted, and having killed a horse, cut him up, and dressed slices of his flesh, we stayed a little time to rest our horses, then mounting again, before daybreak we alighted at the village of Khalileh. From Khalileh we proceeded to Dizak. At that time Tâher Duldai, the son of Hâfiez Muhammed Beg Duldai, was governor of Dizak. Here we found nice fat flesh, bread of fine flour well baked, sweet melons, and excellent grapes in great abundance; thus passing from the extreme of famine to plenty, and from an estate of danger and calamity to peace and ease.

"In my whole life, I never enjoyed myself so much, nor at any period of it felt so sensibly the pleasures of peace and plenty. Enjoyment after suffering, abundance after want, come with increased relish, and afford more exquisite delight. I have four or five times, in the course of my life passed in a similar manner from distress to ease, and from a state of suffering to enjoyment; but this was the first time that I had ever been delivered from the injuries of my enemy, and the pressure of hunger, and passed from them to the ease of security, and the pleasures of plenty. Having rested and enjoyed ourselves two or three days in Dizak, we proceeded on to Uratippa.

"Dekhat is one of the hill-districts of Uratippa. It lies on the skirts of a very high mountain, immediately on passing which, you come on the country of Masikha. The inhabitants, though Sarts, have large flocks of sheep, and herds of mares, like the Turks.—

The sheep belonging to Dekhat may amount to forty thousand. We took up our lodgings in the peasants' houses. I lived at the house of one of the head men of the place. He was an aged man, seventy or eighty years old. His mother was still alive, and had attained an extreme old age, being at this time a hundred and eleven years old. One of this lady's relations had accompanied the army of Taimur Beg, when it invaded Hindûstân. The circumstances remained fresh in her memory, and she often told us stories on that subject.—In the district of Dekhat alone, there still were of this lady's children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren, to the number of ninety-six persons; and including those deceased, the whole amounted to two hundred. One of her great-grandchildren was at this time a young man of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, with a fine black beard. While I remained in Dekhat, I was accustomed to walk on foot all about the hills in the neighbourhood. I generally went out barefoot, and, from this habit of walking barefoot, I soon found that our feet became so hardened that we did not mind rock or stone in the least. In one of these walks, between afternoon and evening prayers, we met a man who was going with a cow in a narrow road.—I asked him the way. He answered, Keep your eye fixed on the cow; and do not lose sight of her till you come to the issue of the road, when you will know your ground.—Khwâjeh Asedâlla, who was with me, enjoyed the joke, observing, What would become of us wise men, were the cow to lose her way?

"It was wonderfully cold, and the wind of Hâderwish had here lost none of its violence, and blew keen. So excessive was the cold, that in the course of two or three days we lost two or three persons from its severity. I required to bathe on account of my religious purifications, and went down for that purpose to a rivulet, which was frozen on the banks, but not in the middle, from the rapidity of the current. I plunged myself into the water, and dived sixteen times. The extreme chillness of the water quite penetrated me.

"It was now spring, and intelligence was brought that Sheibani Khan was advancing against Uratippa. As Dekhat was in the low country, I passed by Abbûrden and Amâni, and came to the hill-country of Masikha. Abbûrden is a village which lies at the foot of Masikha. Beneath Abbûrden is a spring, and close by the spring is a tomb. From this spring, towards the upland, the country belongs to Masikha, but downwards from the spring it depends on Yelghar. On a stone which is on the brink of this spring, on one of its sides, I caused the following verses* to be inscribed:—I have heard that the exalted Jemshid Inscribed on a stone beside a fountain. Many a man like us has rested by this fountain,

And disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. Should we conquer the whole world by our manhood and strength,

Yet could we not carry it with us to the grave."

* From the Boslan of Sadi.—Leyden.

In this hill-country, the practice of cutting verses and other inscriptions on the rocks is extremely common."

After this, he contrives partly to retrieve his affairs, by uniting himself with a warlike Khan of his family, and takes the field with a considerable force against Tambol. The following account of a night skirmish reminds us of the chivalrous doings of the heroes of Froissart:—

"Just before the dawn, while our men were still enjoying themselves in sleep, Kamber Ali Beg galloped up, exclaiming, 'The enemy are upon us—rouse up!' Having spoken these words, without halting a moment, he passed on. I had gone to sleep, as was my custom even in times of security, without taking off my *jāmd*, or frock, and instantly arose, girt on my sabre and quiver, and mounted my horse. My standard bearer seized the standard, but without having time to tie on the horse-tail and colours; but, taking the banner-staff in his hand just as it was, leaped on horseback, and we proceeded towards the quarter in which the enemy were advancing. When I first mounted, there were ten or fifteen men with me. By the time I had advanced a bowshot, we fell in with the enemy's skirmishers. At this moment there might be about ten men with me. Riding quick up to them, and giving a discharge of our arrows, we came upon the most advanced of them, attacked and drove them back, and continued to advance, pursuing them for the distance of another bowshot, when we fell in with the main body of the enemy.—Sultan Ahmed Tambol was standing, with about a hundred men. Tambol was speaking with another person in front of the line, and in the act of saying, 'Smite them! Smite them!' but his men were sideling in a hesitating way, as if saying, 'Shall we flee? Let us flee?' but yet standing still. At this instant there were left with me only three persons: one of these was Dost Nasir, another Mirza Kuli Gokultash, and Kerimdad Khodidād, the Turkoman, the third. One arrow, which was then on the notch, I discharged on the helmet of Tambol, and again applied my hand to my quiver, and brought out a green-tipped barbed arrow, which my uncle, the Khan, had given me. Unwilling to throw it away, I returned it to the quiver, and thus lost as much time as would have allowed of shooting two arrows. I then placed another arrow on the string, and advanced, while the other three lagged a little behind me. Two persons came on right to meet me; one of them was Tambol, who preceded the other. There was a highway between us. He mounting on one side of it as I mounted on the other, we encountered on it in such a manner, that my right hand was towards my enemy, and Tambol's right hand towards me. Except the mail for his horse, Tambol had all his armour and accoutrements complete. I had only my sabre and bow and arrows. I drew up to my ear, and sent right for him the arrow which I had in my hand.—At that very moment, an arrow of the kind called Sheibah struck me on the right thigh, and pierced through and through. I had a steel cap on my head. Tambol, rushing on, smote me such a blow on it with his sword as to stun me, though not a thread of the cap

was penetrated, yet my head was severely wounded. I had neglected to clean my sword, so that it was rusty, and I lost time in drawing it. I was alone and single in the midst of a multitude of enemies. It was no season for standing still; so I turned my bridle round, receiving another sabre stroke on the arrows in my quiver. I had gone back seven or eight paces, when three foot soldiers came up and joined us. Tambol now attacked Dost Nasir sword in hand. They followed as about a bowshot. Arigh-Jakan-shah is a large and deep stream, which is not fordable every where; but God directed us right, so that we came exactly upon one of the fords of the river. Immediately on crossing the river, the horse of Dost Nasir fell from weakness. We halted to remount him, and, passing among the hillocks that are between Khirabuk and Feraghineh, and going from one hillock to another, we proceeded by bye-roads towards Ush."

We shall conclude our warlike extracts with the following graphic and lively account of the author's repulse in an attack on Akhsi, and his subsequent disastrous flight from the pursuing victors!—

"Sheikh Bayezid had just been released, and was entering the gate, when I met him. I immediately drew to the head the arrow which was on my notch, and discharged it full at him. It only grazed his neck, but it was a fine shot. The moment he had entered the gate he turned short to the right, and fled by a narrow street in great perturbation. I pursued him. Mirza Kuli Gokultash struck down one foot-soldier with his mace, and had passed another, when the fellow aimed an arrow at Ibrahim Beg, who startled him by exclaiming, 'Hai! Hai!' and went forward; after which the man, being about as far off as the porch of a house is from the hall, let fly at me an arrow, which struck me under the arm. I had on a Kalmuk mail; two plates of it were pierced and broken from the blow. After shooting the arrow he fled, and I discharged an arrow after him. At that very moment a foot-soldier happened to be flying along the rampart, and my arrow pinned his cap to the wall, where it remained shot through and through, and dangling from the parapet. He took his turban, which he twisted round his arm, and ran away. A man on horseback passed close by me, fleeing up the narrow lane by which Sheikh Bayezid had escaped. I struck him such a blow on the temples with the point of my sword, that he bent over as if ready to fall from his horse, but supporting himself on the wall of the lane, he did not lose his seat, but escaped with the utmost hazard. Having dispersed all the horse and foot that were at the gate, we took possession of it. There was now no reasonable chance of success; for they had two or three thousand well armed men in the citadel, while I had only a hundred, or two hundred at most, in the outer stone fort: and, besides, Jehangir Mirza, about as long before as milk takes to boil, had been beaten and driven out, and half of my men were with him."

"A sort of a path leads up the river amidst broken glens, remote from the beaten road. By this unfrequented and retired path we proceeded up the river, till, leaving the river on the right, we struck into another narrow path. It

was about afternoon prayers when we emerged from the broken grounds into the level country. A blackness was discernible afar off in the plain. Having placed my men under cover, I myself, on foot, ascended an eminence to spy what it might be; when suddenly a number of horsemen galloped up the hillock behind us. We could not ascertain precisely how many or how few they were, but took to our horses and continued our flight. The horsemen who followed us were not in all above twenty, or twenty-five; and we were eight, as has been mentioned. Had we but known their number when they first came up, we should have given them warm play; but we imagined that they were certainly followed by a detachment sent in pursuit of the fugitives. Impressed with this notion, we continued our flight.

"The horse on which I was mounted began to lag. Jân Kuli dismounted and gave me his horse. I leaped from my own and mounted his, while he mounted mine. At this very instant Shahim Nâsir, with Abdal Kadôs Sidi Kara, who had fallen behind, were dismounted by the enemy. Jân Kuli also fell behind; but it was no season for trying to shield or assist him. We, therefore, pushed our horses to their utmost speed, but they gradually flagged and fell off. The horse of Dost Beg too began to flag, and fell behind; and the horse which I rode likewise began to be worn out. Kamber Ali dismounting, gave me his own horse. He mounted mine, and presently dropped behind. Khâwfeh Hûssaini, who was lame, turned off towards the heights. I now remained alone with Mirza Kuli Gokultâsh. Mirza Kuli also fell behind, and I was left alone. Two of the enemy were in sight; the name of the one was Baba Seirâmi, and that of the other Bandeh Ali; they gained upon me; my horse began to flag. There was a hill about a kos off, and I came up to a heap of stones. I reflected with myself that my horse was knocked up, and the hill still a considerable way off. What was to be done? I had about twenty arrows left in my quiver. Should I dismount at this heap of stones, and keep my ground as long as my arrows lasted? But it occurred to me again, that perhaps I might be able to gain the hill, and that if I did, I might stick a few arrows in my belt, and succeed in climbing it. I had great reliance on my own nimbleness. Impelled by this idea, I kept on my course. My horse was unable to make any speed, and my pursuers got within arrow's reach of me; I was sparing of my arrows, however, and did not shoot. They also were somewhat chary, and did not come nearer than a bow-shot, but kept on tracking me.

By and by, he enters into a parley with some of his pursuers, who end by swearing fealty to him, and affect to conduct him to a place of safety and concealment.

"It was about noon, when as far off as the sight could reach, we perceived something that glittered on a horse. For some time we could not distinguish what it was. It was, in truth, Muhammed Bâkir Beg. He had been in Akhsi along with me; and in the dispersion that followed our leaving the place, when every one was scattered here and there, Muhammed Bâkir Beg had come in this direction and was now

wandering about and concealing himself. Bandeh Ali and Baba Seirâmi said, 'For two days past our horses have had neither grain nor fodder. Let us go down into the valley and suffer them to graze. We accordingly mounted, and having descended into the valley, set them a-grazing. It was about the time of afternoon prayers, when we descried a horseman passing along over the very height on which we had been hiding. I recognised him to be Kâdir Berdi, the head man of Ghiva. I said to them, 'Let us call Kâdir Berdi.' We called him and he came and joined us. Having greeted him, asked him some questions, spoken obligingly and with kindness to him, made him promises, and disposed him favourably towards me by every means in my power, I sent him to bring a rope, a grass-hook, an axe, apparatus for crossing a river, provender for the horses, and food for ourselves, and, if possible, a horse likewise; and we made an appointment to meet him on this same spot at bed-time prayers.

"Bandeh Ali said, 'There are many retired gardens among the suburbs of Karnân, where nobody will suspect us of lurking. Let us go thither, and send a person to conduct Kâdir Berdi to us. With this intention, we mounted and proceeded to the suburbs of Karnân. It was winter and excessively cold. They brought me an old mantle of year-old lamb skin, with the wool on the inside, and of coarse woven cloth without, which I put on. They also procured and brought me a dish of pottage of boiled millet-flour, which I eat, and found wonderfully comfortable. I asked Bandeh Ali, 'Have you sent any body to Kâdir Berdi?' He answered, 'Yes, I have.' These unlucky perfidious clowns had in reality met Kâdir Berdi, and had dispatched him to Tambol at Akhsi.

"Having gone into a house that had stone walls, and kindled a fire, I closed my eyes for a moment in sleep. These crafty fellows, pretending in extreme anxiety to serve me, 'We must not stir from this neighbourhood,' said they, 'till we have news of Kâdir Berdi. The house where we are, however, is the very middle of the suburbs. There is a place in the outskirts of the suburbs where we might be quite unsuspected, could we but reach it.' We mounted our horses, therefore, about midnight, and proceeded to a garden on the outskirts of the suburbs. Baba Seirâmi watched on the terrace-roof of the house, keeping a sharp lookout in every direction. It was near noon when he came down from the terrace and said to me, 'Here comes Yûsef, the Darogha.' I was seized with prodigious alarm, and said, 'Learn if he comes in consequence of knowing that I am here.' Baba went out, and after some conversation, returned and said—"

At this critical moment there is an unlucky hiatus in all the manuscripts of the Memoirs, so that it is to this day unknown by what means the heroic prince escaped from his treacherous associates, only that we find him, the year after, warring prosperously against a new set of enemies. Of his military exploits and adventures, however, we think we have now given a sufficient specimen.

In these we have said he resembles the paladins of Europe, in her days of chivalric enterprise. But we doubt greatly whether any of

her knightly adventurers could have given so exact an account of the qualities and productions of the countries they visited as the Asiatic Sovereign has here put on record. Of Kâbul, for example, after describing its boundaries, rivers, and mountains, he says—

“This country lies between Hindoostan and Khorasan. It is an excellent and profitable market for commodities. Were the merchants to carry their goods as far as Khitâ or Rûm,* they would scarcely get the same profit on them. Every year, seven, eight, or ten thousand horses arrive in Kâbul. From Hindustan, every year, fifteen or twenty thousand pieces of cloth are brought by caravans. The commodities of Hindustan are slaves, white cloths, sugar-candy, refined and common sugar, drugs, and spices. There are many merchants that are not satisfied with getting thirty or forty for ten.† The productions of Khorasan, Rûm, Irak, and Chin,‡ may all be found in Kâbul, which is the very emporium of Hindustan. Its warm and cold districts are close by each other. From Kâbul you may in a single day go to a place where snow never falls, and in the space of two astronomical hours, you may reach a spot where snow lies always, except now and then when summer happens to be peculiarly hot. In the districts dependent on Kâbul, there is great abundance of the fruits both of hot and cold climates, and they are found in its immediate vicinity. The fruits of the cold districts in Kâbul are grapes, pomegranates, apricots, peaches, pears, apples quinces, jujubes, damsons, almonds and walnuts; all of which are found in great abundance. I caused the sour cherry-tree § to be brought here and planted; it produced excellent fruit, and continues thriving. The fruits it possesses peculiar to a warm climate, are the orange, citron,¶ the amlok, and sugar-cane, which are brought from the Lamghanat. I caused the sugar cane to be brought, and planted it here. They bring the Jelghûzek** from Nijrow. They have numbers of bee-hives, but honey is brought only from the hill-country on the west. The rawash†† of Kâbul is of excellent quality: its quinces and damask plums are excellent as well as its badrengs.‡‡ There is a species of grape which they call the water-grape, that is very delicious; its wines are strong and intoxicating. That produced on the skirt of the mountain of Khwajeh Khan-Saaid is celebrated for its po-

* Khitâ is Northern China, and its dependent provinces. Rûm is Turkey, particularly the provinces about Trebizond.

† Three or four hundred per cent.

‡ Chin is all China.

§ Alubala.

¶ A berry like the karinda.

** The jelghûzek is the seed of a kind of pine, the cones of which are as big as a man's two fists.

†† The rawash is described as a root something like beet-root but much larger—white and red in colour, with large leaves, that rise little from the ground. It has a pleasant mixture of sweet and acid. It may be the rhubarb, raweid.

‡‡ The badreng is a large green fruit, in shape somewhat like a citron. The name is also applied to a large sort of cucumber.

tency, though I describe it only from what I have heard:

The drinker knows the flavour of the wine: how should the sober know it?

“Kâbul is not fertile in grain; a return of four or five to one is reckoned favourable.—The melons too are not good, but those raised from seed brought from Khorasan are tolerable. The climate is extremely delightful, and in this respect there is no such place in the known world. In the nights of summer you cannot sleep without a postin (or lambskin cloak). Though the snow falls very deep in the winter, yet the cold is never excessively intense. Samarkand and Tabriz are celebrated for their fine climate, but the cold there is extreme beyond measure.

“Opposite to the fort of Adinâhpâr,* to the south, on a rising ground, I formed a char-bagh (or great garden), in the year nine hundred and fourteen (1508). It is called Baghe Vafa (the Garden of Fidelity). It overlooks the river, which flows between the fort and the palace. In the year in which I defeated Behar Khan and conquered Lahore and Dibalpâr, I brought plantains and planted them here.—They grew and thrived. The year before I had also planted the sugar-cane in it, which thrived remarkably well. I sent some of them to Badakhshan and Bokhara. It is on an elevated site, enjoys running water, and the climate in the winter season is temperate. In the garden there is a small hillock, from which a stream of water, sufficient to drive a mill, incessantly flows into the garden below. The four-fold field-plot of this garden is situated on this eminence. On the south-west part of this garden is a reservoir of water ten gez square, which is wholly planted round with orange trees; there are likewise pomegranates. All around the piece of water the ground is quite covered with clover. This spot is the very eye of the beauty of the garden. At the time when the orange becomes yellow, the prospect is delightful. Indeed the garden is charmingly laid out. To the south of this garden lies the Koh-e-Sefid (the White Mountain) of Nanghar, which separates Bangash from Nanghar. There is no road by which one can pass it on horseback. Nine streams descend from this mountain. The snow on its summit never diminishes, whence probably comes the name of Koh-e-Sefid (the White Mountain). No snow ever falls in the dales at its foot.

“The wine of Derch-Nûr is famous all over Lamghanat. It is of two kinds, which they term *arch-tâshi* (the stone-saw), and *sukân-tashi* (the stone-file). The stone-saw is of a yellowish colour; the stone-file, of a fine red. The stone-saw, however, is the better wine of the two, though neither of them equals their reputation. Higher up, at the head of the glens, in this mountain, there are some apes to be met with. Apes are found lower down towards Hindustan, but none higher up than this

* The fort of Adinâhpâr is to the south of the Kâbul river.

† The Koh-e-Sefid is a remarkable position in the geography of Afghanistan. It is seen from Peshawar.

hill. The inhabitants used formerly to keep hogs,* but in my time they have renounced the practice.†

His account of the productions of his paternal kingdom of Ferghana is still more minute—telling us even the number of apple-trees in a particular district, and making mention of an excellent way of drying apricots, with almonds put in instead of the stones, and of a wood with a fine red bark, of admirable use for making whip-handles and birds' cages! The most remarkable piece of statistics, however, with which he has furnished us, is in his account of Hindustan, which he first entered as a conqueror in 1525. It occupies twenty-five closely printed quarto pages; and contains, not only an exact account of its boundaries, population, resources, revenues, and divisions, but a full enumeration of all its useful fruits, trees, birds, beasts, and fishes, with such a minute description of their several habits, and peculiarities as would make no contemptible figure in a modern work of natural history—carefully distinguishing the facts which rest on his own observation from those which he gives only on the testimony of others, and making many suggestions as to the means of improving, or transferring them from one region to another. From the detailed botanical and zoological descriptions, we can afford of course to make no extracts. What follows is more general:—

"Hindustan is situated in the first, second, and third climates. No part of it is in the fourth. It is a remarkably fine country. It is quite a different world, compared with our countries. Its hills and rivers, its forests and plains, its animals and plants, its inhabitants and their languages, its winds and rains, are all of a different nature. Although the Gernsils (or hot districts), in the territory of Kabul, bear, in many respects, some resemblance to Hindustan, while in other particulars they differ, yet you have no sooner passed the river Sind than the country, the trees, the stones, the wandering tribes,‡ the manners and customs of the people, are all entirely those of Hindustan. The northern range of hills has been mentioned. Immediately on crossing the river Sind, we come upon several countries in this range of mountains, connected with Kashmir, such as Pekheli and Shemeng. Most of them, though now independent of Kashmir, were formerly included in its territories. After leaving Kashmir, these hills contain innumerable tribes and states, pergunnahs and countries, and extend all the way to Bengal and the shores of the Great Ocean. About these hills are other tribes of men.

"The country and towns of Hindustan are extremely ugly. All its towns and lands have a uniform look; its gardens have no walls; the greater part of it is a level plain. The banks of its rivers and streams, in consequence of the rushing of the torrents that descend during the rainy season, are worn deep into

the channel, which makes it generally difficult and troublesome to cross them. In many places, the plain is covered by a thorny brush-wood, to such a degree that the people of the Pergannas, relying on these forests, take shelter in them, and, trusting to their inaccessible situation, often continue in a state of revolt, refusing to pay their taxes. In Hindustan, if you except the rivers, there is little running water.* Now and then some standing water is to be met with. All these cities and countries derive their water from wells or tanks, in which it is collected during the rainy season. In Hindustan, the populousness and decay, or total destruction of villages, nay of cities, is almost instantaneous. Large cities that have been inhabited for a series of years (if, on an alarm, the inhabitants take to flight), in a single day, or a day and a half, are so completely abandoned, that you can scarcely discover a trace or mark of population.†

The prejudices of the more active and energetic inhabitant of the hill country are still more visible in the following passage:—

"Hindustan is a country that has few pleasures to recommend it.‡ The people are not handsome. They have no idea of the charms of friendly society, of frankly mixing together, or of familiar intercourse. They have no genius, no comprehension of mind, no politeness of manner, no kindness or fellow-feeling, no ingenuity or mechanical invention in planning or executing their handicraft works, no skill or knowledge in design or architecture; they have no good horses, no good flesh, no grapes or musk-melons,§ no good fruits, no ice or cold

* In Persia there are few rivers, but numbers of artificial canals or water-runs for irrigation, and for the supply of water to towns and villages. The same is the case in the valley of Soghd, and the richer parts of Mawerannah.

† "This is the *teulsa* or *tealsa*, so well described by Colonel Wilks in his *Historical Sketches*, vol. I. p. 309, note: 'On the approach of an hostile army, the unfortunate inhabitants of India bury under ground their most cumbrous effects, and each individual, man, woman, and child above six years of age, (the infant children being carried by their mothers,) with a load of grain proportioned to their strength, issue from their beloved homes, and take the direction of a country (if such can be found) exempt from the miseries of war; sometimes of a strong fortress, but more generally of the most unfrequented hills and woods, where they prolong a miserable existence until the departure of the enemy; and if this should be protracted beyond the time for which they have provided food, a large portion necessarily dies of hunger.' See the note itself. The *Historical Sketches* should be read by every one who desires to have an accurate idea of the South of India. It is to be regretted that we do not possess the history of any other part of India, written with the same knowledge or research."

‡ Baber's opinions regarding India, are nearly the same with those of most Europeans of the upper class, even at the present day.

§ Grapes and musk-melons, particularly the latter, are now common all over India.

* This practice Baber viewed with disgust, the hog being an impure animal in the Muhammedan law.

† "The *Is* and *Uluses*."

water, no good food or bread in their bazars, no baths or colleges, no candles, no torches, not a candlestick.

"The chief excellency of Hindustan is, that it is a large country, and has abundance of gold and silver. The climate during the rains is very pleasant. On some days it rains ten, fifteen, and even twenty times. During the rainy season, inundations come pouring down all at once, and form rivers, even in places where, at other times, there is no water.—While the rains continue on the ground, the air is singularly delightful—inasmuch, that nothing can surpass its soft and agreeable temperature. Its defect is, that the air is rather moist and damp. During the rainy season, you cannot shoot, even with the bow of our country, and it becomes quite useless. Nor is it the bow alone that becomes useless; the coats of mail, books, clothes, and furniture, all feel the bad effects of the moisture. Their houses, too, suffer from not being substantially built.—There is pleasant enough weather in the winter and summer, as well as in the rainy season; but then the north wind always blows, and there is an excessive quantity of earth and dust flying about. When the rains are at hand, this wind blows five or six times with excessive violence, and such a quantity of dust flies about that you cannot see one another.—They call this an *Andhi*.^{*} It gets warm during Taurus and Gemini, but not so warm as to become intolerable. The heat cannot be compared to the heats of Balkh and Kandahar. It is not above half so warm as in these places.—Another convenience of Hindustan is, that the workmen of every profession and trade are innumerable and without end. For any work, or any employment, there is always a set ready, to whom the same employment and trade have descended from father to son for ages.—In the *Zefer-Nameh* of Mulla Sherif-ed-din Ali Fezdi, it is mentioned as a surprising fact, that when Taimur Beg was building the Sangin (or stone) mosque, there were stone-cutters of Azerbaejan, Fars, Hindustan, and other countries, to the number of two hundred, working every day on the mosque. In Agra alone, and of stone cutters belonging to that place only, I every day employed on my palaces six hundred and eighty persons; and in Agra, Sikri, Bana, Dhulpur, Gualiar, and Koel, there were every day employed on my works one thousand four hundred and ninety-one stone-cutters.—In the same way, men of every trade and occupation are numberless and without stint in Hindustan.

"The countries from Behreh to Behar, which are now under my dominion, yield a revenue of fifty-two kroris,[†] as will appear from the particular and detailed statement.[‡] Of this amount, Pergannas to the value of eight or nine kroris are in the possession of some Rajs and Rajas, who from old times have been

submissive, and have received these Pergannas for the purpose of confirming them in their obedience."

These memoirs contain many hundred characters and portraits of individuals; and it would not be fair not to give our readers one or two specimens of the royal author's minute style of execution on such subjects. We may begin with that of Omer-Sheikh Mirza, his grandfather, and immediate predecessor in the throne of Ferghana:—

"Omer-Sheikh Mirza was of low stature, had a short bushy beard, brownish hair, and was very corpulent. He used to wear his tunic extremely tight; inasmuch, that as he was wont to contract his belly while he tied the strings, when he let himself out again the strings often burst. He was not curious in either his food or dress. He tied his turban in the fashion called *Destâr-pêch* (or plaited turban). At that time, all turbans were worn in the *char-pêch* (or four-plait) style. He wore his without folds, and allowed the end to hang down. During the heats, when out of the Divan, he generally wore the Moghul cap.

"He read elegantly: his general reading was the *Khamsahs*,^{*} the *Mesnevis*,[†] and books of history; and he was in particular fond of reading the *Shahnameh*.[‡] Though he had a turn for poetry, he did not cultivate it. He was so strictly just, that when the caravan from Khita[§] had once reached the hill country to the east of Andejan, and the snow fell so deep as to bury it; so that of the whole, only two persons escaped; he no sooner received information of the occurrence, than he dispatched overseers to collect and take charge of all the property and effects of the people of the caravan; and, wherever the heirs were not at hand, though himself in great want, his resources being exhausted, he placed the property under sequestration, and preserved it untouched; till, in the course of one or two years, the heirs, coming from Khorasan and Samarkand, in consequence of the intimation which they received, he delivered back the goods safe and uninjured into their hands.|| His generosity was large, and so was his whole soul; he was of an excellent temper, affable, eloquent and sweet in his conversation, yet brave withal, and manly. On two occasions he advanced in front of the troops, and exhibited distinguished prowess; once, at the gates of Akhsi, and once at the gates of Shahrokhia.—

* Several Persian poets wrote *Khamsahs*, or poems, on five different given subjects. The most celebrated is Nezami.

† The most celebrated of these *Mesnevis* is the mystical poem of Moulavi Jildleddin Muhammed. The Sufis consider it as equal to the Koran.

‡ The *Shahnameh*, or Book of Kings, is the famous poem of the great Persian poet Ferdousi, and contains the romantic history of ancient Persia.

§ North China, but often applied to the whole country from China to Terfan, and now even west to the Ala-tagh Mountains.

|| This anecdote is erroneously related of Baber himself by Ferishta and others. See Dow's *Hist. of Hindostan*, vol. ii. p. 218.

3 A

* This is still the Hindustani term for a storm, or tempest.

† About a million and a half sterling, or rather £1,300,000.

‡ This statement unfortunately has not been preserved.

§ About £225,000 sterling.

He was a middling shot with the bow; he had uncommon force in his fists, and never hit a man whom he did not knock down. From his excessive ambition for conquest, he often exchanged peace for war, and friendship for hostility. In the earlier part of his life he was greatly addicted to drinking *bûzeh* and *talar*.^{*} Latterly, once or twice in the week, he indulged in a drinking party. He was a pleasant companion, and in the course of conversation used often to cite, with great felicity, appropriate verses from the poets. In his latter days he was much addicted to the use of *Maajûn*,[†] while under the influence of which, he was subject to a feverish irritability. He was a humane man. He played a great deal at backgammon, and sometimes at games of chance with the dice."

The following is the memorial of Hussain Mirza, king of Khorasan, who died in 1506:

"He had straight narrow eyes, his body was robust and firm; from the waist downwards he was of a slenderer make. Although he was advanced in years, and had a white beard, he dressed in gay-coloured red and green woollen clothes. He usually wore a cap of black lamb's skin, or a *kilpak*. Now and then, on festival days, he put on a small turban, tied in three folds, broad and showy, and having placed a plume nodding over it, went in this style to prayers.

"On first mounting the throne, he took it into his head that he would cause the names of the twelve Imams to be recited in the *Khût-beh*. Many used their endeavours to prevent him. Finally, however, he directed and arranged every thing according to the orthodox Sunni faith. From a disorder in his joints, he was unable to perform his prayers, nor could he observe the stated fasts. He was a lively, pleasant man. His temper was rather hasty, and his language took after his temper. In many instances he displayed a profound reverence for the faith; on one occasion, one of his sons having slain a man, he delivered him up to the avengers of blood to be carried before the judgment-seat of the Kazi. For about six or seven years after he first ascended the throne, he was very guarded in abstaining from such things as were forbidden by the law; afterwards he became addicted to drinking wine. During nearly forty years that he was King of Khorasan, not a day passed in which he did not drink after mid-day prayers; but he never drank wine in the morning. His sons, the whole of the soldiery, and the town's-people, followed his example in this respect, and seemed to vie with each other in debauchery and lasciviousness. He was a brave and valiant man. He often engaged sword in hand in fight,

and frequently distinguished his prowess hand to hand several times in the course of the same fight. No person of the race of Taimur Beg ever equalled Sultan Hussain Mirza in the use of the scymitar. He had a turn for poetry, and composed a *Diwan*. He wrote in the Turkish. His poetical name was Hussaini. Many of his verses are far from being bad, but the whole of the Mirza's *Diwan* is in the same measure. Although a prince of dignity, both as to years and extent of territory, he was as fond as a child of keeping butting rams, and of amusing himself with flying pigeons and cock-fighting."

We can afford only one other portrait—that of Sultan Abusaid, in 1493.

"He was tall, of a ruddy complexion, and corpulent. He had a beard on the fore-part of the chin, but none on the lower part of the cheek. He was a man of extremely pleasant manners. He wore his turban, according to the fashion of the time, in what was termed *Chârmâk* (the four-plaited), with the tie or hem brought forward over the eyebrows.

"He was strictly attached to the Hanifah sect, and was a true and orthodox believer. He unfailingly observed the five stated daily prayers, and did not neglect them even when engaged in drinking parties. He was attached to Khwajeh Abid-alla, who was his religious instructor and guide. He was polite and ceremonious at all times, but particularly in his intercourse with the Kwajeh; inasmuch that they say, that, while in company with him, however long they sat, he never changed the position of his knees, by shifting the one over the other, except in one instance, when, contrary to his usual practice, he rested the one knee on the other. After the Mirza rose, the Khwajeh desired them to examine what there was particular in the place in which the Mirza had been seated, when they found a bone lying there.

"He had never read any, and though brought up in the city, was illiterate and unrefined. He was a plain honest Turk, but not favoured by genius. He was, however, a just man; and as he always consulted the reverend Khwajeh in affairs of importance, he generally acted in conformity to the law. He was true to his promises, and faithful to his compacts or treaties, from which he never swerved. He was brave; and though he never happened to be engaged hand to hand in close combat, yet they say that in several actions he showed proofs of courage. He excelled in archery. He was a good marksman. With his arrows and forked arrows he generally hit the mark; and in riding from one side of the exercise ground to the other, he used to hit the brazen basin several times. Latterly, when he became very corpulent, he took to bringing down pheasants and quails with the goshawks, and seldom failed. He was fond of hawking, and was particularly skilled in flying the hawk, an amusement which he frequently practised. If you except Ulugh Beg Mirza, there was no other king who equalled him in field sports. He was singularly observant of decorum, inasmuch that it is said that, even in private, before his own people and nearest relations, he never uncovered his feet. Whenever he took to drinking

* *Bûzeh* is a sort of intoxicating liquor, somewhat resembling beer, made from millet. *Talar* I do not know, but understand it to be a preparation from the poppy. There is, however, nothing about *bûzeh* or *talar* in the Persian, which only specifies *sherâb*, wine or strong drink.

† Any medical mixture is called a *maajun*; but in common speech, the term is chiefly applied to intoxicating comfits, and especially those prepared with *bang*.

wine, he would drink without intermission for twenty or thirty days at a stretch, and then he would not taste wine for the next twenty or thirty days. In his social parties he would sometimes sit day and night, and drink profusely; on the days when he did not drink, he ate pungent substances. He was naturally of a penurious disposition, was a simple man, of few words, and entirely guided by his Bega."

One of the most striking passages in the work is the royal author's account of the magnificence of the court and city of Herat, when he visited it in 1506; and especially his imposing catalogue of the illustrious authors, artists, and men of genius, by whom it was then adorned.

"The age of Sultan Hussain Mirza was certainly a wonderful age, and Khorasan, particularly the city of Heri, abounded with eminent men of unrivalled acquirements, each of whom made it his aim and ambition to carry to the highest perfection the art to which he devoted himself. Among these was the Moulana Abdal Rahiman Jami,* to whom there was no person of that period who could be compared, whether in respect to profane or sacred science. His poems are well known. The merits of the Mulla are of too exalted a nature to admit of being described by me; but I have been anxious to bring the mention of his name, and an allusion to his excellencies, into these humble pages, for a good omen and a blessing."

He then proceeds to enumerate the names of between thirty and forty distinguished persons; ranking first the sages and theologians, to the number of eight or nine; next the poets, about fifteen; then two or three painters; and five or six performers and composers of music;—of one of these he gives the following instructive anecdote:—

"Another was Hussain Udi (the lutanist), who played with great taste on the lute, and composed elegantly. He could play, using only one string of his lute at a time. He had the fault of giving himself many airs when desired to play. On one occasion Sheibani Khan desired him to play. After giving much trouble he played very ill, and besides, did not bring his own instrument, but one that was good for nothing. Sheibani Khan, on learning how matters stood, directed that, at that very party, he should receive a certain number of blows on the neck. This was one good deed that Sheibani Khan did in his day; and indeed the affliction of such people deserves even more severe animadversion."

In the seductions of this luxurious court, Baber's orthodox abhorrence to wine was first assailed with temptation:—and there is something very *naïve*, we think, in his account of his reasonings and feelings on the occasion.

"As we were guests at Mozaffer Mirza's house, Mozaffer Mirza placed me above himself, and having filled up a glass of welcome,

the cupbearers in waiting began to supply all who were of the party with pure wine, which they quaffed as if it had been the water of life. The party waxed warm, and the spirit mounted up to their heads. They took a fancy to make me drink too, and bring me into the same circle with themselves. Although, till that time, I had never been guilty of drinking wine, and from never having fallen into the practice, was ignorant of the sensations it produced, yet I had a strong lurking inclination to wander in this desert, and my heart was much disposed to pass the stream. In my boyhood I had no wish for it, and did not know its pleasures or pains. When my father at any time asked me to drink wine, I excused myself, and abstained. After my father's death, by the guardian care of Khwajeh Kazi, I remained pure and undefiled. I abstained even from forbidden foods; how then was I likely to indulge in wine? Afterwards when, from the force of youthful imagination and constitutional impulse, I got a desire for wine, I had nobody about my person to invite me to gratify my wishes; nay, there was not one who even suspected my secret longing for it. Though I had the appetite, therefore, it was difficult for me, unsolicited as I was, to indulge such unlawful desires. It now came into my head, that, as they urged me so much, and as, besides, I had come into a refined city like Heri, in which every means of heightening pleasure and gaiety was possessed in perfection; in which all the incentives and apparatus of enjoyment were combined with an invitation to indulgence, if I did not seize the present moment, I never could expect such another. I therefore resolved to drink wine! But it struck me, that as Badia-uz-zaman Mirza was the eldest brother, and as I had declined receiving it from his hand, and in his house, he might now take offence. I therefore mentioned this difficulty which had occurred to me. My excuse was approved of, and I was not pressed any more, at this party, to drink. It was settled, however, that the next time we met at Badia-uz-zaman Mirza's, I should drink when pressed by the two Mirzas."

By some providential accident, however, the conscientious prince escaped from this meditated lapse; and it was not till some years after, that he gave way to the long-cherished and resisted propensity. At what particular occasion he first fell into the snare, unfortunately is not recorded—as there is a blank of several years in the Memoirs previous to 1519. In that year, however, we find him a confirmed toper; and nothing, indeed, can be more ludicrous than the accuracy and apparent truth with which he continues to chronicle all his subsequent and very frequent excesses. The Eastern votary of intoxication has a pleasant way of varying his enjoyments, which was never taken in the West. When the fluid elements of drunkenness begin to fail, he betakes him to what is learnedly called a *maajün*, being a sort of electuary or confection, made up with pleasant spices, and rendered potent by a large admixture of opium, bang, and other narcotic ingredients, producing a solid intoxication of a very delightful and desirable description. One of the first drinking matches that is de-

* "No moral poet ever had a higher reputation than Jami. His poems are written with great beauty of language and versification, in a captivating strain of religious and philosophic mysticism. He is not merely admired for his sublimity as a poet, but venerated as a saint."

scribed makes honourable mention of this variety:

"The *maajûn*-takers and spirit-drinkers, as they have different tastes, are very apt to take offence with each other. I said, 'Don't spoil the cordiality of the party; whoever wishes to drink spirits, let him drink spirits; and let him that prefers *maajûn*, take *maajûn*; and let not the one party give any idle or provoking language to the other.' Some sat down to spirits, some to *maajûn*. The party went on for some time tolerably well. Baba Jan Kabûzi had not been in the boat; we had sent for him when we reached the royal tents. He chose to drink spirits. Terdi Muhammed Kipchak, too, was sent for, and joined the spirit-drinkers. As the spirit-drinkers and *maajûn*-takers never can agree in one party, the spirit-bibing party began to indulge in foolish and idle conversation, and to make provoking remarks on *maajûn* and *maajûn*-takers. Baba Jan, too, getting drunk, talked very absurdly. The tipplers, filling up glass after glass for Terdi Muhammed, made him drink them off, so that in a very short time he was mad drunk. Whatever exertions I could make to preserve peace, were all unavailing; there was much uproar and wrangling. The party became quite burdensome and unpleasant, and soon broke up."

The second day after, we find the royal bacchanal still more grievously overtaken:

"We continued drinking spirits in the boat till bed-time prayers, when, being completely drunk, we mounted, and taking torches in our hands came at full gallop back to the camp from the river-side, falling sometimes on one side of the horse, and sometimes on the other. I was miserably drunk, and next morning, when they told me of our having galloped into the camp with lighted torches in our hands, I had not the slightest recollection of the circumstance. After coming home, I vomited plentifully."

Even in the middle of a harassing and desultory campaign, there is no intermission of this excessive jollity, though it sometimes puts the parties into jeopardy,—for example:—

"We continued at this place drinking till the sun was on the decline, when we set out. Those who had been of the party were completely drunk. Syed Kasim was so drunk, that two of his servants were obliged to put him on horseback, and brought him to the camp with great difficulty. Dost Muhammed Bakir was so far gone, that Amin Muhammed Terkhan, Masti Chehreh, and those who were along with him, were unable, with all their exertions, to get him on horseback. They poured a great quantity of water over him, but all to no purpose. At this moment a body of Afghans appeared in sight. Amin Muhammed Terkhan, being very drunk, gravely gave it as his opinion, that rather than leave him, in the condition in which he was, to fall into the hands of the enemy, it was better at once to cut off his head and carry it away. Making another exertion, however, with much difficulty, they contrived to throw him upon a horse, which they led along, and so brought him off."

On some occasions they contrive to be drunk four times in twenty-four hours. The gallant prince contents himself with a strong *maajûn* one day; but

"Next morning we had a drinking party in the same tent. We continued drinking till night. On the following morning we again had an early cup, and, getting intoxicated, went to sleep. About noon-day prayers, we left Ishtif, and I took a *maajûn* on the road. It was about afternoon prayers before I reached Behzadi. The crops were extremely good. While I was riding round the harvest-fields, such of my companions as were fond of wine began to contrive another drinking-bout. Although I had taken a *maajûn*, yet, as the crops were uncommonly fine, we sat down under some trees that had yielded a plentiful load of fruit, and began to drink. We kept up the party in the same place till bed-time prayers. Möll Mahmud Khalifeh having arrived, we invited him to join us. Abdalla, who had got very drunk, made an observation which affected Khalifeh. Without recollecting that Möll Mahmud was present, he repeated the verse,

(*Persian.*) Examine whom you will, you will find him suffering from the same wound.

Mölla Mahmud, who did not drink, reproved Abdalla for repeating this verse with levity. Abdalla, recovering his judgment, was in terrible perturbation, and conversed in a wonderfully smooth and sweet strain all the rest of the evening."

In a year or two after this, when he seems to be in a course of unusual indulgence, we meet with the following edifying remark: "As I intend, when forty years old, to abstain from wine; and as I now want somewhat less than one year of being forty, *I drink wine most copiously!*" When forty comes, however, we hear nothing of this sage resolution—but have a regular record of the wine and *maajûn* parties as before, up to the year 1527. In that year, however, he is seized with rather a sudden fit of penitence, and has the resolution to begin a course of rigorous reform. There is something rather picturesque in his very solemn and remarkable account of this great revolution in his habits:

"On Monday the 23d of the first Jemadi, I had mounted to survey my posts, and, in the course of my ride, was seriously struck with the reflection that I had always resolved, one time or another, to make an effectual repentance, and that some traces of a hankering after the renunciation of forbidden works had ever remained in my heart. Having sent for the gold and silver goblets and cups, with all the other utensils used for drinking parties, I directed them to be broken, and renounced the use of wine, purifying my mind. The fragments of the goblets, and other utensils of gold and silver, I directed to be divided among Derwishes and the poor. The first person who followed me in my repentance was Asas, who also accompanied me in my resolution of ceasing to cut the beard, and of allowing it to grow.† That night and the following, num-

* "This verse, I presume, is from a religious poem, and has a mystical meaning. The profane application of it is the ground of offence."

† "This vow was sometimes made by persons who set out on a war against the Infidels. They did not trim the beard till they returned

bers of Amirs and courtiers, soldiers and persons not in the service, to the number of nearly three hundred men, made vows of reformation. The wine which we had with us we poured on the ground! I ordered that the wine brought by Baba Dost should have salt thrown into it, that it might be made into vinegar. On the spot where the wine had been poured out, I directed a wain to be sunk and built of stone, and close by the wain an alms-house to be erected."

He then issued a magnificent Firman, announcing his reformation, and recommending its example to all his subjects. But he still persists, we find, in the use of a mild maajun. We are sorry to be obliged to add, that though he had the firmness to persevere to the last, in his abstinence from wine, the sacrifice seems to have cost him very dear; and he continued to the very end of his life to hanker after his broken wine-cups, and to look back with fond regret to the delights he had abjured for ever. There is something absolutely pathetic, as well as amiable, in the following candid avowal in a letter written the year before his death to one of his old drinking companions:—

"In a letter which I wrote to Abdalla, I mentioned that I had much difficulty in reconciling myself to the desert of penitence; but that I had resolution enough to persevere,—

(Turki verse.)

I am distressed since I renounced wine;
I am confounded and unfit for business,—
Regret leads me to penitence,
Penitence leads me to regret.

Indeed, last year, my desire and longing for wine and social parties were beyond measure excessive. It even came to such a length that I have found myself shedding tears from vexation and disappointment. In the present year, praise be to God, these troubles are over, and I ascribe them chiefly to the occupation afforded to my mind by a poetical translation, on which I have employed myself. Let me advise you too, to adopt a life of abstinence. Social parties and wine are pleasant, in company with our jolly friends and old boon companions. But with whom can you enjoy the social cup? With whom can you indulge in the pleasures of wine? If you have only Shir Ahmed, and Haider Külli, for the companions of your gay hours and jovial goblet, you can surely find no great difficulty in consenting to the sacrifice. I conclude with every good wish."

We have mentioned already that Baber appears to have been of a frank and generous character—and there are throughout the Memoirs, various traits of singular clemency and tenderness of heart, for an Eastern monarch and professional warrior. He weeps ten whole days for the loss of a friend who fell over a precipice after one of their drinking parties, and spares the lives, and even restores the domains of various chieftains who had betrayed his confidence, and afterwards fallen into his power. Yet there are traces of Asiatic ferocity, and of a hard-hearted wastefulness of life, which remind us that we are beyond the pale

victorious. Some vows of a similar nature may be found in Scripture."

of European gallantry and Christian compassion. In his wars in Afghan and India, the prisoners are commonly butchered in cold blood after the action, and pretty uniformly a triumphal pyramid is erected of their skulls. These horrible executions, too, are performed with much solemnity before the royal pavilion; and on one occasion, it is incidentally recorded, that such was the number of prisoners brought forward for this infamous butchery, that the sovereign's tent had three times to be removed to a different station—the ground before it being so drenched with blood and encumbered with quivering carcases! On one occasion, and on one only, an attempt was made to poison him—the mother of one of the sovereigns whom he had dethroned having bribed his cooks and tasters to mix death in his repast. Upon the detection of the plot, the taster was cut in pieces, the cook flayed alive, and the scullions trampled to death by elephants. Such, however, was the respect paid to rank, or the indulgence to maternal resentment, that the prime mover of the whole conspiracy, the queen dowager, is merely put under restraint, and has a contribution levied on her private fortune. The following brief anecdote speaks volumes as to the difference of the European and Asiatic manners and tempers:—

"Another of his wives was Katak Begum, who was the foster-sister of this same Terkhan Begum. Sultan Ahmed Mirza married her for love. He was prodigiously attached to her, and she governed him with absolute sway. She drank wine. During her life, the Sultan durst not venture to frequent any other of his ladies. At last, however, he put her to death, and delivered himself from his reproach."

In several of the passages we have cited, there are indications of this ambitious warrior's ardent love for fine flowers, beautiful gardens, and bright waters. But the work abounds with traits of this amiable and apparently ill-sorted propensity. In one place he says—

"In the warm season they are covered with the *cheekin taleh* grass in a very beautiful manner, and the Aimaks and Türks resort to them. In the skirts of these mountains, the ground is richly diversified by various kinds of tulips. I once directed them to be counted, and they brought in thirty-two or thirty-three different sorts of tulips. There is one species which has a scent in some degree like the rose, and which I termed *laleh-gul-hüi* (the rose-scented tulip). This species is found only in the Desht-e-Sheikh (the Sheikh's plain), in a small spot of ground and nowhere else. In the skirts of the same hills, below Perwan, is produced the *laleh-sed-berg* (or hundred-leaved tulip), which is likewise found only in one narrow spot of ground, as we emerge from the straits of Ghür-bend."

And a little after—

"Few quarters possess a district that can rival Istalif. A large river runs through it, and on either side of it are gardens, green, gay, and beautiful. Its water is so cold, that there is no need of icing it; and it is particularly pure. In this district is a garden, called Baghe-Kilan (or the Great Garden), which Ulugh Beg Mirza seized upon. I paid the price of the garden to the proprietors, and received

from them a grant of it. On the outside of the garden are large and beautiful spreading plane trees, under the shade of which there are agreeable spots finely sheltered. A perennial stream, large enough to turn a mill, runs through the garden; and on its banks are planted planes and other trees. Formerly this stream flowed in a winding and a crooked course, but I ordered its course to be altered according to a regular plan, which added greatly to the beauty of the place. Lower down these villages, and about a koss or a koss and a half above the level plain, on the lower skirts of the hill, is a fountain, named *Khudjeh-seh-yârdn* (Kwajeh three friends), around which there are three species of trees; above the fountain are many beautiful plane-trees, which yield a pleasant shade. On the two sides of the fountain, on small eminences at the bottom of the hills, there are a number of oak-trees; except on these two spots, where there are groves of oak, there is not an oak to be met with on the hills to the west of Kabul. In front of this fountain, towards the plain, there are many spots covered with the flowery Arghwan* tree, and besides these Arghwan plots, there are none else in the whole country."

We shall add but one other notice of this elegant taste—though on the occasion there mentioned, the flowers were aided by a less delicate sort of excitement.

"This day I eat a maajun. While under its influence, I visited some beautiful gardens. In different beds, the ground was covered with purple and yellow Arghwan flowers. On one hand were beds of yellow flowers, in bloom; on the other hand, red flowers were in blossom. In many places, they sprung up in the same bed, mingled together as if they had been flung and scattered abroad. I took my seat on a rising ground near the camp, to enjoy the view of all the flower-plots. On the six sides of this eminence they were formed as into regular beds. On one side were yellow flowers; on another the purple, laid out in triangular beds. On two other sides there were fewer flowers; but, as far as the eye could reach, there were flower-gardens of a similar kind. In the neighbourhood of Pershaver, during the spring, the flower-plots are exquisitely beautiful."

We have now enabled our readers, we think, to judge pretty fairly of the nature of this very curious volume; and shall only present them with a few passages from two letters written by the valiant author in the last year of his life. The first is addressed to his favourite son and successor Hûmaïn, whom he had settled in the government of Samarcand, and who was at this time a sovereign of approved valour and prudence. There is a very diverting mixture of sound political counsel and minute criticism on writing and composition, in this paternal effusion. We can give but a small part of it.

"In many of your letters you complain of separation from your friends. It is wrong for a prince to indulge in such a complaint.

"The name Arghwan is generally applied to the anemone; but in Afghanistan, it is given to a beautiful flowering shrub, which grows nearly to the size of a tree."

"There is no greater bondage than that in which a king is placed; but it it becomes him to complain of inevitable separation.

"In compliance with my wishes, you have indeed written me letters, but you certainly never read them over; for had you attempted to read them, you must have found it absolutely impossible, and would then undoubtedly have put them by. I contrived indeed to decipher and comprehend the meaning of your last letter, but with much difficulty. It is excessively confused and crabbed. Who ever saw a Moamma (a riddle or a charade) in prose? Your spelling is not bad, yet not quite correct. You have written *ilafat* with a *toe* (instead of a *te*), and *kuling* with a *be* (instead of a *kaf*). Your letter may indeed be read; but in consequence of the far-fetched words you have employed, the meaning is by no means very intelligible. You certainly do not excel in letter-writing, and fail chiefly because you have too great a desire to show your acquirements. For the future, you should write unaffectedly, with clearness, using plain words, which would cost less trouble both to the writer and reader."

The other letter is to one of his old companions in arms;—and considering that it is written by an ardent and ambitious conqueror, from the capital of his new empire of Hindustan, it seems to us a very striking proof, not only of the nothingness of high fortune, but of the native simplicity and amiableness of this Eastern highlander.

"My solicitude to visit my western dominions is boundless, and great beyond expression. The affairs of Hindustan have at length, however, been reduced into a certain degree of order; and I trust in Almighty God that the time is near at hand, when, through the grace of the Most High, every thing will be completely settled in this country. As soon as matters are brought into that state, I shall, God willing, set out for your quarter, without losing a moment's time. How is it possible that the delights of those lands should ever be erased from the heart? Above all, how is it possible for one like me, who have made a vow of abstinence from wine, and of purity of life, to forget the delicious melons and grapes of that pleasant region? They very recently brought me a single musk-melon. While cutting it up, I felt myself affected with a strong feeling of loneliness, and a sense of my exile from my native country; and I could not help shedding tears when I was eating it!"

On the whole, we cannot help having a liking for "the Tiger"—and the romantic, though somewhat apocryphal account that is given of his death, has no tendency to diminish our partiality. It is recorded by Abulfazi and other native historians, that in the year after these Memoirs cease, Hûmaïn, the beloved son of Baber, was brought to Agra in a state of the most miserable health:

"When all hopes from medicine were over, and while several men of skill were talking to the emperor of the melancholy situation of his son, Abul Baka, a personage highly venerated for his knowledge and piety, remarked to Baber, that in such a case, the Almighty had sometimes vouchsafed to receive the most valuable thing possessed by one friend, as an offer-

ing in exchange for the life of another. Baber, exclaiming that, of all things, his life was dearest to Humaiun, as Humaiun's was to him, and that, next to the life of Humaiun, his own was what he most valued, devoted his life to Heaven as a sacrifice for his son's! The noblemen around him entreated him to retract the rash vow, and, in place of his first offering, to give the diamond taken at Agra, and reckoned the most valuable on earth: that the ancient sages had said, that it was the dearest of our worldly possessions alone that was to be offered to Heaven. But he persisted in his resolution, declaring that no stone, of whatever value, could be put in competition with his life. He three times walked round the dying prince, a solemnity similar to that used in sacrifices and heave-offerings, and retiring, prayed earnestly to God. After some time he was heard to exclaim, 'I have borne it away: I have borne it away!' The Mussulman historians assure us, that Humaiun almost immediately began to recover, and that, in proportion as he recovered, the health and strength of Baber visibly decayed. Baber communicated his dying instructions to Khwajoh Khalfesh, Kamber Ali Beg, Terdi Beg, and Hindu Beg, who were then at Court, commending Humaiun to their protection. With that unvarying affection for his family, which he showed in all the circumstances of his life, he strongly besought Humaiun to be kind and forgiving to his brothers. Humaiun promised, and, what in such circumstances is rare, kept his promise."

From the Literary Gazette.

THE DEMON-SHIP.

'Twas off the Wash—the sun went down—
The sea look'd black and grim,
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were
mustered at the brim;
Titanic shades! enormous gloom!—as if the
solid night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the
light!
It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea
and sky!

Down went my helm—close reef'd—the
tack held freely in my hand—
With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded
for the land.
Loud hiss'd the sea beneath her lee—my little
boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne
upon the blast.
Lord! what a roaring hurricane beset the
straining sail!
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce
assaults of hail!
What darksome caverns yawn'd before! what
jagged steepes behind!
Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild
tossing in the wind.
Each after each sank down astern, exhausted
in the chase,
But where it sank another rose and gallop'd in
its place;

As black as night—they turned to white, and
cast against the cloud
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturn'd a
sailor's shroud:—
Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course was
nearly run!
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows
heap'd in one!
With fearful speed the dreary mass came roll-
ing, rolling, fast,
As if the scooping sea contain'd one only wave
at last!
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pur-
suing grave;
It seem'd as though some cloud had turn'd its
hugeness to a wave!
Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my
face—
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its
swelling base!
I saw its alpine hoary head impending over
mine!
Another pulse—and down it rush'd—an ava-
lanche of brine!
Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of
wife and home;
The waters closed—and when I shriek'd, I
shriek'd below the foam!
Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after
deed—
For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as
a weed.

* * * *

"Where am I? in the breathing world, or in
the world of death?"
With sharp and sudden pang I drew another
birth of breath;
My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a
doubtful sound—
And was that ship a *real* ship, whose tackle
seem'd around?
A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining
up aloft;
But were those beams, the very beams that I
had seen so oft;
A face, that mock'd the human face, before me
watch'd alone;
But were those eyes the eyes of man that
look'd against my own?

Oh! never may the moon again disclose me
such a sight
As met my gaze, when first I look'd, on that
accursed night!
I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of
fierce extremes
Of fever; and most frightful things have
haunted in my dreams—
Hyenas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes
with hateful stare,—
Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion
and she-bear—
Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery
and spite—
Detested features, hardly dimm'd and banish'd
by the light!
Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstart-
ing from their tombs—
All phantasies and images that flit in midnight
glooms—

Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me
all aghast,—
But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood
beside the mast!

His cheek was black—his brow was black—
his eyes and hair as dark :
His hand was black, and where it touch'd, it
left a sable mark ;
His throat was black, his vest the same, and
when I look'd beneath,
His breast was black—all, all, was black ex-
cept his grinning teeth.
His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as
Afric slaves!
Oh, horror! e'en the ship was black that
plough'd the inky waves!

"Alas!" I cried, "for love of truth and
blessed mercy's sake,
Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon
what dreadful lake?
What shape is that, so very grim, and black as
any coal?
It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has won
my soul!
Oh, mother dear! my tender nurse! dear mea-
dows that beguild
My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless
child:
My mother dear—my native fields, I never
more shall see:
I'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the De-
vil's Sea!"

Loud laugh'd that SABLE MARINER, and
loudly in return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang
from stem to stern—
A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled
on the nonce—
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining
out at once :
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoyed the
merry fit,
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like
Demons of the Pit.
They crow'd their fill, and then the Chief
made answer for the whole :—
"Our skins," said he, "are black ye see, be-
cause we carry coal ;
You'll find your mother sure enough, and see
your native fields—
For this-here ship has pick'd you up—the Mary
Ann of Shields!" T. H.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE DOMINICAN.

A STORY OF THE PLAGUE OF NAPLES.

— Fo voto a Dio, ch'egli se n'avra a pentire. Se
m'aiuti Iddio, come io già faro vedere, quanto importa a
far saltar la bile ai Frati.

Il Matrimonio di Fra Giovanni, Atto I. Scena 5.

DURING a short repose from the calamities of
famine, earthquakes, seditions, domestic and
foreign wars, depredations of the piratical
Turks, and the scarcely less formidable excu-
sions of troops of banditti, which, all united,

had for many months afflicted the kingdom of
Naples, a splendid festival was held in the large
square before the Palace, in the month of
May, 1656.

The Spanish Viceroy, Haro Count di Cas-
trillo, and his court, presided with full Spanish
state. The principal amusements of the day
were a tourney and a bull fight; for the Span-
iards carried their tastes with them into Italy,
and the Neapolitans have more than the ordi-
nary aptitude of assuming the tastes of the
conqueror, or master. Many a gay Andalusian
dress was flaunted that day in the honoured
arena; many a youthful eye was raised to the
ladies on the surrounding seats, to read the ef-
fect of a fine figure on a bounding steed, of an
expert pass, or of a hazardous exploit: there was
a mighty driving of spurs, and pushing of horns
and spears, a copious gushing of hot, red blood,
and the usual accompaniments of clapping
hands, and waving handkerchiefs.

Among the young heroes of the day there
was one, who, by the superior elegance of his
equipments, the studied grace of his evolutions,
and the boldness of his action, seemed bent on
attracting marked attention; and from the
court balcony there was an eye that never took
itself off him, and whose kindly glance might
well be deemed deserving of his ambition. The
Marchesa di — was a young widow, rich,
and full of grace and beauty. In the circle
where she sat, were many dames, lofty in no-
bility, and in the consciousness of possessing
real and visible claims to admiration and reve-
rence; but her tall elastic figure, arrayed in
the purest fashion of the times, her exquisite
features, the extraordinary delicacy of her
complexion, and an expression of deep sensi-
bility, which nothing diminished the dignity of
her whole appearance, distinguished her from
the rest; and if her glances were reserved for
one only of the combatants, they were sighed
for by all. Filippetto, the young Count di —,
was her acknowledged lover; and that his af-
fection was returned nobody could doubt, who
saw that day, at the moment his temerity had
placed him in peril, how she suppressed a
scream, and hurried her long white hands over
her eyes to conceal what she dreaded to see;
and how, when the plaudits of the multitude
reassured her, she raised her pale face, which
quivered and glowed anon, as she saw him in
safety looking up to her from the opposite side
of the arena.

As soon as the cruel sports were over, and
prizes had been accorded to such of the ama-
teur performers as had distinguished them-
selves, Filippetto, preceded by a page, hastened
to join his expecting mistress. In forcing his
way through the crowd, he met with obstacles
and delays, and more than one plebeian felt the
application of his noble hand: at length he had
forced his way over a deep order of benches, and
was close to the court lodge, and within sight
of the Marchesa; but here an unyielding group
would pay no attention to the shrill "*avanti!*
avanti!" of the page, and the gigantic figure
of a Dominican friar stood like a rock in his
way. When the stripling touched the broad
sleeve of his dress to warn him of the approach
of his excellency the Count, he grasped him
by the collar, and shook him. Filippetto would

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readily have rewarded this insupportable insolence, by attempting to hurl the monk into the arena, but the holy calling of the offender protected him; he, however, rushed rudely by, and nearly overturned him. The next moment he was leaning over his mistress's seat, without having observed the expression with which the Dominican resented his affront; and even had he seen it, he would have been far from suspecting it the herald of the boundless wretchedness that was so soon to overwhelm him.

That night the gilded halls of the Viceroy resounded with music and dancing, and the jest and the careless laugh of gaiety: as though the revellers were aware they were taking a farewell of festivity, they plunged into it with unusual zest, and prolonged it until the risen sun shone on the white walls of the elevated monastery of San Martino. Many a dance was gone through that night by forms replete with youthful vigour, and buoyant with lightness of heart, that were never to dance again; many a sigh was poured out to forms that were to be, in a few days, objects of horror and dread—foul things, to be avoided as the ministers of death; many a plan was that night formed, never, never to be accomplished; and many a point of courtly etiquette between haughty nobles and presuming placemen, was discussed for the last time.

But a few days after the fête, a report was made to the Viceroy that an alarming mortality prevailed in Naples. As the malady spread rapidly, and apparently by contagion, it was soon traced to the public hospital *dell'Immacolata*, where a soldier, lately landed from Sardinia, had died. As this man's body, after death, was covered with minute livid spots, and as all those who had assisted him had since been taken ill, it was naturally inferred that the plague had been introduced into the city. But the Viceroy, who dreaded such a sequel to the many miseries that had illustrated his government, flew into an extremity of rage, when this opinion was referred to him: he threw a physician, who had the imprudent courage to tell him the truth, into a dungeon of the castle, and decided imperiously and absolutely, that there should be no plague in Naples.

The plague, however, it was, and in its very worst character, and already widely spread. A ship full of soldiers from Sardinia, where the plague was raging, although strict prohibitions existed against any communication with that island, was, by some evasion, or for some urgent motive on the part of the government, admitted at once to *pratique*: the soldier that died in the hospital came from this vessel, and he was not the only one infected; in fact, the destructive fire had been lighted at the same time in several of the lower quarters of the town.

The Archbishop of Naples, whose rank exempted him from danger in differing in opinion with the Viceroy, at length made a spirited remonstrance, and urged the necessity of precautionary decisions; but the Count di Castriello, who, besides the reason above-mentioned, dreaded the extension of such a belief, from the necessity of complying with the orders of his court to send a body of troops to strengthen the Spaniards against the French, in the Mi-

lanese, which operation would have been impeded by such rumours, still persisted that the malady was not the plague, and continued in his philosophic inactivity. Thus, owing to this infatuation, or rather wilfulness, the contagion was extended over the provinces of the kingdom, and a dreadful process of extermination commenced. Induced by popular complaint, the Viceroy called together the most reputed physicians of the time, to hold a consultation on the nature of the disease; and these *peritissimi dottori*, either from ignorance or fear, or a desire of seconding the wishes of the Viceroy, did not declare the evil pestilential, and confined themselves to issuing a few regulations: some of which were unmeaning, and the whole inefficacious. The crowded city lost every day its hundreds, and according to the Neapolitan historian, Giannone, nothing was seen in the streets but melancholy processions, carrying the sacrament to the dying, or the dead to the sepulchre.

This pitiless destruction hurried the ignorant population to every excess of superstition; and the processions to venerated shrines, and the crowding after saints and madonnas, assisted the spreading of the fatal malady. The evil was carried to its height by some fanatic or interested devotees, who seized that moment of affliction and weakness to rumour through the town that Suor Orsola Benincasa, a religious woman, who had been dead some years, in her last sainted moments had prophesied, that in a season of extreme calamity the Neapolitans would build a monastery for her sisters, (who, wo the while! had not as yet a comfortable dwelling,) on the side of the hill of San Martino, and thus avert from the city the scourging hand of Heaven. This consoling information was received with transport; for the public mind was prepared for the reception of any absurdity in the shape of devotion; and the Viceroy seemed not to be a whit more prudent, or less superstitious than his subjects: for as soon as the design of the building was sketched, and the ground lines drawn, he carried with his own hands twelve baskets of earth, to contribute to the atoning edifice. Incited by their own frenetic superstition, and encouraged by the example of the head of the government, all classes hurried to contribute, not only money, but manual labour, to raise the monastery. Not boxes or baskets, but open casks were placed at the corner of the streets, to receive the contributions; and many families spoiled themselves of the best part of their fortunes, to raise and endow this stone and mortar saviour of their country: "But what excited the greatest surprise," says our historian, "was to see persons of quality, among whom were even ladies, in emulation of one another, mixing in the lowest labours; some carrying baskets of nails, some bundles of ropes, some barrels of lime, some loads of stones; some acting as labourers to the masons; some carrying on their shoulders heavy wooden beams, with the risk of sinking under their burdens." The consequences that ensued from this continual crowd, gathered from every part of the town, were terrible, but natural: the infection, that had been hitherto excluded from some of the higher quarters, now spread over

all; and as the holy *romitorio di Suor Orsola* rose, the city sank faster and faster into the tomb.

Scarcely a family in Naples was exempted from the dreadful penalty, but on few did it fall more heavily than on the noble house of the Marchesa di —. As they partook in the devotional spirit of the age and country, her father and brother had taken an active part in the building of Suor Orsola; the plague was communicated to them in the crowd—they died; and the youthful widow was left in the splendid palace, in the midst of diseased or raving attendants. The family of her lover, the Count di —, had been wiser and more fortunate, for at the beginning of the mortality the father had closed up his house and secured it against all ingress. Their houses were opposite, and the two lovers, who could no longer meet, could still see each other from their balconies, and, as Neapolitan streets are not wide, even hold converse together. The scenes that passed in the street that separated them were replete with anguish and horror: poor houseless wretches were seen from time to time dropping dead, or stretched under gateways shrieking in torment and blaspheming in despair; every now and then large uncovered cars heaped with dead passed by, drove by unfortunate Moorish prisoners condemned to this dangerous office, who, by their costume, dark complexions, and reprobated faith, accumulated horrors on the existing misery. To all this was added the continual recurrence of popular commotions, of infuriate mobs running through the streets and imprecating curses on their rulers; for an opinion had gained ground among these poor ignorant wretches, that the malady did not proceed from Heaven, but from the infernal contrivances of the Spaniards, who had employed a number of men to disseminate certain magical powders that produced the plague, and thus revenged themselves on the Neapolitan people for the revolts and disturbances they had lately committed.

These were not scenes congenial to love; but it is part of that vigorous passion to triumph over circumstances. Besides the feeling consolations which Filippetto offered with so much eloquence, and which the Marchesa received with tears that relieved her agitated bosom, the precariousness of their own fate, and their mutual apprehensions and hopes, made them lengthen these interviews, and it was only when the hands had waved from the lips in melancholy adieu, that they felt all the horrors of their situation.

Some time had passed in this manner, when one day the Marchesina appeared not at the accustomed balcony; the Count's heart was racked with apprehensions: another day elapsed, and another—yet she appeared not; and all that time sleep visited not the agonized lover, who could scarcely be prevailed upon to take the scanty sustenance necessary to support life, or to leave the window for a moment. He stood there, even during the scorching sun of mid-day, hoping at least to attract the attention of some one within his mistress's house; but his long watching and his piercing cries were of no avail, her habitation seemed deserted, and he could never see either window or door open. It was now the fourth day of this

suffering, and the evening hour, for the church bells of the city were sounding the *Ave Maria*; he was leaning over the balcony, almost attenuated by anguish and want of nourishment and repose, when the sharp ring of the sacrament bells was heard at a short distance; those death-boding sounds were then so familiar to the ear, that they passed almost unnoticed; Filippetto, however, started when he saw the procession, with burning wax torches, turn the corner of his street—it advanced, and stopped at the portal of the Marchesina's palace! The unhappy youth sickened; the flames of torches, multiplied to infinity, flashed on his distracted eye; he saw, as through an atmosphere of fire, that the heavy gates rolled back on their hinges, that the priest, carrying the mystical bread, entered, and he heard the handbells that accompanied him cease ringing, and the mournful chant of voices rise within. Conviction flashed upon his mind. "Amalia is dying," said he. "I know it must be she!" A violent convulsion shook him, and he fell to the floor. He was found by his attendant, lifeless and writhed, like a man that had died in horror: being carried to his couch, he revived, but the minute that followed his revival he flew into frantic madness.

The task imposed on his family for several days was indeed hard and cruel; his shrieks, his raving, his despair, were heart-rending: at length his frenzy sank like a fire that lacks fuel; his physical strength was exhausted, and he remained motionless without opening either eyes or lips. One morning, after nearly a month had passed, and his family despaired of his return to health or reason, he called his favourite valet as he saw him entering the chamber, and desired him to bring him a little box that was on his toilette. The man, expressing his joy at hearing his master speak again in his usual manner, obeyed the order. Filippetto took a miniature portrait of the Marchesina from the box, gazed at it for a long time, then kissed it, and hung it round his neck: he afterwards read some letters, folded them again, and put them in the box, which he returned to his servant. The poor man, overjoyed, immediately informed him that the Marchesina was not dead; that she had had the plague, but had miraculously recovered. Filippetto was bewildered, and it was not until Giacometto had repeated his words three or four times, that he took in their meaning with precision: when, however, he comprehended and credited the fact, he remained a few minutes in reflective silence, after which, by the help of the valet, he arose from his bed and walked about the room, asking a number of questions in a hurried but rational manner. The happy news of the recovery of the young Count ran through the palace, and his chamber was soon crowded with his parents, his relations, and the domestics of the house, who all hurried to felicitate with him in tenderness and jubilee of heart. To all these effusions of affection Filippetto replied but little; indeed, he seemed almost unconscious of the greater part, and wrapped up in some absorbing reflection.

The following morning, in spite of the noisy opposition of his family, he rose, and dressed himself with more than ordinary care. After

he had written for a few minutes, he despatched Giacometto to do something that would occupy him for a certain time; and then securing the door of his apartment, he hastened to carry into effect a determination he had made almost as soon as he had ascertained the existence of the Marchesina. He took the covering from the bed, and some strong silk curtains from the windows, and tying these together, formed a line sufficiently long to reach the ground; he fastened it to the railing of the balcony, and by its means, with great danger and difficulty, he descended to the street, which, like most streets in Naples then, was silent and empty. He ran across the way without losing a moment, and knocked loudly at the Marchesa's palace. A porter he had never seen before, and to whom he was unknown, slowly opened to him; Filipetto paused not to answer his queries, but, rushing by him, crossed the courtyard, and ascended the marble stairs. In the great hall, that used to be crowded with attendants, he met not a soul; through the long suite of apartments he traversed, the same solitude and abandonment reigned; it seemed as though he were pacing the mansions of the dead, and the noise of the heavy doors as they closed after him, sounded like peals of thunder in a catacomb. He reached the apartments of the Marchesa; he passed her antechamber, her saloon, her sitting-room, and entered her *boudoir*, but still he met nobody. Here lay her lute, which, as the door folded, uttered a sad tone that made him start; there were books of music, an embroidering frame, and her long black veil; her slender bodice, her rose-coloured slippers, and other articles of dress, scattered in disorder, apparently as she had left them. A little dog, that lay on a cushion, rose and dragged itself to his feet, and looked supplicatingly in his face—it was Amalia's favourite, but so reduced and miserable that he scarcely knew it. At the door of her bedchamber he heard the low murmur of voices, as if in prayer;—his was not a situation for pause and reflection—nobody appeared, he lifted the latch, and entered abruptly. What a scene presented itself to his eyes! The young, the brilliant Marchesa was reclining in a *fauteuil*, and, at the first glance, presented rather the appearance of a dead woman, or of a wax effigy, than that of a living being: disease had reduced her to a shadow, but had not been able to annihilate her charms; or rather, for her luxuriant loveliness, it had substituted a beauty more pure—more holy. She was dressed in the sombre weeds of penitence and abnegation; a coarse black serge robe, trimmed with white crape at the bosom and sleeves, and down the front, wrapped closely her tall ethereal figure; her fine, small feet were bare, and supported on a black velvet cushion; her thin lily hands were crossed over her breast; her long raven hair, parted over her ivory brow, fell down her neck, and was brought forward over her shoulders and bosom. On either side of her was a starch Dominican monk, in the black and white dress of the order; an old female attendant behind supported her head; opposite to her was an image of the *Madonna adorata*, with the seven daggers, emblematical of the seven mortal pains of the mother of Jesus, stuck in

her heart; and at the back of the room was a large crucifix, the tortured figure on which was as appalling a one as was ever used to extort penitence from an obdurate sinner. The light of day was excluded, and the wax tapers that burned before the Madonna and the crucifix, cast a pale yellow, sickly illumination through the chamber: the most powerful exterior circumstances that monkish zeal and ingenuity could devise for producing an effect were accumulated in the scene; and even a firm heart, and one not interested in the principal figure, could not have beheld it without emotion.*

Filipetto's heart had died within him at once, though he could not observe the details of the horrid show. The Marchesa's eye caught the form of the intruder; a faint scream escaped her, and she sank back deprived of sense. He fell on his knees before her; he seized her clayey hands; he kissed them convulsively, and supplicated her to speak to her adorer. One of the monks, as if there had been sacrilege in the act and words of the distracted youth, rose impetuously from his seat, and told him, in a voice of authority to retire. "Why hast thou forced thyself here, frantic boy?" said he, bitterly; "dost thou want to destroy a being in the bright commencement of her sainted career; wouldst thou interpose thy mundane passions between her and Heaven? Begone, and hope not to lead back to the vanities of the world, and to the sins of human affections, one voluntarily devoted henceforth to the purifying retirement of a monastery!" "A monastery!—a monastery!—my Amalia to a monastery! my hope, my love, my life!" cried Filipetto, astounded and rising up. He looked at his unwelcome monitor; he saw the hard features of the monk he had roughly treated at the bullfight, and he read in them his sentence to despair.

During the progress of the plague, many members of the different monastic orders, showed great strength of mind and contempt of danger, in attending the sick and administering the consolations and solemnities of religion to the dying; to this they were in a certain manner bound by their institutions, and doubtless numbers so acted in fulfilment of their duty, and from a genuine Christian spirit; but seasons of calamity have ever been productive to the extorting hand of the priesthood of a superstitious church, and some there were who braved the risks, flattered by the hope of extending their influence, of securing donations, and of adding wealth and importance to their orders. Motives like these led the wary Padre Torpietro into the desolated abode of the Marchesa: he attended her father and her brother, and with them his interests fared well; but it was when she was seized by the plague, that he secured a prize indeed, by inducing her to bequeath a large estate of her property to the church. Contrary to all expectation, her constitution triumphed over her disorder, and this opened a still wider field to the crafty, insatiable Torpietro. That a person could recover from the plague otherwise than by a miracle, was impossible! The Marchesa had been pre-

* All this is an unexaggerated description of a scene the writer of this tale lately witnessed in a noble Neapolitan house.

served by a peculiar exertion of divine favour, which had been conciliated by her devotion and liberality, and the prayers of the Holy Church. This of course prescribed the line of her future conduct; her devotion was unremitting, and new donations were poured into Torpietro's lap, which encouraged him to attempt a still more considerable and glorious acquisition. Every thing seemed to promise him success; Amalia was sunk beneath the weight of sorrow, she had been educated in the monastery of Santa Chiari, she was blinded by the superstition of the age and country, and prepared by her recent danger, her present fears and weakness, to take almost any course pointed out by devotion. Torpietro proposed to her to renounce the world, to resign her wealth, and to dedicate to Heaven a life saved by its mercy. Her love for Filippetto was the only obstacle to the Monk's designs, but this retained the poor fanatic with a firm grasp; and for him she hesitated to enter upon a path, which she felt her duty call her to, and which, she was convinced, would lead her by a flowery way to eternal bliss. When the persevering Torpietro discovered this hindrance, he bound himself up in firm determination, and what he had before proposed, he vowed to enforce and insist on with all his might, with all the arms that credulity, superstition, and terror furnished; for he had huddled in his bosom the trifling insult he had received from the young Count, and he now saw an opportunity of satisfying his revenge and ambition with the same blow. So successful were the machinations of the Monk and an auxiliary he called in, that she was led by degrees to look upon her passion as a crime; to believe she had been miraculously saved, for the express purpose of devoting herself to the service of Heaven; and finally, solemnly to pledge her word to embrace the monastic life. This promise had been secured two days before the appearance of Filippetto; his presence would probably have withheld her from the rash engagement; and even now, the monks feared he might have power enough over the heart of his mistress to induce her to recant. Torpietro endeavoured to make him retire from the chamber, before Amalia should recover: "Go hence, young man," said he; "your presence here can only be injurious to the Marchesa and to yourself; you see to what a state your madness has reduced her; away, and trouble her no longer—go, and in prayers and humility of heart resign yourself to the will of the Almighty; for the woman before you can no longer have any thing in common with you; she is affianced to Christ." "It cannot be, false Monk!" said Filippetto; "it cannot be!—a prior engagement, sanctioned by long affection, and by the approving voice of Heaven, gives her to me!" "A prior engagement!" retorted the Dominican; "a human engagement, a futile thing, the sport of every caprice, of every breath of wind; originating in the fervour of young blood, of human passions, of lust and enjoyment, vanity and sin, must not be opposed—no, not for one instant opposed—to a sacred devotion, an endless love inspired by Heaven! The pretension is sacrilegious, and will draw down curses on your head.—Oh, away! and trouble not a heart that by the particular exer-

tions of divine care has been estranged from such vanities, and for ever!" "I cannot, I will not credit your words," said Filippetto, "and I will not away! No, I will recall the past to my Amalia; I will paint her my sufferings and despair, and I know she will not abandon me." "Rash, vicious boy," exclaimed Torpietro, his eyes glistening fire; "and you dare call in doubt the words of the minister of the Lord; you dare struggle with your sinful passions and desires, against the will of the Omnipotent! Why do the thunderbolts of divine vengeance sleep! But by the sanctity of the altar I serve, you shall do nought of this: and though all unused to strife and turmoil, the hands of myself and brother shall thrust you hence." The offended, haughty spirit of the young noble bounded within him, he laid his hand to his sword, "Vile wretch! and you threaten violence to one of my house? If you were not protected by the calling which you disgrace by pursuing the worst of passions—for I remember now the day of the festival, and your offended pride—by my honour, I would drive your low-born soul from your body!" "Oh, Mother of God!" uttered the Marchesa, who had been slowly recovering, "what is it I hear? Oh, Filippetto, desist and leave me, for we must not meet as in times past: we must never meet again—the rest of my days are devoted to Heaven. I will pray for you, Filippetto, but prayers and tears are all I can henceforth give you." The young Count rushed to her side, and embraced that form, wont to repose in his encircling arms with delicious trepidation, but that now struggled from them as from the grasp of incest or sacrilege. "My Amalia, my life! what say you? do you not remember our plighted troth—our long nourished and virtuous passion? Is it possible that you can have determined to leave me to perish in hopeless anguish?" "Before the sanctity of subsequent engagements, those of past weaknesses are dissipated, as the shades of night before the rising sun," said Torpietro. "Before the sanctity of subsequent engagements, those of past weaknesses are dissipated as the shades of night before the rising sun," reiterated the Marchesa, repeating the Monk's apothegm, word for word; and it was thus, by making their charges echo without examination their sapient opinions and dogmas, that the men of the cowl and *sottana* instructed them how to comport themselves in this world, and to merit the next. "But," replied the Count, "nothing can break the bond of two hearts; nothing can annihilate the fervent vows that have escaped our lips; nothing can justify your abandoning me to the horrors of balked affection, and to maddening despair. I cannot live without you, Amalia! and when you imprison yourself in a monastery, you open me a tomb to which I shall descend with execration!" "Oh impiety—oh horror!" cried the monks together. "Oh impiety, oh horror!" repeated the Marchesa; but the impassioned pleading of her lover had penetrated deep into her heart, and an agonizing struggle had already commenced between her ancient passion and the overwrought devotion and appalling superstition that had lately been forced upon her. She no longer weakly struggled in

his arms, but reposed her drooping head upon his breast; she tried to speak calmly, "Filipetto, you too have had the plague, you are sadly changed, you are yet ill—oh, why did you come here?" "No," returned he, "I have not had the disease, my father's precautions have been availing, our house has been saved—but I have, been ill, mad, in the horrors of the accursed—and all for you!" "Oh mercy!" cried the Marchesa, recovering a surprising degree of energy; "what have you done? the infection may still linger about me—yes, you will take it, and I shall be your murderer." "Be it even so," said the Count, embracing her still closer, and holding her pale lips to his, "let me here drink in death; 'twill be sweeter thus than when dealt by your abandoning me!—Oh, Amalia! if you knew what I have suffered, if you knew the anguish that has burnt up my heart and maddened my brain, if you knew the immensity of my love, even in the midst of my despair, not the instant promise of a saintly crown in heaven would lure you from my arms!" "You blaspheme," exclaimed Torpietro, "you profane the plighted spouse of Christ; you are provoking the tardy but dreadful vengeance of Heaven, and exposing yourself to the wrath and punishment of God's insulted ministry.—Beware!—and you daughter—what is it you do?—you fill my soul with horror and dread.—I see the blessed Mother of God there before you, writhing as though another poignard were thrust in her lacerated breast; I see your Redeemer there, struggling on the cross as though tortured by a pang more cruel than all his persecutors could devise.—A flaming gulf opens beneath your feet—myriads of demons laugh aloud, as they run to prepare torments for an apostate soul! Ha! ha!—I cannot look—I cannot think—join me in prayer!" The Marchesa shrieked with affright, and falling on her knees, united her fervent prayers with the monks; and though the Count's mind was of a stronger temper, he too shuddered. When the praying ended, the Marchesa mildly, but firmly, insisted that Filipetto should retire; he went slowly out of the room, reproaching her with his looks, and with a heart much sadder than when he entered: Torpietro's companion followed him. The Count, on reaching the sitting-room, threw himself on a sofa; the monk, who thought to accompany him to the street-door, soon took the liberty of asking him when he meant to go home; to this Filipetto replied, that he did not intend to leave that house; that, moreover, he could not go home, as he knew his father would not expose the safety of all the rest of the family by admitting him, just come from a person that had lately had the plague. This determination, when carried to Torpietro, excited his uneasiness extremely: he dreaded, and with reason, the repetition of such interviews as that which had just passed, and he proposed to the lady, to have her lover forcibly conveyed to his monastery, and confined in a cell until the plague should end; or, at least, until she should be out of the reach of his persecutions. This proposal, however well glossed over, she rejected, and with such warmth that he perceived it would be too full of risk to attempt any thing against the Count; he could not even make

her promise to shut herself up and see him no more: she also feared her weakness, but could not determine to leave him in unmitigated despair. The wily monks once more resorted to the fearful horrors of superstition; and having, as they thought, created a powerful antidote to her natural impulses and womanly weakness, they left her for a few hours.

The sad ruinations of Filipetto, or rather his stupefaction, had, in the meantime, been disturbed by an old, favourite domestic of the house. Onofrio started on seeing the Count fixed like a statue in his mistress's room; and after condoling with him, and wondering how he got there, told him that his family was crying for him in the greatest alarm from the opposite balconies. "Tell them," cried he wildly, "that I am here, and that they need take no care for me." The bewildered servant did his behest, and returned after some time with two of his companions. Filipetto did not observe them; he continued motionless and silent, his eyes fixed on the ground, and his countenance expressing the full extent of mortal anguish—"Ah! Signor Conte," said Onofrio, "woful days are these! the good old Prince is gone, and the Principino too, and my mistress Donna Amalia!" "Donna Amalia!—what of Amalia?" cried Filipetto, turning his eyes wildly on the old man. "Alas! Signor, she will leave us!—when the plague spared her, I did not think we should so soon lose her—it is true she will become a saint; but it will be a sorrowful day for me, and for us all, when she abandons us." "A sorrowful day, indeed," said the Count bitterly; and then falling into fury, added, "but that day shall not arrive; she is my love, my affianced bride, I will assert my rights, I will—against earth and Heaven!" "But her vow cannot be retracted," said Onofrio. "It would be impious to attempt it," said another of the servants. "A miracle has saved her," said the other, "and her eternal welfare requires the sacrifice she has made." "Ah! yes, Signor Count," continued Onofrio, weeping, "she must leave us. I did not expect this, and it is cutting; I thought I should serve your Excellencies until my death, and see you happy together, and nurse your children on my knee; but the will of God and of the Church be done—now we may all go and be miserable: I shall be left upon the world in my old days. She was certainly the sweetest, dearest lady! she could make all near her so happy—alas! alas! But she will be a saint I'm sure, and that's something." Filipetto groaned with anguish, and the old man continued his lamentations in such a manner as almost maddened his auditor.

When the Dominicans passed through the room, Torpietro paused awhile, and gazed with satisfaction on his victim; a flash of exultation passed over his harsh countenance; the submissive domestics kissed his hand and asked his benediction: he pronounced the words of Christian charity, and went away with the passions of a fiend revelling in his heart.

After a while the Count endeavoured to gain admittance to the chamber; the Marchesa denied him this, and he passed several hours alone, a prey to the bitterest feelings. In the afternoon the Monks returned, and shut them-

selves up with the Marchesa for a long time; when they left her, the Count renewed his endeavours, and she, unable to resist his supplications longer, at last admitted him. The scene that followed was heart-rending, and an eternal reproach to the spirit that had brought about such a crisis: the unhappy youth again, with burning energy, pleaded the cause of his love; he painted his despair in such ghastly colours that Amalia forgot herself in him; he vanquished all her objections, he surmounted all her difficulties, and intimated that, with her wealth and influence, it would not be difficult to obtain the Pope's dispensation for the vow she had made. Nature and affection were getting the mastery in her heart, when, during a pause, the terrors of apostasy which Torpietro had awakened, rushed full into her mind; and then too she remembered that the wealth Filipetto spoke of was no longer hers—and perhaps this latter earthly consideration, amidst all her excited spirituality, was not without force in chaining her to the funeral car in which she had embarked her fate.

The deep, inexhaustible stream of human feelings, is not, however, to be dried up; its course is not to be stopped by the dikes of artificial prejudices: as the water, in spite of hindrances, finds its way from the mountain to the plain, so will that stream force its way to its lawful domain,—the heart, and range through it uncontrolled. Even while Amalia insisted on the necessity of fulfilling her vow, and on the iniquity of holding such converse with him, tears and sighs accompanied every word; he made her lose sight of the glorious goal to which she was hastening, and the certitude of his despair outdid the terrors of the perdition she was running the hazard of incurring. This sad intercourse lasted far into the night, and did not terminate until they were both quite exhausted. The hours they spent on their uneasy couches were dreadful: during the short slumbers of the Marchesa, visions, originating in her love and fear, presented her the most distressing scenes; now she was with the Count in a splendid hall on her marriage night, revelling in bliss; anon the hall was transformed into a fiery cavern, and the friendly company into hideous fiends; now she found herself in the lofty monastic choir, hymning with her sister nuns, and elevated by devotion to Heaven; and then, the picture changing, showed her lover, in rage and despair, raising his hand against his own life. When she awoke from these convulsive dreams, she was but little relieved, for her cruel fate, the clashing division in her heart, racked her with anguish; the aspect of her lofty, sombre apartment, the illuminated, distressing images of the Madonna adolorata and the crucifix, aggravated her susceptibility and distracted her anew with terrors. Torpietro and his colleague, returning in the morning, found her in an appalling condition. The penetrating Monk saw in a moment the effects of the interview of the preceding evening, and collected all his force to counteract them. After a long combat he finally triumphed over the superstitious and enfeebled young creature, and even engaged her to retire secretly that very night, to a small lodging he would secure in the house

of a priest adjoining Santa Chiara, where she might remain undisturbed until the doors of the monastery could be opened for her; he also undertook to prepare in silence the few other things necessary for her removal.

Amalia reserved her last interview with Filipetto till the evening; she prepared herself for it by conjuring up all the dark sophistry of her spiritual teachers, by summoning up all the fearful demons of monkish superstition, by covering herself with potent relics, by praying, and by beating her beautiful unoffending bosom. When the moment came, she had indeed need of supernatural strength; her lover appeared before her in the most affecting guise that one human being could present to another; he renewed his entreaties, and he added reproaches that showed the distraction of his mind—her heart wavered, but in an instant of firmness she dismissed him. But when she saw his dejected figure retreating slowly through the door of her room, and looking at her reproachingly, her resolution sunk again; the thought too, of its being the last time she should ever speak to him, occurred to her with fearful might, and she beckoned him to return. "Filipetto—do—oh! do not leave me in anger," said she; "Heaven knows my affliction is already immeasurable—you surely would not add to it!—Forget me! forget that I ever existed; but ah, no, do not so!—you cannot do so.—Pray for me—pray for me!—perhaps—oh! my heart, my heart!" She arose from her arm-chair, she stood trembling—she endeavoured to speak, but could give utterance to nothing but a murmur, indistinct and awful—a torrent of bitter tears flowed down her beautiful face—she grasped her lover's hand, she staggered and fell within his arms. Filipetto's reason abandoned him; he embraced her, he strained her to his heart; he pressed burning kisses on her lips, her neck, her bosom, and drank her tears as they fell.—Amalia's brain reeled; the prospect of perdition disappeared, the voice of an outraged Deity was heard no more, and she partook in the mad passion of her adorer; her heart beat against his, her arms embraced his neck, and she poured the breath of her very soul into his lips. A tremendous flash awoke her from this perilous intoxication; she released herself from Filipetto's grasp, and bade him again retire.—As soon as he disappeared she rushed wildly to the large crucifix, and laced her arms around the image, as though it alone could protect her from the movements of her heart. In this state she was found late in the evening by the Monks, who came to take her away. When Torpietro raised her up and told her all was ready, she gazed round the room in a vacant manner for some moments, and then said she too was ready: the Monks almost carried her through the house and down a private staircase; she was then lifted into a carriage, Torpietro and the old woman accompanied her, and mute and stupefied she drove from the mansion of her fathers, never to return.

The following morning the unhappy Count learned the disappearance of the Marchesa, and was near falling into a new fit of madness. Nobody in the house could tell him where she had gone to, for no one had been entrusted

with the secret, except the old woman at the moment she went away; to obtain this information he rushed from the palace in search of Torpietro, against whom he raged with hate. Unfortunately, he met the Monk in a street near his monastery; he arrested him violently by the arm, and demanded where he had inveigled his bride? The Monk, whose hate was even more deep and deadly than his own, and that was now roused by this rough treatment and affronting insinuation, equivocated the question maliciously; the young noble was transported, and grasping him by the throat, exclaimed, "Fiend of hell! tell me where you have placed my love, or by my soul, I will trample you to dust beneath my feet!" Torpietro cried aloud with pain and fear; a number of low wretches, all eager to protect a man of God, immediately ran to his assistance, and the Count would have suffered indignities from their zeal, if at that moment a patrol of soldiers, commanded by an officer who knew his family, had not approached. This officer rescued him from the effects of popular fury, and extorted an answer from the Monk.

"The Marchesa," said he, "has taken refuge from the persecutions of that impious man in a religious retirement until the cessation of the present calamity permit the holy house of Santa Chiara to receive her in its sisterhood."

"But where is she? What retirement do you speak of?"

"That I am solemnly bound not to disclose—to ask me is useless; all your ruffian violence cannot force that from me. Let me retire. You have basely injured me, young man; you have wronged my holy order with your violence and contumely; but I forgive you, and go to supplicate Heaven to forgive you also!"

So saying, Torpietro walked on amidst the applause of a bigotted multitude, that shouted curses after the hapless Filippetto, who then wandered through the depopulated streets of the capital without plan or object. At night-fall, panting and exhausted, like a man that had been chased by a fearful enemy, he returned to the Marchesa's palace, where the kind-hearted Onofrio with difficulty prevailed upon him to take a little sustenance and repose. It would be too long and too sad a detail, to enter into all the sufferings and frenzy of the unfortunate young man: part of the day and night he paced, with a despairing mind, through the vast, splendid apartments in which he had spent such blissful moments; he would sit at times for hours before a full length portrait of the Marchesa, weeping and expostulating to the beautiful shadow; and then, driven by the remembrance of his feelings, he would run out of doors, and seek to relieve his bound up heart by open air and rapid motion. In these wanderings, his eye was continually attracted by objects the most afflicting and the most horrid, which acted on him with the power of fascination; he would pause in the squares where piles of dead bodies were burning, (for the most simple sepulture was now accorded only to the rich and great,) and with folded arms, intently watch the flames consuming the miserable remains of mortality; he would follow the funeral procession, and see the body hurled

into the dark vault; and he more than once forced himself into the extensive catacombs without the city, in the gloomy recesses of which thousands of bodies lay heaped up indiscriminately. Although with all this he did not contract disease and die, as he wished, yet he almost entirely alienated his mind, and reduced himself to a pitiable state of moral and physical weakness.

At length, when the city of Naples was almost depopulated, and, with most of her provinces, reduced to a cemetery, the expiatory hermitage of Suor Orsola was completed, about the end of August, at which season the sultry temperature of the air is, in this country, generally cooled by torrents of rain. It happened this year as usual: the air was consequently freshened; the corruption and filth of the city were washed away; no new case of the plague occurred, and many who had the infection at the time recovered:—here was the accomplishment of Suor Orsola's prophecy; and the Neapolitans acknowledged with grateful hearts, that the city was saved by her intimation and their devotion!"

As soon as the council of health and public safety declared that the malady no longer existed, the Count's prudent father opened his door to his unhappy son; and with the rest of his family, and with his friends, endeavoured to draw him from the dreadful state into which he had fallen, and watched over him with an attentive and fearing eye. The equally hapless Marchesa was in the meanwhile received within the cloisters of Santa Chiara; where still feeling the force of her reprobated passion, dreading the effects of delay, and influenced by her spiritual friends, she hastened to bind herself with an indissoluble tie. A dispensation was obtained to abbreviate her novitiate; every thing was rapidly disposed, and the fatal moment fixed on which she should take the veil.

That day arrived; all Naples resounded with the report; it reached the ears of the Count, and he contrived to elude the vigilance of his guards, and to enter Santa Chiara before the ceremony began. In making his way along the isle he met Torpietro; the monk fixed his leaden eyes on him; an expression of triumph quivered over his hard features; but Filippetto passed on, for there was not enough energy in his heart for hate or revenge. To be near the spot where the sacrifice of his happiness was to be completed, and at the same time to escape observation, he stationed himself in a dark corner of the church, (beneath the gothic tomb of the Anjou Queen of Naples, that culpable, but beautiful and unfortunate woman,) a little to the right of the high altar. Presently, the spacious body of the church began to fill with spectators; ranges of elevated seats, covered with costly silk, were occupied by the viceregal court and persons of distinction; and many a fair dame, and many a gallant cava-

* The monastery of Suor Orsola is to this day one of the most remarkable buildings on the hill of St. Elmo. Its dark, massive walls are seen towering far above the Toledo. From the portal of the monastery there is one of the finest views of the city and bay.

her, sat there in intense, mute interest, to see the being who had been an object of jealousy and of rivalry, of admiration and of love, renounce the world she adorned, and the lover she adored, in the bright spring of her charms. Anon, the peals of the organ resounded within the lofty walls, and the soft voices of the nuns poured from the gilt lattices above: the *messa cantata* was performed with extraordinary magnificence and effect; a rosy cardinal preached a sermon on the virtues and felicity of a monastic life; and then, while music pealed around, and the air was charged with incense, the lovely Marchesa, dressed in the splendour that befitted her rank, advanced with downcast eyes and faltering steps, between two old nuns.

With what feelings did he, who lived in her, see her again, in such a situation, and for the last time! How did he strain his eyes on that beautiful face, and on that agitated, exquisite form! There was nothing definite in what he felt as the ceremony proceeded; his heart lay deep and cold, as if buried beneath a mountain of ice; his figure was drawn up to the tensity of paralysis, and large cold drops of moisture descended from his forehead.—But when he saw the barbarous scissors cut off her luxuriant hair; when he saw the long black crape veil, and heard her faintly muttering the vow, a deep groan of unutterable anguish escaped him, and he rushed from the church.

The Count's consciousness of existence finished at that moment—the few remaining months he breathed upon the earth had little of life in them; his reason was gone and his heart was broken within him—his death was, therefore, a boon to his afflicted friends, and a release for the sufferer.

Literary Intelligence.

Dr. Brewster has announced a *System of Popular and Practical Science*. The object of this publication is to furnish the educated classes, but particularly the young of both sexes, with a series of popular works, on the various branches of science, brought down to the humblest capacities, and yet capable of imparting scientific knowledge to the best informed ranks of society.

Mr. Charles Swain announces *Sketches of History and Imagination*.

Mr. Henry Trevanion has in the press the *Influence of Apathy, and Other Poems*.

Lieut. Col. D. L. Evans announces a *Parallel between the Wars of Wellington and Marlborough*.

An *Historical Narrative of Dr. Francia's Reign in Paraguay*.

Mr. Strutt is preparing a work, entitled *Deliciae Sylvæ, or Select Views of Romantic Forest Scenery, drawn from Nature*.

Dr. Wm. Lempriere announces *Popular Lectures on the Study of Natural History and the Sciences, Vegetable, Physiological, Zoology, the Poisons, and on the Human Faculties, Mental and Corporal*.

Messrs. Parbury, Allen, and Co., have nearly ready for publication a *Memoir, relative to the*

Operations of the Serampore Missionaries; including a succinct account of their Oriental Translations, Native Schools, Missionary Stations, and Serampore College.

An *Historical Essay on the Laws and the Government of Rome*; designed as an Introduction to the Study of the Civil Law.

Twelve *Instructive and Familiar Lectures to Young Persons, on the Intellectual and Moral Powers of Man; the Existence, Character, and Government of God; the Evidence of Christianity, &c.*: with a concluding Address on Nonconformity. By the late Rev. John Horsey.

The Stanley Tales, 18mo. Part I. Second Series. Beautifully illustrated.

The Secret Treaty, concluded in 1670, between Charles II. and Louis XIV., which has never been seen, and the very existence of which has been only surmised; will be exhibited by Dr. Lingard in the forthcoming volume of his *History of England*.

The author of the "Promenade round Dorset," has in the press, *Cameleon Sketches. A Series of Original Outlines and Opinions of Scenery and Manners; and a few shades of Character, in Illustration of some of the most Popular Topics of the Study of Mankind; with Recollections, Autobiographic, Literary, and Topographical*.

In the press, and nearly ready, a new and greatly improved edition of Mr. Gray's valuable Supplement to the *Pharmacopœia*; including the new French Remedies, with numerous and important Additions.

The Principles of Forensic Medicine, by J. G. Smith, M. D., Lecturer on State Medicine at the Royal Institution. Third edition; with the author's latest corrections.

Mr. Southey has nearly ready for the press, "*The History of Portugal, from the Earliest Times to the commencement of the Peninsular War*."

The Technological Repertory, for August, contains the following communications from Mr. Isaiah Lukens, of Philadelphia.

1. On Improving the colours of Agates, and on an Improved Manner of using Florence-oil flasks.

2. On Hardening small chronometer Balance-springs bright, or without discolouring them.

3. On a Superior Mode of communicating Magnetism: and also on a method of quickly removing it from Magnets.

4. On an Improved Diamond Plough, or Beam Compass, for cutting Circular Lines upon glass.

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London's Gardener's Magazine, Vol. II. 8vo. 14s. 6d. bds.—Religio Militis, Christianity for the Camp, 18mo. 5s. bds.—Johnson's Tour on the Continent, 12mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Obadiah's Address, fcp. 2s. 6d. bds.—Franklin on the Tenets of the Jesuits, &c. 4to. 1l. 8s. bds.—Petersdorf's Reports, Vol. VI. royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Young's Elements of Geometry, Part I. 8vo. 8s. bds.—Steven's Nature and Grace, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Edinburgh Annual Register, 1823, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Calcutta Medical Transactions, 2 vols. 8vo. 30s. bds.—Tales and Romances by the Author of Waverley, 9 vols. 12mo. 3l. 7s. 6d. bds.—Pratt's Criminal Law, 8vo. 5s. bds.—The Bridegroom of the Fay, fcp. 6s. bds.—Supplement to Hamilton's Digest, royal 8vo. 8s. bds.—Coventry and Hughes' Index, 2 vols. royal 8vo. 3l. 6s. bds.—Cory's Law of Partnership, 8vo. 14s. bds.